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LACRYMÆ Cantabrigienſes

IN

OBITUM

Sereniſsimæ *REGINÆ*

MARIÆ.

CANTABRIGIÆ,

Ex Officina *Johan. Hayes*, Celeberrimæ Academiæ Typographi. 169$^{4}_{5}$.

C178LC

Sereniſſimo, Auguſtiſſimóque

PRINCIPI

Gulielmo III. D. G.

Angliæ, Scotiæ, Franciæ, & Hiberniæ

R E G I

Has LACRYMAS,

Quibus decedentem præmaturè

MARIAM

Deflevit *Academia Cantabrigienſis*,

Præ ſtupore Dolentium

Parciùs forſan, quàm tantæ Calamitatis
Fert Ratio,

Ex intimis tamen præcordiis fluentes

Humillimè D. D. D.

Tho. Browne S. T. P. *Aul. Pemb.* Cuſt.
& dict. *Acad. Cant.* Procan.

AD
REGEM.

HÆC habeas, GULIELME, Tuæ devota MARIÆ.
(Dura ah! quæ prohibent dicere Fata Tuã!)
Hæc habeas veros referentia Dona Labores,
Quos percuſſa novis mens alit uſque malis.
Talia Reginæ Dona Ultima debita, noſtras
Quæ toto fovit pectore Viva Deas.
At Tu, qui ſuperes noſtris Spes altera rebus
Solus, & accedis charior indè Tuis,
Vive, precor; ſupráque iſtos exurge Dolores,
Et præſta invictam, quod potes uſq; Animã;
Quantũ Ipſi ut periit ſacræ de Flore Juventæ,
Tantum det Regi Diva MARIA ſuo.

Tho. Browne S. T. P. Aul. Pemb.
Cuſtos & Acad. Cant. Procan.

In

In Obitum Sereniſſimæ Reginæ Mariæ.

PLangite jam, Proceres, lacrymarum fundite rivos;
Regia ſingultu mugiat Aula gravi;
Curia, Templa, Forum, duplex *Academia* ploret;
Et caſu Unîus jam tria Regna cadant:
Inſula nunc magno liquefiat tota dolore;
Et fluat Oceano mœſtior unda novo:
Nam Regina, Decus ſexûs, & Gloria ſec'li;
Occidit, heu! plures vivere digna dies.
Regia crudeles ruperunt ſtamina Parcæ,
Nec Divûm nobis, heu! tulit ullus opem.
Quod ſolùm reſtat, laſſemus ſydera votis:
Ut *Cæſar* cœlos ſeriùs ipſe petat.
Vive diù, pie Rex, vindex Hominúmque Deûmque;
Anglia ſic iterum tollet ad aſtra Caput.

Dominus de North & Grey, *Baro de* Kirtling,
Coll. *D. Magdal.*

FRigida Mariæ mors ſacros occupat artus,
Puniceiſque metit Lilia mixta Roſis.
At noſtra, horridior letho, pallentior umbris,
(Nec tamen heu morimur!) corpora Torpor habet.
Jam dolor effundit leſſum (diſcedite Muſæ)
Et fluet ut querulæ flebile murmur aquæ.
Dum cœlum, Regina, beas è corpore lapſa,
Nuda ſuo cultu terra relicta gemit.

Informis

Informis patriæ tu dulcis Forma fuiſti,
Penè vetus rediit Te moriente Chaos.
Sol fermè extinctus, te decedente, fuiſſet,
Sol tuus, *Europæ* ſplendidus ille Dies,
Deliquium bis paſſus erat, Te luce remotâ,
Currere diviſis noluit ille rotis.
Eheu! quam denſâ caligine terra premetur,
Cum condat radios lumen utrumque ſuos?
O Regina, tui quis poſſit pingere vultûs
Dulce jubar? mores quâ valet arte tuos?
Quæ tibi Majeſtas humilis? quæ gratia mentis?
Heu nimiùm properis utraque digna polis.
Languida Virtutis fuerat quæ ſparſa per Orbem
Flammula, fulgebat pectore tota tuo.
Quàm non fœmineâ Regnorum fræna regebas,
Quâ ſolita es telæ ducere penſa, manu?
Credimus eſſe Virum, quæ tanta negotia tractat,
Sed vetat hoc ridens plurima in ore Venus.
Te Pietas veneranda colit, Probitáſque, Fidéſque;
Aula fit Exemplo relligioſa tuo.
Aurea tecum ætas, terrámque Aſtræa reliquit;
Ferrea ſit, quæ non, Te fugiente, dolet.

Johannes Mountagu Trin. Coll. *Mag.*

ERgóne nec, Regina, tibi mors parcit, at ipſa
Infeſto morbi vulnere victa cadis?
Ipſa Mariæ cadit, miſeranda vel hoſtibus, ipſa
Victima jam fati nil miſerantis obit.

Non

Non potuit pietas inſtantia ſiſtere ſata,
Nec brevibus filis addere fila nova.
Non annos addit mitis tibi Gloria regni,
Majori ô vitæ tempore digna frui!
Longiùs indomitam Mortem non diſtulit ipſe
Sincerus veræ Relligionis amor.
Quæ jam Te raptâ genti ſolatia reſtant?
Quis jam, quæ Populo gaudia ſperet, habet?
Rapta ſimul Tecum noſtræ ſolatia Gentis,
Quæ fuerant populo gaudia nulla manent.
Omnia luctus habet gravis, omnes ſata Mariæ
Certatim lacrymis indoluere piis.
Et Rex ante omnes. Ah tantos Rex preme luctus!
Nec curas triſtes altiùs ire ſinas.
Non omnis Regina obiit, nobíſque Mariæ
Pars in te ſupereſt ſoſpite magna tuæ.

Fr. Godolphin Filius *Sidneii* Baronis de *Royalton*
Collegii *Regalis*.

Ad REGEM.

NEmpe tuos, Gulielme, animos non vincere Belli
Dura valent, nequeunt vincere dura Maris.
Ut victus tandem ſuccumbas, invida Fata
Eripuere animæ dimidium Mariam.
Quin & adhuc ingratâ utaris luce ſuperſtes,
Et Tibi ſi nolis vivere, vive tuis.

Rog. Townſhend, Filius natu minor *Horatii* Vicecomitis de *Lyn* defuncti, Coll. *Regal.*

Deſine

DEſine nunc tandem lacrymarum, deſine planctûs,
Anglia, nec nimio fracta dolore tuas:
Veſtra MARIA etenim petiit loca ſancta Deorum,
Atque ſuo melius nunc Diadema gerit.
Mirantes coëunt Superi, blandéque ſalutant,
Hoſpitis adventu Numina læta ſuæ.
Diviſim, GULIELME, geris cum Conjuge Regnum;
Nè caperent Soles *Anglica* Regna duos:
Tu regis in Terris, in Cœlis Illa triumphat,
Charus Tu Nobis; Illa beata Deo.

Carolus North Filius Domini *Caroli North*, nupèr
Baronis de *Kirtling*, Coll. D. *Magdal.*

MUta priùs quondam *Crœſi* puer ora reſolvit,
Ferrum ad colla videns exitiale patris:
Sic ego, Reginæ extremum perſolvere honorem
Dum ſtudeo, & Gentis triſtia fata gemo,
Dum dolor, impatiens claudi, prorumpere certat,
Diſſolvo linguæ vincula dura meæ.
Occidit illa quidem multùm lugenda *Britannis*,
Occidit ah! cunctis flebilis illa bonis.
Illa genus duxit generoſo à Sanguine clarum,
At claris proavis clarior ipſa ſuis.
Non illam ornavit Diadema, aut Purpura ſplendens,
Regalis Solii ſed decus ipſa fuit.
Si pietatis amor poſſet producere vitam,
Sique animus niveâ ſimplicitate nitens,

Si

Si favor in miſeros pronus, benè ſique merendi
De cunctis ſtudium, ſi intemerata fides,
Fortunæ ſpernens mens blanditiáſque mináſque,
Si poſſet vitæ tempora longa dare;
Sedatúſque animus ſemper, prudentia ſumma,
Ulláque ſi hoc virtus Principe digna queat;
Neſtoreos, Regina, dies tibi fata dediſſent,
Funere nec triſti tam citò rapta fores.
O quàm felices, hîc te degente, *Britanni?*
Quàm, te ſublatâ, languida cuncta jacent?
Naturæ toto mutatur vultus in Orbe,
Quocunque aſpicio triſtis ubique dolor.
Non tamen intereà nobis ſpes occidit omnis:
In medio hoc luctu grande levamen adeſt.
Nam ſupereſt, mœſtis licèt, invictiſſimus Heros,
Et beat has Sedes regia Sceptra tenens.
Quem nunquam armati vultus conterruit Hoſtis,
Nulla unquam Terræ, nulla peric'la Maris;
Quem toties animo impavidum per tela, per enſes,
Per medias cædes nobilis ira tulit,
Sit precor ô felix ſemper, ſerique nepotes,
Æternum illius nomen ad Aſtra ferant.

Joannes Spencer Baronettus Aul. *Cath.*

ERgóne fas Divam lethali occumbere morbo?
Et Deus immitis Regibus ipſe ſuis?
Heu Pietas! heu priſca fides! heu Nobile Regni
Culmen! ut hoc totum nomen inane ſonet!

Omnia ſarcophagi diro abſorbentur hiatu:
Sola ſupèr Virtus tollere ſueta caput.
Te tua, Diva MARIA, ornat poſt funera Virtus:
Hâc vivis Populi, vivis in ore Viri;
Immò in corde Viri, Populique in corde triumphas;
Scilicet hâc non es parte adeunda Neci.
Pone modum lacrymis igitur, Rex Optime Regum;
Verè etenim hæc moritur, ſi ſine fine doles.

Henricus Bunbury Baronettus Aul. *Cath.*

Ad REGEM.

FOris ſecundis rebus, adverſis Domi
Exercitatus, uſque ſis ſimilis Tui,
Serenitatis Regiæ egregiè tenax.
Ingens doloris cauſa; ſed quem ingentior
Superare Virtus poterit; & ſuperet precor.
Poſt Geſta ſummo digna Principe, ô Decus
Et noſtrum & Orbis, ſpecimen hoc novum dabis:
Te poſſe & *Agere*, & *fortiter* ſimul *Pati*;
Atque eſſe nullo non modo *Invictiſſimum*.

Jo. Beaumont Coll. *S. Petri* Præfectus.

Epicedium in Reginam.

SÆvior Hyrcanâ ſis tigride, triſtia demùm
Fata *Britannorum* reputans, compeſcere planctus

Qui

Qui potes, aut veris lacrymis imponere morem.
Alma Parens Patriæ, virtute ac ſanguine Princeps;
Antiquæ Columen Fidei; ſanctiſſima Nutrix
Sacratæ Chriſto Sponſæ; Gregis intemerati
Præſidiúmque Decúſque ſimul, (quæ gaudia templis
Inſperata dedit noſtris, dum ſurgere contrà
Gens inimica auſa eſt, certam minitata ruinam;)
Gloria fœminei conſummatiſſima Sexûs,
Seu juſtum Corpus, ſeu Mens ſpectatur honeſta;
Formâ Tota *Venus*, ſed & ipſa Modeſtia, puræ
Flóſque Pudicitiæ; Miſeri Solamen; Egeni
Copia Communis; Juſti juſtiſſima Vindex;
Mitior in Sontem; cum pondere Comis in omnes;
Docta tacere, loqui, perpendere ſenſa profundi
Pectoris, éque ſinu opportuna refundere; Mentis
Súb ſpecie quacunque Bonæ veneranda Magiſtra;
Et ſpes & Ratio Studiorum, Granta, tuorum,
Seu Te Muſa gravis, ſeu Te jucundior urget;
Sedula doctorum Cultrix, pars maxima & Ipſa;
Hæc Fortuna, Salus populorum Hæc publica, tetro
Victa jacet morbo; mediiſque abrepta Triumphis
Occidit; atque unà Sexûs Miracula ceſſant.
O Superi! Hæc mortalis erat? ſic facta reatu eſt
Noſtro. Subſidio Gentis jamjam perituræ
Miſſa, ſed ingratis nobis revocata receſſit.
Quas veniens lacrymas lamentáque dira levabat,
Nunc abiens revocat, duplici & cum fœnore luctus.
Solvendo quis erit? tanto ingeniúmque dolori
Par quis habet? torpent repetito vulnere mentes.
Summe Ducum, ipſe doces. Oneri ſuccumbere fas eſt.
Quid mirum, Tali præreptâ Conjuge, verba
Si titubant, oculi caligant, membra fatiſcunt?

Oſcula, non plagas, Humero dedit æquior olim
Sors Tua ; dimidium uno Animæ nunc ſur'puit ictu.
Quem nec *Iernus* atrox, nec *Gallus* inhoſpitus, iræ
Nec maris aut venti, volucres domuêre nec ignes,
Flexit mollis Amor, magna & præcordia ſolvit.
" Nil dolor aut gemitus valeant, ſi non Amor adſit ;
" Hinc ſaliunt lacrymæ, languórque incepit in artus,
" Contingit vero nec Amanti fingere mortem.
Quid Vultûs ſublime decus, quid Frontis honores
Commemorem ? inviſis maculis (heu!) Lilia cedunt,
Pubentéſque Roſæ funeſtâ labe leguntur.
Luctus Illa Tuos, Princeps excelſe, caducis
Dotibus haud meruit, firmo ſed Amore, Fidéque
Perpetuâ, ac ſemper placidâ Morúmque Animíque
Temperie ; unanimis ſociiſque per omnia votis ;
Arbitrio Nutúque Tuo ſua ſenſa refixit.
Nec minùs accendêre ſuæ tua pectora curæ,
Et ſine labe Tenor, ſumma & Conſtantia, Vitæ.
Suavem deſidiæ peſtem procul expulit Aulâ ;
Otia, quæ data ſunt, ſtudiis conſumpſit honeſtis.
Stamina nunc tractat, multóque foramine texit,
Colligit in ſpiram, variis mox diſſipat undis ;
Et telas nunc argento, nunc auget & auro ;
Nunc flores, montes, ſylvas, animalia, nymphas,
Mirâ ludit acu, veras imitata figuras.
Sed quid parva loquor ? vehemens irrumpit in Artes
Ingenuas ; Solis, Lunæ ſcrutata meatus ;
Horum quid mutat facies, quid tempora, cœlum ;
Naturæ rimata ſinus, penitóſque receſſus ;
Deſcribit terras, & ſplendida facta ; verendum
Pugno vel *Palmâ* diſceptans monſtrat Acumen ;
Indignum ſubitò poterat ſuperare magiſtrum.

Totos

Totos ſæpe dies & multum noctis amicis
Impendit libris, ſcit verba nec *Anglica* tantùm,
Belga ſuam, Gallúſque ſuam ſensêre loquentem.
Artibus his ſaturam rapuit vis Enthea Mentem
In ſublime Dei ſtudium; cognoſcere & Ipſum
Hic Labor, hoc Opus eſt, doctæ ſunt cætera nugæ.
Fœdus adit Sanctum; divinum exculpere ſenſum
Aſſiduè tentat; Sua quódque Eccleſia dictat
Anglica, vel ſuadet, ſecurâ comprobat aure.
Mores ſemper ad hanc nam caſtigabat amuſſim.
Omni menſe novo ſolennis Cœna paratur;
Præcedente die vigilat, jejunat, & orat,
Et legit, & recolit, ſacris ut purior adſit.
Symbola percipiens, palmas & lumina ſurſum
Sic tendit, Dominum quaſi cœlis ſpectet in ipſis.
Succurrit, ſiquos miſerandos indico; ſiquos
Paupertate graves, aurato depluit imbre.
Omni luce intrat cœtu comitante ſacellum,
Bis venerata Deum ritúque atque ordine fixis.
Aſt in ſeceſſu cœlum quot vota precéſque
Scandunt; ínque viâ, lecto & quot millia in ipſo,
Ipſe Deus ſolus ſcrutans præcordia novit.
Horum Tu quota pars, quos fructus percipis, Heros
Inclyte, demonſtrant tua facta notanda; ſeneſcit
Gallia, jámque Tuis languet damnata triumphis.
Te tua *Penelope* precibus deducit euntem,
Excipit & reducem, longè & comitata morantem.
Roma Vetus ſimilem ſi viderat, aut Nova; cœlos
Utraque perrumpens clamaverat, *ô Dea certè;*
Sis bona, Diva, tuis, altare boaverat omne.
Nobis non opus eſt ut Sanctam vota fatigent;
Juvit enim ſemper, juvat, æternúmque juvabit

Illa

Illa ſuos *Anglos*, nunquam dignata rogari.
At ſanctè Nomen colimus, nam noſtra Maria eſt
Cœlis, ut terris (fas ſit dixiſſe) Secunda.
Deſine, Mome, igitur mirari, ſi pius Heros
Hanc cupit, Hanc deflétque, & deperit Hanc, vel in Urnâ.

Joannes Covel, S.T.P. *Chr. Coll.* Cuſtos,
Olim à Sacris Sereniſſimæ Heroinæ.

Ad REGEM.

Bella geris, Salvúſque redis; quòd vulnus ademptâ
  Conjuge læſus habes, ſæviet ille Dolor.
Succumbit rapidis Majeſtas Regia fuſis,
  Accelerátque breves puſtula rupta colos.
Flumina conſuetos reprimunt volventia curſus;
  Sic *Moſa* denſat iter, ſic vada *Rhenus* iners.
Magnates *Batavi* plorent; Alâque *ſolutâ*
  Lugduni Rhetor; Compede Muſa ſtrepat.
Reginæ quid *Juſta* rogant? *Regíque* quid optem?
  Seras (non viduas protinùs) opto moras.
Nomine conſimiles, Mater Conſórſque Maria;
  Morbilliſque vices ſuſtinuêre pares.
Solicitæ *Janus* lugubria reſpicit Aulæ;
  Fauſtos proſpiciat, Te ſuperante, dies.

Ut, Gulielme, ſimul vigeas, vincáſque Superſtes;
  Det Deus ominibus ſtamina longa Tuis.
Ornâſti Patriam & Proavos, dextrâ auſpice Princeps;
  In campo, in pelago, Fama perennis erit,

Nobi-

Nobilitas Procerum cineres; Te Soſpite, floret
Gloria *Mauricî*; ſplendet *Adolphus, Otho.*
Ceſſat *Belga* Parens, Libitinæ quæſtus acerbæ,
Ante Tori partum; Poſthumus indè labor.
Rex, Tibi ſpes orta eſt; Hæc tanto cardine rerum,
Aras cum Sacris protegat, Ara Togam.

ALITER.

Viribus *Angliacis*, fato cedente MARIA,
Haga parat Comites; Mundus, Honórque, Ducem.
Hiſpanus ſeu *Flander* opem, nervóſque *Sagittæ*
Conſociant, Aquilas *Imperiúmque* ſuas.
Adverſis inſcripta nitet *Ratio ultima Regum*
Tormentis? *Hoſtem* Terra Salúmque timent?
Fata æquat fatis Numen; jam Sole rubente
(*Martis* in occaſu) *Gallicus* axis ovet.
Fœdera non Hoſtis, non Orbem *Francia* terret;
Publica dùm *Stephani* vivat in Æde Salus.

V. *Stubbe* D. D. *Heb.* *L.* Pr. *Trin.* Coll. Soc.

EHeu! quàm miſeri tenebris involvimur atris!
Atque madet lacrymis *Anglia* tota ſuis.
Inclyta vaneſcit lethi MARIA ſub Umbris,
Regia Majeſtas pulvere merſa jacet.
Cujus in auguſto radiabat corpore Virtus,
Mens placida atque humilis, Virgineúſque pudor.
Et decor inſignis, Pietas inſignior illo,
Et niveum flagrans pectus amore Dei.
Ergò homo mortalis! Cur Criſtas erigis altas?
Eſt homo bulla fugax, eſt homo pluma levis.

Utque

Utque ἔπεα πτερόεντα volat tua gloria Vitæ
Terreſtris: nec ſcis, quàm citò, muſca! Peris.
Mors inopúmque domos pulſat, turréſque ſuperbas,
Quæ rapit illuſtres, purpureóſque Deos.
Quæque Deam rapuit Juvenili ætate Virentem,
Et nos afflictos ipſa dolere jubet.
Et cuicunque placet Veneranda Eccleſia, luget,
Iſque dolet verè: nec ſine Matre dolet.
Génſque *Britanna* ſtupet; decus inter nubila condit,
Quæ ſublime Caput nuper ad aſtra tulit.
Ah! Citò languemus ſub acerbi pondere luctûs,
Vita licet ſupereſt, pulvis & Umbra ſumus.
Sed tuus in Cœlis honor, ô Regina! refulgens
Mollius effecit grande doloris onus.
Sis felix, hymnóſque canas, age læta triumphos,
Pérque preces, coeant Vulnera noſtra, tuas.

Tho. Thurlin S. T. P. *Coll. D. Johan.* Præſ.

COnnubio conjuncte tuæ Gulielme Mariæ,
Junctus es Imperio conſilióque pari.
Regnum utriuſque unum ſenſit feliciter *Anglus*,
Cùm te disjunxit *Flandria*, ſenſit idem,
Imperium non diviſit, diviſit at illa
Imperii tecum (quod leve fecit) onus.
Amiſsâ hâc Conſorte doles, dolet *Anglia* tecum,
Et dolet amiſsâ quo magis ipſe doles.
Te deſiderium charæ cùm conjugis urget,
Nos tuus in lacrymas conjugis urget amor.
Sume animum, Pie Princeps, ſumet & *Anglia*, quòd tu
Idem alter Maria deficiente manes.

Nam-

Namque tuas vires ſatis *Anglia* novit & Orbis,
Unum te Mundi ſufficere Imperio.

Dan. Brattell S. T. P. *Trin. Coll.* Soc.

A*Nglorum* rebus nutantibus
Statricem dedit numen MARIAM,
Britonum Reginam, mundique Muliebris:
Indigno popello
Abſtulit eam excandeſcens:
Nec ceſſit Regina naturæ legibus,
Sine cœli terræque Certamine.
Cùm triſte munus obire aſtiterunt Parcæ,
Et Fabricam Dei invaſerat morbus,
Nunc gemitu nunc fletibus *Anglia*,
Illiſo pectore laceriſque Comis,
Nunc ad ſcabellum Dei provolvitur ſupplex,
Nunc fruſtrà Medicas tentat artes;
Curæ, & Querelæ terminant æſtum.
Fata nos heu! quam aſpera manent:
Heu quam torvo numen deſpicit vultu
De novo minatus revocare
Ad molem rudem & indigeſtam
Orbem *Britannicum*.
Agendi cauſam ſtatus eſt Dies Innocentium.
Sancti, Veteribus ſi qua fides,
Feſtivis ſemper diebus
Eminuêre ſuis.
Augeri numerum exſpectat,
Reginámque ſtipare ovanti ſatellitio
Exercitus tenellus.

Hæc eſt Dies, cauſam ſic agunt,
Quâ innocuo Sanguine noſtrûm,
Victimam fecit ſævus *Idumæus*:
Cruentas manus ſuſtinuimus,
Tantùm non reluctantes.
MARIA ſceleris pura
Die noſtro paruit Imperio Cœli,
Et obſequio facili pertulit
Morborum aculeos
Sicâ *Herodis* acriores,
Et parvulis Domini,
(Sacro adimpleto vaticinio)
Nutricem ſedulam egit.
Ab Orbe fæculento aſcendat MARIA,
Noſtro nunquam diſſocianda Choro:
De morte Præmaturâ
Fremitus abſit *Anglis*:
Feliciter quæ Regis gloriæ complevit annos,
Non eſt brevis ævi.
Ad Cœlos reditum cunctari
MARIAM flagrant *Angli*.
Quæ proſint linquimus *Anglis*:
En Celebres *Anglos*, MARIÆ
Superſtite famâ:
Quæ ſupra Pyramidum vertices ſubvolans,
Orbis terreni ſuperánſque fines,
Et ſeculis claudi neſcia,
Vivit Fama.
Vivit & Virtus MARIÆ perennis:
Ad regiam Cœli quippe maturata,
Non pendulâ, ſed manu feſtinanti
Bona congeſſit opera.

Operum

Operum immenſa moles
Mauſoleo grandior,
Omne conteret ævum:
Et longè ſupra flamulas
Nictantes abdïtis urnis,
Seris, æmuliſque Nepotibus,
Micabit fulgida:
Dicto citiùs,
Animam cœlitùs ortam,
Repetit ſuam Supremus Vindex.
Et Reges, terræ montes,
Quaſſati ſtamine rupto,
Reclinato Vertice,
Perhorreſcunt moniti;
Orbiſque ſubſidunt latera:
Nec fictum diluvium Telluris evomuit alvus.
Quin omnis intuitus MARIAM,
In laudem Conditoris venuſtam,
Et ſupra virtutis Cuſtodes rigidos, piam,
Propriis immergitur undis,
Atque Delus lacrymis
Agitatur ſuis.
Aliud quod agant non habent Muſæ;
Cum vivens MARIA vel jure ſuas
Faſtidivit Laudes.
Laudes obitæ quòd impares
Injuſtè temerant MARIÆ Nomen:
Ut invetitæ non ſunt lacrymæ:
Exundant ergò Muſarum fontes.

Tho. Smoult S. T. D. *Coll. Joh.* Soc.

SAnguineas populi cædes, & fortia bello
Quid querimur crudæ corpora miſſa neci?
Heu! graviùs luimus Gentis mala, ſævior armis
Offenſi Angligenis incubat ira Dei:
Scilicet occidimus, Reginâ morte peremptâ;
Totáque gens languens ſemianimíſque jacet:
Vidimus heu! nupèr lætam florentibus annis
Inter fœmineum prænituiſſe chorum;
Quàm pulchra aſpectu! placidi quæ gratia vultûs!
Quàm non Majeſtas imperioſa fuit!
Quò decor effulſit, quôque æmula forma roſarum,
Nunc toto pallor luridus ore ſedet.
At verò incoctum generoſo pectus honeſto
Atque animi doles quis memorare queat?
Molle cor inſedit qualis Conſtantia recti!
Quæ Pietas! quantus Relligionis amor!
Poſcitur infidum Vindex WILHELMUS in hoſtem?
Regnandi Conjux auſa ſubire vices;
Temporibus duris, cauto moderamine geſta
Vidimus imbelli Regia Sceptra manu:
Flandrica caſtra tenent WILLHELMUM? regna *Britannæ*
Conjugis auſpiciis otia Pacis agunt;
Sponte ſuâ populus non aſpera juſſa capeſſit,
Ipſe regi voluit ſuavibus Imperiis.
O Decus! ô Patriæ Tutela! Labantibus *Angliis*
O præſens (ſinerent vivere fata) ſalus!
At nobis ſupereſt ſolùm de Nomine tanto
Nunc deſiderium triſte, graviſque dolor;
WILLHELMO imprimis, vario cui corda tumultu
Acceſſu dubii contremuere mali,

Quos

Quos gemitus! quæ vota piâ pro Conjuge fudit!
(Non agitant curæ pectora magna leves)
At ſimul extinctam accepit, ceu fulmine tactus
Admonitu triſti concidit exanimis.
Mens invicta malis, duriſque interrita rebus,
Inconcuſſa priùs, propoſitique tenax,
Quam pelagi rabies magnis non depulit auſis,
Cui fruſtrà hoſtiles infremuere minæ,
Ingenti ærumnæ tandem ſuccumbit, acerbo
Conjugis amiſſæ fracta dolore labat:
Sic pius *Æneas* fertur gemuiſſe *Creüſam*,
Illa licèt Divûm Numine rapta polo eſt:
Surge Heros invicte! manent Te proſpera fata,
Accedent meritis altera Regna Tuis.

Car. *Roderick* Coll. *R*egal. *Præpoſitus.*

O Regina, ingens Cœli Terræque Voluptas,
O nimiùm matura Deo, nimis æmula Cœli,
Quam tantùm noſtris oſtendunt Fata *Britannis*,
(O nos felices, propria hæc ſi dona fuiſſent!)
Ut te linquentem terras Rex plorat & Orbis!
Rex invicte priùs, te ſolo vulnere Amoris
Vinci poſſe tuæ morientia lumina monſtrant
Reginæ; cujus mens ſemper proxima Cœlo
Aſcenſu facili ſuperas evaſit ad auras:
Pollutas terras ſic olim *Aſtræa* reliquit.

Gabr. Quadring Coll. Magd. *Præfectus.*

In Obitum Sereniſsimæ Reginæ MARIÆ.

SAtque ſupérque Ictum ſentimus, Parce benigne,
O Plagâ abſtineas ulteriore, Deus.
Nî rapiat Mors una Omnes, ſimul ibimus Omnes,
Et ſimul unum ingens *Anglia* Funus eat,
Quin ſuperimpoſitus totus ſimul ardeat Orbis,
Uri non poſſit Nobiliore rogo.
Cedimus, Hei! ſatis eſt! Divinam agnoſcimus iram,
O! ſit pro Populo Victima Tanta ſatis.
Parcas tam magno at Deus indulgere Dolori,
Triſtitiæ nullos & poſuiſſe modos.
Et licet Humanos animos, & viſcera nota
Induere, & lacrymis triſtia Fata queri.
Urgemur nimiùm, rumpunt toto agmine Fletus,
Et ſe toto ingens Pectore Turba movet.
Non humana ſat eſt tanto Natura dolori,
Nec capit exceſſus Spiritus ipſe ſuos.
O ſolitum dare ſumma Deum! Nos iſta mereri
Inſolitos! cecidit Gloria, Gentis Amor.
Pulchrior haud uſquam ſpecies apparuit Orbi
Geſtu, Hàbitu, Vultu ſplendida, Tota Nitens.
Par Sceptro Sublime Animi, Mentíſque Decorum,
Et regere Imperio Fœmina docta Viros.
Prudens conſiliis Animus, Rebúſque gerendis
Promptus, in Extremis Par muliebris Apex.
Dos ingens privata animi, quàm molle nitebat
Majeſtas, nuſquam mitius Imperium :
Quàm faciles aditus ſolio, ſermóque benignus,
Gratia tam properans quàm fuit ira brevis.

Mens

Mens devota Deo, precibus ſacriſque miniſtra:
Non ſtata divinas deſerit hora vices.
Qualis abis! Totâ virtutum inſtructa catervâ,
Proh Dolor! æternùm non reditura vale!
Quis narret morientem animam, Regíque loquentem,
Miſcentem & lacrymis Ultima verba ſuis!
'*Anglia* viventem quo me dilexit Amorem,
'Quo me dilexit *Belgia*, linquo Tibi:
' Creſcat Amor populi prærepta Conjuge tantum,
' Orbatus quantum perdis Amore meo.
' Quo Te dilexi fruere alto pectore Amore,
' Longius ah! Cuperem vivere Amore Tui.
Plura locuturæ vox deficit, aureus illi
Somnus, in æthereum Spiritus Exit iter.
O! virtus ſecura Boni! cælóque potita,
En Tibi in æternum Gloria juncta comes.
Quis tenerum aſpectum Regíſque noviſſima Verba
Narret, & in tanti ſigna doloris eat!
Conjuge commoritur Conjunx moriente MARIA,
Obſcuras lethi promptus adire vias;
Fruſtrà tentat iter, motus contrarius ultrò
Vertitur, invito Spiritus indè redit.
Collapſum abducunt ſocii, magnóque Dolori
Succumbit tacitus, Numinis Imperio.

Ad REGEM.

SUrge Heros! Tua perſentimus Vulnera Cuncti,
Sternimur ad Terram, morimur vel vivimus unà,
Mors & Vita eadem Tecum, Sors obtigit una,
O! Nimis haud liceat magno indulgere dolori,
Anglia Tota Tua eſt, Te noſtrum poſcimus Omnes,

Te

Te vocat *Europæ* Fatum, Te Martius Annus
Et nondum Extincti poſcit vis ultima Belli,
Extremúſque Labor, ceſſurus Milite nunquam
Te niſi, ſubſidit dempto Te Cardine Bellum.
Reſpice pugnantes *Gallóſque* extrema moventes,
Venturas *Moſæ* pugnas, & Prælia Rheni,
En criſtatam aciem, jam miles *Gallicus* urget,
Et ruit ad Rhenum, *Moſámque* potentibus Armis:
Obvius I Tanto ſolitus dare fræna Furori.
Expectat Te *Belga* Ducem, veſtérque *Britannus*
Miles, & *Eoo* veniens *Germanus* ab Iſtro,
Et ſtans Extremo victoria limite Campi,
Et debellato rediens Pax aurea *Gallo*,
Venturúſque ingens donatâ Pace Triumphus.
En! age, Surge Heros, atratum linque Cubile,
Non niſi pro Populo tantis devote Peric'lis.

Geo. Oxenden, LL. D. Cuſtos *Aulæ Trinitatis* &
Regius in Jure Civili *Profeſſor.*

QUis ſtupor invadit ſenſus? ut membra tremiſcunt,
Nec facit officium Mens labefacta ſuum!
Quid video? Angelicâ turbâ famulante, MARIAM
Calcantem celeri Sydera læta pede?
Tam citò nos igitur Miſeros, Regina, relinquis?
Támque procul, precibus non revocanda, fugis?
Tu verò, Rex Alme, mane, damnúmque reſarci;
Accedant, Illi tempora dempta, Tibi.
Sic nitidi Soles uſque ibunt; Túque, MARIA,
Ipſe ſimul nobis, & GULIELMUS eris.

Hen. Felton LL.D. *P.O.* & *Coll. S. Pet.* Soc.

Sive

SIve dolenda magis præſentia damna, dolemus:
Quæ mala non patimur morte, MARIA, tuâ?
Seu ventura magis deflenda pericula, flemus:
Heu! flemus miſeri morte, futura, tuâ.
Nam cùm tu Solio partes perferre Mariti,
Cùm poteris tantas ſuſtinuiſſe vices,
Dum fera bella foris movit, tu ſola virili
Integra vibrâſti Regia Sceptra manu.
At quænam poſt te propriis ita viribus apta eſt,
Quæ tantum poſthâc aggredietur opus?
Et quid Sceptra juvant? te jam nunc Sceptra tenentem
Invida Mors Sceptris, vel tulit ante diem.
Nempè in Connubii Soliíque hoc fœdere dixit,
" Major, quæ caderet, Victima nulla datur.
Sic cadis, heu! Gentis Decus & Spes maxima noſtræ,
Vixque adeò, quò ſe jam tueatur, habet.
Viderat ut *Cæſar* ſubeuntem fata MARIAM,
Hucúſque intrepido pectore frigus erat,
Aſpexit, periitque ſimul; ſimul intima ſenſit
Confuſus pavido pectora rapta metu.
Fatur & hæc, imo ducens ſuſpiria corde;
" Quo fugis? ô, celerem ſiſte, MARIA, gradum.
" Vel te redde mihi, precor, ô Fidiſſima Conjux,
" Triſtia vel Tecum da mihi fata ſequi.
" Me mea fata vocant; (quærenti talibus Illa)
" Fata vocant, nulli fata cavere datum eſt.
" Sed te participem lethi non convenit eſſe,
" In terris cum te Gloria longa manet.
" Quod ſi (namque poteſt aliquid longæva vetuſtas)
" Nunc ubi ſunt luctus, gaudia rurſus erunt.

" Cur tu non ſperes, tua ſors mutetur ut olim?
" Fulgentem Imperio Te tria Regna beent.
" Ergo vive diu; *Gallis* victiſque, triumpha;
" Et Pacis Palmam ſolus habeto tibi.

Rob. Herne Aul. *Clar.* Soc. & *Acad. Procurat.* Sen.

AH nimiùm miſeris Mortalibus invida Fata!
Nilne boni proprium perpetuúmve datis?
Anglia ſæpe ſuam jactavit læta MARIAM,
Spémque triumphanti protulit Ore novam.
Nunc eadem triſti nimiùm ſubitóque peremptam
Reginam fato, ſic gemebunda dolet:
Occidit heu! Patriæ præſens Decus, atque futuri
Spes ævi, Virtus occidit & Pietas.
Occidit, ah dixi! manet, æternúmque manebit
Viva tui volitans fama per Ora virûm.
Te tantùm è terris Superi rapuêre, nec ultrà
Inter Mortales eſſe, MARIA, ſinunt.
Nos ſoli verè morimur, quibus ægra trahenda
Atque dolore gravis vita, *Tuíque* carens.
O ſi vel Cœlis non tam matura fuiſſes!
Aut Gens *Angligenûm* Te magè digna foret?
Nam, niſi *Te* tantâ ſupereſſet Conjuge dignus
Conjux, & Patriæ non minùs ipſe Parens;
Funeris una dies Patriæque *Tuíque* fuiſſet,
Atque idem caperet *Téque tuóſque* rogus.

Johan. Sidey A. M. *Procurat.* Alter.

Hacte-

HActenus armorum ſtrepitus, bellique tumultus
Intrepidi tulimus, dum Martius horror, oberrans
Vicinas gentes, viduavit civibus urbes:
At propriore malo perculſi, & funere acerbo
Mittimus, ah! nimiùm miſeræ ſuſpiria Gentis.
Siccine ſuccenſent Superi? moritúrque MARIA,
Deliciæ *Britonum*, Decus, & Lectiſſima Princeps,
Quam languens habuit nutricem Eccleſia Matrem.
Siccine nil poſſunt pietas, diademata, forma,
Ingenium? *tantæne animis Cœleſtibus iræ?*
Proh dolor! ah precibus fruſtrà imploratur Olympus,
Nil valet his ſacris cumulâſſe altaria donis:
Sæviet offenſum Numen, peccata minori
Non purgare queas tua, Gens mœſtiſſima, pœnâ.

Tho. Harriſon Sen. Taxat. *Acad.* & *Coll. Sidneii* Soc.

OCcidis, ô dilecta *Anglis*! dilecta *Batavis!*
Tu dolor heu! binis gentibus una cadis.
Anglia ut amiſſam, ſic plorat *Belgia* Divam,
Unus amor ſocios, & dolor unus habet.
Quid tamen hi planctus? potius lætemur, utrique
Regina hìc tantùm, mortua Numen erit.
Aut ſaltem nobis hæc ſint ſolatia, fies
Rex magne Angligenis charior indè tuis.
Sic *Phœbe* abreptâ, Solaris luminis ortus
Illuſtrat radio fulgidiore diem.

Gulielmus Ruſſell Trin. Coll. A. M.

SUmit funereas, ut mos eſt, *Gallia* veſtes
(Hoſtis, & averſo ſit licèt illa animo)
Et magni raptos GULIELMI plorat amores,
Et cauſam quare *Gallia* ploret habet.
Bellantûm teneris lenitur amoribus ardor,
Atque emollitur ſpiritus ille ferox;
Æternùm Mavors miſceret triſtia bella,
Nî requiem terris ferret amica *Venus*.
Proh! quantas nunc ardebit GULIELMUS in iras,
Proh quantas ſtrages, funera quanta dabit!
Non eſt, quæ noſtri Mavortis temperet iras,
Quæ requiem *Gallis* adferat, ulla *Venus*.

Hen. Bowles A. M. *Coll. Regal.* Soc. è Sen.

PEliden quìd, *Homere*, ornas cœleſtibus armis?
Abſque armis ſatis eſt Ferreus Ille tuis;
O ſi fortè tuo GULIELMUS vixerat ævo
Immortale magis Muſa dediſſet opus:
Qualia Bellator daret argumenta furori!
Qualia, dum patitur fortitèr, Ipſe Dolor!
Deficienti Animæ ſuccreſcit Gloria; quod ſi
Suſtinuiſſet onus, fecerat Illa minus.

Ric. Bynns Trin. Coll. *Soc.*

NON ego ſacratam juxta Permeſſidos undam
Capto leves ſomnos, nec mihi *Phœbus* adeſt:

Nec

Nec Natura dedit faciles in carmina vires:
Hei mihi ſed res eſt imperioſa dolor!
Ingenioſa velim: --ſed triſti triſtia verſu
Quid vetat exemplo pangere, Naſo, tuo?
Ah! vetat ipſe dolor, mea qui priùs ora reſolvit,
Quæ nunc præ lacrymis obriguêre ſuis.
Tu tamen intereà longùm, Regina, valebis,
Et tuus æternùm, credo, Poeta ſilet.

Car. Darrell C. C. C. Soc.

QUÆ tanti luctûs? quæ tanti cauſa doloris?
Anglorum lacrymis cur maduêre genæ?
Ah! cecidit Regina Deæ ſimilis, Dea certè,
Nempe fuit Patriæ Gloria, Gentis Honos
Præſidium Ducibus, necnon bellantibus Ardor,
Claſſibus,& nautis nec minùs illa Salus.
Digna Viro in terris, cœleſti digna Marito
(Jupiter optatos nec fugit ipſe toros)
Grata Deûm Conjux, æquo moderamine cœlos
Nunc reget, *Angligenas* rexit ut illa priùs.

W. B. A. M. Coll. *Regal.* è Soc. Sen.

JAM propè Diluvio lacrymarum immergitur Orbis,
Anglia Cimmeriâ nocte ſepulta jacet;
Cuncta Chaos meditantur iners; (miſerabile viſu!)
Grande Decus, columen, Te pereunte, perit:

Heu!

Heu! nimis injuſtæ feſtinant juſta Sorores!
   Hæccine ſunt triſtis jura ſevera *Jovis?*
Durius eſt letho lethi genus; aucta dolorum
   Viribus, heu! Febris bella maligna gerit.
Erubuit ſperare nefas quod ſola peregit,
   Inſidiis ſubitò ſic ſociata ſuis.
Quis Deus Orbem iterum mutato cardine rerum
   Tranſtulit? & veterem juſſit inire ſtatum?
Rex WILHELME venis, toties terrâque marique
   Tutus, & admotis fortior uſque malis;
Per cædes, per damna Caput quàm Nobile tollit
   Anglia! Regali vulnere ducit opes;
Aſpice venturo lætantur ut omnia Regno,
   Ridet ager, ridet mobile Vulgus ovans,
Sicut Vere novo Brumalis vincula noctis
   Diſrumpit magico lumine ſolis Honor.
Sic quocunque venis, fundis lucémqne calorémque,
   Atque iterum *Arctous* gaudia mundus agit.
Ecce, malis fruimur! ſunt ipſa pericula tanti,
   Mors MARIÆ Regem ſola probare poteſt.

Vere Philipps A. M Coll. *Regal.* Socius
è Senioribus

SI non caſta fides, pietas, cultúſque Deorum,
   Atque anima inſtanti non tremebunda nece;
Hoc ſatis illuſtret per ſæcula cuncta MARIAM,
   Quòd premit inſolitus Te, GULIELME, dolor.

Tho. Dillingham, A M. *Aul. Clar.* Soc.

Epita-

Epitaphium R. MARIÆ.

QUiſquis ad hunc tumulum accedis, cognoſce, Viator,
Te Cineres tantos nunquam adiîſſe priùs:
Scilicet hoc uno conduntur plurima Buſto,
Conſilium, Pietas, Gratia, Forma, Fides,
Regis Amor, Populi Studium, Favor Omnipotentis,
Et Decus ingentis, nunc Dolor, Orbis: *Abi.*
Ah! neſcis nomen? Jacet hìc Regina MARIA,
Et ſimul infelix *Anglia* tota jacet.

Symon Degge Coll. *Emman.* Alumnus.

ERgóne perpetuo urgetur MARIA ſopore?
Altera ſpes patriæ deperiitque ſuæ?
Aſt ego ſperabam felicia regna duorum
Et geſta auſpicio bella ſonare pari.
Aſt ego ſperabam magnos celebrare triumphos,
Et domitas gentes, imperiúmque maris.
Arma ducéſque diù noſtra eſt meditata *Thalia*,
Quid mihi cum luctu, *Melpomeneïa*, tuo?
Heu! nimiùm cantus lugubres cauſa requirit,
Tu quod *Muſa* vetat ſcribere, ſcribe dolor.
Cur feritas *Parcis* tanta eſt? cur tanta poteſtas?
Aut hæc aut illæc debuit eſſe minor.
At tu, Summe Pater, vel poſſe volentibus aufer,
Si poſſunt, ſaltem velle nocere veta.
Heu! ſeras effundo preces atque irrita vota,
MARIA heu! durum ſenſit utrúmque nimis.
Illa modo Imperio, vitâ gaudebat & almâ,
Imperium & vitam ſuſtulit una dies.

Magna quidem, *Regina*, tua eſt jactura, fatemur,
Majorem at populi ſuſtinuere tui.
Tu demptum Imperium, nos te deflemus ademptam,
Ipſa tribus regnis, te tria regna carent.
O ego ſi famæ poſſem ſuccidere pennas,
Nè facinus tantum *Gallica* regna ſciant.
Hoſtica neu ducat crudeles turba triumphos,
Lætáve ſit noſtris terra profana malis!
Ut cum MARIA *Britonum* ſpes occidit unà!
Quàm multas ſtrages una ruina dedit?
Ipſe adeò imprimis rector, WILHELME, *Britannûm*
Cui regni Conſors illa torique fuit,
Eheu! unus eris magni pars quanta doloris!
Illa fuit veſtras auſa ſubire vices.
Anglia quid faceret *ſi te quoque funus haberet?*
(Dei meliora piis) *Anglia* quid faceret?
At vos, ô *Parcæ*, (nam vos utcunque rigentes
Credibile eſt tanti pœnituiſſe mali)
MARIÆ quotquot triſtes abrumpitis ævo
Florentes annos accumulate Viro.
Tempora temporibus, vitámque rependite vitâ,
Si tantum optatis poſſe piare ſcelus.
Ille diu lætus nobis interſit, & *Anglos*
Quos fato eripuit, protegat uſque ſuos.
Et titulos titulis, jungátque trophæa trophæis,
Trudatúrque prior gloria laude novâ.
Neu populi nimis ille velit convellere jura,
Neu populus minuat regia jura nimis.
Servet in ambiguo cœlum, quod curat utrúmque,
Húncne ſui *ſalvum*, plùs *velit* ſive ſuos

And. Snape A. B. *Coll. Regal.* Soc.

In

Epitaphium Reginæ MARIÆ.

QUam tegit hic tumulus ſi quæris, amice Viator,
Atra parentantûm te pia turba docet:
Anglia cum *Scotiâ*, *Battavia*, *Ierna*, *Camœnæ*,
Virtutes, *Charites*, Canáque *Relligio:*
En! ſine fine dolent, nec non Celſiſſima ducens
ANNA *Glóceſtrenſem Danica* mœſta ſuum;
Porrò Monarcharum ſummus *Naſſovius* Heros,
Tanto impar damno qui jacet Exanimis:
Nè dubites igitur, cubat hîc Regina MARIA,
Uxorum, & ſexûs Gloria fœminei:
Plura vetat luctus; ſolamina ſola, MARIÆ
ANNA quod incolumis *Dulcis Imago*, Soror;
(Quæ fœcunda dabit, ſpes, multos Mater Iülos)
Quódque GUL'ELMI animam reddiderint Superi,
Quæ licet ex animâ divelli ignara MARIÆ
Corpore diffugiens ibat ad aſtra Comes,
Diî tamen, Angligenas miſerantes reſtituêre,
Nec trahere in cœlis jam voluêre moras:
Has abiens Diîs funde preces, lacrymoſe Viator,
Rex nobis adſit, Regiáque ANNA diú.

Johan. Millington A. M. Coll. *Magd.* Socius.

Εἰς τὴν ΜΑΡΙΑΣ τῆς ἀρίστης ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑΣ πολυδάκρυτον τελευτήν.

Ἀρχόμενος κλαυθμοῖο, σοφὰς ῥαθάμιγγας ἀοιδῆς
Πάσας ἐξοχέτευσον ἀολλέας εἰς ἕνα χῶρον,

Χαμ-

Χαμακοῦ κρήνην δέ, Θεά, ποταμοῖο χαράδρην,
Μελπομένη· τεὸν ἔργον ὀδυρομένοισιν ἐγείρειν
Δακρυόεντα ῥέεθρα, γόων τ' ἀπειθέας ὄμβρους.
 Οὔποτέ τοι προπάροιθεν ἀγὼν τοιόσδε τέτυκται
Πένθεος ἀλλήκτοιο καὶ ἀπλήστων ὀδυνάων,
Οἷος νῦν ἀνέφηκτο Ἀραυσίδος εἵνεκα νύμφης,
Τῆς Στυαρτιάδος ΜΑΡΙΗΣ, κλειτῆς Βασιλείης.
 Αὐτοῦ μὲν πρώτιστον ὀδύρεται ἶς Ἰλερμοῦ·
Ἰλερμὸς μεγάθυμος, ἀντίθεος τὸ πάροσπερ,
Ὅς τ' αἰεὶ νίκησε ταλαυρίνους πολεμιστάς,
Κρείσσων τ' αἰὲν ἐτύχθη Ἐνυαλίου ἐν ἀγῶνι,
Νῦν μὲν πένθεϊ εἴκει, φίλον βεβολημένος ἦτορ,
Ἀτλήτοις τ' ἀχέεσσιν ἐλαύνεται ὄβριμος Ἥρως.
 Οὐδὲ Σὲ τόσσον ἐόντα σεβιζόμεθ', ὄρχαμε λαῶν,
Αὐτὰρ ἐελδόμενοι ὁμοιωθήμεναι ἄντην
Ἶσόν τοι κλαυθμοῖσιν ἀτερπέσι κηλεόμεσθα,
Ἶσόν τοι στυγεροῖσι γόων χαίροντες ὀδυρμοῖς.
 Τοὶ γάρ, Ἄναξ, παράκοιτις ἅμ' αἰδοίη τε φίλη τε
Πασάων ἀπόλωλεν ἀρίστη θηλυτεράων·
Ἡμῖν δ' αὖτε, Ἄναξ, μήτηρ ἀπόλωλεν ἀρίστη,
Δέσποτις ἠπιόδωρος, Ἄνασσά τε ἱμερόεσσα,
Κάλλεϊ μὲν σθενέουσα καὶ ὀφθαλμῶν βελέεσσιν,
Ὅσσον σύ, κρατερόφρον Ἄναξ, σθένεϊ βλεμεαίνεις.
 Οὐδ' ἡμῖν μούνοισι λελείψεται αἰνὸν ἄεθλον
Πενθέων, ἠδὲ γόων, καὶ ἀτερμάτων ὀδυνάων,
Δὴ τότε γὰρ κατὰ πάντα δασαίμεθα πλοῦτον ὀδυρμῶν·
Ἀλλ' ἔριδα στονόεσσαν ὅλος τοι κόσμος ἐρίζει·
Κὰδ δ' ἄχεϊ μεγάλῳ βεβολήατο φῶτες ἅπαντες
Ζήλῳ θεσπεσίῳ πελώριον ἱμείροντες
Κηδέων ἡμετέρων ἱερὸν θησαυρὸν ἀρέσθαι.
Πᾶσαι γὰρ πόλιες, βασιλήϊαι ὅσσαι ἔασι,
Πατρίδες, οἶκοί τε, φρῆτραί θ' ἅμ' ἐπὶ χθονὶ πᾶσαι,

Ἀρχαὶ μὲν τέτορες, καὶ τέσσαρα φάρσεα γαίης,
Εὐρώπη, Ἀσίη, Λιβύη, καὶ Ἀμερικὰς αἶα,
Ἀμφότεροί θ', οἷσίν τε πατὴρ καὶ ἄκοιτις ἄρεσκεν,
Καὶ φίλος ἠδὲ καὶ ἐχθρὸς (ἀπήχθετο δ' οὔτισιν αὐτὴ)
Πάντες ἅμα κλαίουσιν ἀποιχομένην Βασίλειαν·
Τέθνηκεν Βασίλεια, Βρεττανῶν κῦδος ὄλωλε.
Τὴν ΜΑΡΙΗΝ γοόωσιν ἀπὸ ζωὴν ὀλέσασαν
Ὠκεανός τε πατὴρ, ποταμῶν γένος ὑγρὰ ῥεόντων,
Καὶ Θάμεσις, καὶ Θύμβρις, Ἶσις, καὶ Χάμος ἀείῤῥων,
Καὶ Λαοὶ, καὶ Ἄνακτες, ἅμα βροτοὶ, οὐρανίδαι τε·
Μοῦσαι, καὶ Χάριτες, Ἀρεταὶ δέ τε, Εὐσεβίη τε·
Πᾶσιν μὲν γόος ἶσος, ἴσον γὰρ ἐπώλβισε πάντας
Τοπρὶν ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν, ἀτὰρ νῦν ἤκαχε πάντας·
Οὐδὲ καὶ ὡς μέγα ἄχθος ἐλαφρότερον τελέθοιτο,
Πᾶσι δὲ μεμερισμένον περ, ὅμως βαρὺ πᾶσιν ἐτύχθη.
Οἷα μὲν Ὠκεανοῖο πατρὸς βαθύκολπα ῥέεθρα
Ὕδασι ζατρεφέεσσι τὰ δένδρεα πάντα διαίνει,
Καὶ ποταμοὺς πλήρεσσι μεθύσκει ἀμφικυπέλλοις,
Ξηρὰν θ' ὑγραίνει, ἄγκεά τε, καὶ οὔρεα μακρὰ,
Ἀλλὰ καὶ ὡς κόλπῳ πολυβενθέϊ χάνδανεν αὐτὸς
Ὕδατα τόσσ', ὅσα πᾶσαν ἐπὶ χθόνα τ' ἐκπροέηκεν·
Οὕτως ἡμετέρης Ὀδύνης πῆμ' ἀπείριτον οἶδμα
Πλημμύρον κυμαίνει ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἡμετέρῃσιν,
Ἂν δέ τε κόσμον ἅπαντα καταῤῥέει ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
Ἔνδον ὅλον, καί τ' ἐκτὸς ὅλον, πᾶν πάντοθεν ἶσον.
Χαῖρε, φίλη ΜΑΡΙΗ, κόσμου ξύμπαντος ἄνασσα,
Καὶ κραδίαις βασιλεύες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν ἐοῦσα,
Ἀντὶ δὲ σεῦ νῦν Πένθος ἐνὶ κραδίῃσι τύραννον
Θήκαο, τῷ ῥα, σεῦ εἵνεκ', ἀεὶ δουλεύσομεν ἡμεῖς.

Joſua Barnes S. T. B. *Emmanuelis Coll.*
Socius maximè Senior.

INfandum Regina, jubes renovare dolorem,
Debita dum pietas Te memorare parat.
Seu proprios recolat mores, ſeu publica Geſta,
Subſidit lachrymis Inſula merſa ſuis.
Principis exemplum populum trahit ? ecce beabat
Mente magis pulchrâ pulchra MARIA ſuum.
Fulminat ad Scaldim, bello Rex acer ? in altâ
Geſtabat ſceptrum pace MARIA ſagax.
Quæ Regina ſui, tria maxima Regna regebat,
Jure, ſed ante diem Regna ſuperna petit.
Candidior pedibus via lactea tacta MARIæ
Eſt, comes it Superis dum nova, digna tamen.
Quòd medicâ vitam non prorogat arte MARIæ,
Æternat Muſis nomen *Apollo* ſuis.
Cur querimur ? quamvis defecerit aurea *Phœbe*,
Nos vultu ceſſans irradiare ſuo :
Non levis affulget ſpes illacrymantibus *Anglis*,
Dum ſplendet noſter *Phœbus* in orbe ſuo.

C. Beaumont A. M. Coll. S. *Pet.* Soc.

TE flemus, Regina, tibi properatáque fata,
Ah! Patriæ & Regi rapta MARIA tuo.
Sentit onus ſociis commune *Britannia Belgis*,
Et miſcet lacrymas mœſtus uterque Leo.
Mœſta magis plorat ſed noſtra *Britannia*, quæ fit
Naufraga nunc lachrymis Inſula penè ſuis.

C. Proby A. M. Coll, *Jeſu* Soc.

Venales

VEnales lacrymas, & inanes *præfica* luctus
Auferat hinc aliò ; ducti longo ordine ſervi,
Captorúmque greges, quos dudum tædia lucis
Cœperunt miſeros, effuſo ſanguine ſpargant
Herôum tumulos, aut ornent Cæſaris urnam :
Scilicet *his* opus eſt ut *vera Tragædia* fletus
Excitet, & læto lacrymas extorqueat orbi :
Heu nimiùm deflenda mihi defuncta MARIA !
Solvimur in lacrymas, lacrymas *Tibi* ſponte fluentes.
Non ſi in nos redeat miſeros Ægyptia clades,
Et primogenitos divini vindicis ira
Demeteret noctu, magè lux inviſa fuiſſet ;
Jam lacrymæ invadunt oculos, præcordia luctus,
Quæque domus proprium viſa eſt ſentire dolorem.
Non *cælo* admiſſam, ſed *terris* flemus ademptam,
Sed *Patriæ* ereptam : at capit hæc ſolatia luctus,
Non priùs amiſſam, (quæ dudum debita cœlo)
Quàm dederit Genti Regémque Ducémque labanti,
Fecerit & *proprium* nobis, animóſque rebelles
Finxerit in pacis ſtudium, & pietatis amorem.
Mox fugit, atque iterùm explorat nova regna Marito,
Nè tandem (ut *Macedo* quondam) toto orbe ſubacto
Victor, non alium lacrymans ſupereſſe queratur.

Michael Mills A. M. Coll. *Regal.* Soc.

FErali cùm fixa toro Regina jaceret,
Et ſancto fureret peſtis in ore Deæ,

Divi-

Divinóſque oculos jam Mors clauſura inſtaret,
  (Heu ! quantum licuit, Mors inopina, tibi !)
Hactenùs invictum ſic eſt affata Maritum,
  (*Tunc* pia quaſſatum vulnere corda gravi ;)
" Jam me *divus Avus*, me *divus Avunculus* abs Te
  " Avocat, ô Conjux, pars magè chara mei :
" Te novus in Terris manet expectátque Triumphus,
  " *Gallia* Te pedibus ſubjicienda tuis ;
" Me ſancti in Cœlis jamjam petiêre Triumphi,
  " Gloria me, Capiti jam redimita meo.
" Tu nè feſtines---Tibi ſint pia Cura *Britanni !*
  " *Anglia* chara, vale : Chare Marite, vale.

Jo. Exton A M. Aul. *Trin.* Soc.

A*Nglia*, ſæpe malis exercita, ſuſcipe fletus;
  Juſtior haud unquam cauſa doloris erat.
Reginam rapuit fera mors, cui nulla tulerunt
  Sæcula, cui referent ſæcula nulla parem.
Principe pro charâ populus, pro conjuge conjux
  Orabant, fruſtrà, *nomen utrumque* perit.
Inſtabant *votis*, *lacrymis*, *prece* flectere: *votis*,
  Et *lacrymis*, flecti & neſcia fata *prece*.
Longius imperium tua nos ſperare jubebat
  Ætas, ſed pietas accumulata vetat.
Dimidium haud licuit ſpatium percurrere vitæ,
  Dî citiùs poſcunt *optima quæque* ſibi.
Quæ vitam meruit, cœlum meruiſſe videtur,
  Non aliâ nobis credita lege fuit.

Fr. Pemberton Coll. *Regal.* Commenſ. ad Menſam Soc.

Nobis

NObis jampridem inviſis cœlum intonat ardens,
   Et furit infeſtis cladibus ira Jovis.
Nec tamen ingenti flendæ jam ſtrage catervæ,
   Deploranda magis millibus una perit.
Occidit illuſtris Princeps, atque optima Conjux
   Ante diem à noſtro Cæſare rapta perit.
Exuviæ inſignes! ſpoliis Mors læta triumphat:
   Sed ſociam Ætherius gaudet habere chorus.
Vanæ abſint lacrymæ, & lugubris nænia ceſſet,
   Quam terra amiſſam luget, Olympus habet.
Bella gerit Rex dura, viámque affectat Olympo;
   Hæc chara in cœlis regnat, alumna Jovis.

H. Temple Coll. *Regal.* Commenſ. ad Menſam Soc.

Carmen Paſtorale *in Obitum Sereniſſimæ Reginæ* MARIÆ II.

Tityrus, Melibœus.

Tit. CUR ſolus, *Melibœe,* ſedes, mœſtúſq; ſub umbrâ,
Nec ſolitos de more ſonos tua fiſtula præbet?
Dilaniátne lupus rabioſo dente tenellos
Hœdos, an molles crudelis devorat agnos?
Vel niveo teneræ diſtentæ lacte capellæ
Non implent mulctras, neque grex ſua vellera reddit?
An tandem formoſa tuum faſtidit amorem
Phyllis, & alterius paſtoris reſpicit ignes?

Eja

Eja age, tu referas quæ ſit tibi cauſa doloris.
Melib. Tityre, tu quercûs reſidens ſub frondibus altæ,
Ignoras noſtrâ quæ facta ſub urbe geruntur.
Si modo parturiant pecudes, ſi pinguior agnus
Sit tuus alterius, tua ſi mulctralia ſpumant,
Hoc ſatis eſt, non plura cupis, nil cætera curas.
Haud ſentis quàm dura premunt nos fata miſellos,
Quàm cruciant noſtram miſſa infortunia gentem.
Nam Dea, ſub cujus placidi requievimus ambo
Tutelâ, fauſtique breves tranſegimus horas,
Alternis vicibus calamóque & voce canentes,
Ah! fugit, fugit, nos deſertóſque reliquit:
Jámque ſuo viduata manent hæc paſcua grato
Numine, quod ſemper protexit ab ungue ferarum
Sanguineo pecudes, hoſtes gregibúſque fugavit.
Cui curæ fuimus paſtores, & pecus omnis.
Tunc lætos tranſire dies, tunc gaudia vitæ
Fas erat, in viridem proſtratis, carpere, ripam.
Sed jam (proh dolor adverſis quàm proſpera cedunt!)
Mutata eſt rerum facies, paſſimque vagatur
Luctus, & has miſeras ingens dolor occupat oras:
Amiſſam luget Divam nemus omne, Deorum
Vi raptam, Superis mixtam, cœlóque locatam.
Tityr. Si bene quid memini, nuper Philomela querelis
Flebilibus mœrens latè loca cuncta replevit.
Jamque tibi, tacito ſubiit quod veſpere, dicam.
Dum poſui laſſus patulâ mea membra ſub ulmo.
Et ſopor irriguus feſſos circumdedit artus:
Excitat è ſomno ſubitò, gratúmque ſoporem
Diſpellit, vaſtis mugitibus aera complens
Taurus, queis denſæ ſylvæ reboare viciſſim.
Territus è ſomno, ſenſi me mira tuliſſe,

Nam

Nam fletu maduere genæ, & mihi pectus anhelum
Deciduis lacrymis tepidum contraxerat imbrem.
Aſt ego, cui nunquam placuerunt Auguris artes,
Mœſta hæc pro vanis nugis præſagia duxi.
Melib. Mira refers, ſi vera refers; hæc omnia credo
Prædixiſſe tamen damnum irreparabile noſtrum.
Quare age, cuncta ſuum repetant miſerabile carmen:
Ipſe diem ingrato perfundat lumine *Titan*
Quo, meliora petens, Diva his diſceſſit ab oris.
Non iterum ſaltent per prata virentia Nymphæ,
Nec gens cæruleas ſaliat ſquamoſa per undas;
Non feriant aures dulci modulamine noſtras
Aeriæ volucres, reſonent lacrymabile carmen
Vicini colles, triſtiſque reverberet Echo:
Ipſáque per querulæ frondoſa cacumina ſylvæ
Aura modos tremulos, ſonitum mœſtúmque ſuſurret.
Tityr. Deſine tandem animum miſeris vexare querelis,
Actum de nobis non eſt, non excidit omnis
Non periit ſpes noſtra, manet, cui cura paterna
Proteget has pecudes, ipſos pecudúmque magiſtros.
Rura diu tali grato cuſtode fruantur
Dii dent, ut plures referat de *Marte* triumphos,
Ut ſerò, at certò requieſcat pace perenni.

Thomas Sherwill Coll. *Chriſti* A. B.

INduitur quare mutatas *Anglia* veſtes,
Infecítque ſuum noctis imago diem?
Angliacæ fatis exſtincta eſt gloria terræ,
Atque improvisâ morte Maria perit.

Cui

Cui virtus & forma fuit, clementia ſumma,
Ingenium felix, mens pia, larga manus.
Lugeret non orba tuos nunc *Anglia* caſus,
Si tantis meritis orba MARIA fores.
Jam verò cùm tot virtutibus alma refulges,
Ex oculis vix dum viſa repentè fugis.
Te ſociam voluere duæ ſibi jungere divæ,
Juno Jovis conjux, nata *Minerva Jovis*.
Læta fugis, patrioque volens ſuccedis Olympo,
Digna *Jovis* natâ, conjuge digna *Jovis*.
Intereà mæſto lugent te carmine Muſæ,
Et gentis miſeræ rebus abeſſe dolent.

Joſ. Alſton Coll. *Regal.* Commenſ. ad Menſam Soc.

TE Regina gravi mens dudum percita luctu
Amiſſam gemit; & tacito mœrore laborans
Obſtupuit mirata tuos, quibus icta cadebas
Infelix, caſus, & non tibi debita fata.
Nec jam ultrà patiens anguſti pectoris acres
Ægra ciere cupit planctus, & carmina quærit.
At qui te planctus, vel quæ te extrema ſequantur
Carmina? Tu, dum vita tuos infuſa per artus
Regnabat, *Pietatis* eras & *Gentis* amore
Inſignis, firmámque *Britannis* inclyta pacem
Eſſe dabas, cum Rex invictis impiger armis
Per *duros* ibat *caſus* & *triſtia rerum*
Te linquens, ſævóque ardebant omnia bello.
Ah quoties illi metuens ad ſidera palmas
Tendebat Regina! & quæ ſuſpiria *puro*

Pecto-

Pectore ſollicitæ fudit pia cura MARIÆ!
Ah quoties ſupplex aras & templa reviſit,
Multa rogans, belli cum mille pericula, mortis
Mille viæ ſubiêre, atque artes mille nocendi,
Nè noceant illi *fraudes* & *perfida* belli
Tela, ſed ut læto tandem poſt tempora longa
Excipiat gremio illæſum fidiſſima conjux!
Ah quoties *Gens ipſa*, frequens per templa, per aras,
Solennes pro Rege preces, ſolennia vota
Suſcepit, *Gens tota*, ſuæ ſecura MARIÆ!
Infelix Regina! Infelix Anglia! utráſque
Hunc unum potuiſſe adeò ſperare *dolorem*!
Quali nube Deus vobis inſtantia fata
Obduxit! quantâ rerum caligine mentes
Humanas tegit! En Vobis Deus annuit iſto
Poſſe carere metu, Regémque in vota reduxit!
Ille redux gremio dilectæ conjugis hæret.
Intereà Gens læta fremit, junctúmque tueri
Egregium Par Regnantûm poſt tempora belli
Exultat: metus omnis abeſt, qui Gaudia Gentis
Miſceret, *feſtis* juvat indulgere *choreis*.
Ah quid agit! quàm nulla unquam ſincera voluptas,
Nec manſura diu! media inter gaudia gentis
Fata ſibi fecere vias. Quod nemo timere
Audebat, morbi invadit vis ſæva MARIAM;
Vis morbi improviſa rapit; nox lumina condit.
Non tu jam lætere procul curáque metúque,
Anglia, nec feſtis juvet indulgere choreis.
Omnia jam loca lamentis triſtíque ululatu
Mœſta ſonent; omnes *crudeli funere* ademptam
Reginam lugete, & vos ante omnia Muſæ.
Illa decus Muſarum, & vatibus una voluptas:

Illa dedit vires in carmina, carminis ipſa
Materies, ſeu fortem animum, curámque tuendæ
Virtutis canere inciperent, ſeu mollia Sceptra
Regnantis, ſeu *connubii fidiſſima Jura.*
Quam toties canere optâſtis venientibus annis,
Quam toties ceciniſtis, acerbo funere raptam,
Ante diem, *mœſtæ* ſupremùm dicite *Muſæ.*
Túque potens citharæ Clio, quæ fallere curas
Reginæ triſtes potuiſti, carmine læto
Dum caneres metuenda invicti conjugis arma,
Tu Regem ſolere. Dolet Rex, fata Mariæ
Infandùm dolet; atque hederæ victricia ſerta
Jam ponens lauróſque, invisâ fronde cupreſſi
Squalet, acerba gemens quoties morientis imago
Ante oculos, altóque hærent ſub pectore luctus.
Ah Gulielme! tui tangat te cura, tuorum
Tangat cura pio nimiùm nè cede dolori.
At Tu quanta! gravi fato quæ victa, movere
Ingentes meruiſti ingenti in pectore luctus.
Te quondam nova Progenies nec jam tua regna
Extinctam lugubrè gement, Te longa dolebit
Poſteritas, flebunt Te ſæcula ſera nepotum.

Fr. Hare, A. B. *Coll. Regal.* Soc.

HEU! quid ſpiramus, miſeri quid viximus uſque!
Noſtra Maria gravi jamdudum ſaucia morbo,
Chara Maria, ſuis ſemper celebranda Britannis,
Occubuit, Populóſque doloris acumine punctos,
Et Regem oppreſſum curarum mole reliquit.

Nun-

Nunquam eſt Ille prius tam diro vulnere victus,
Viribus at Major Gallis, hoc ſternitur ictu:
Funditus hâc periit; hâc altè vulnus adactum.
Quandò igitur, Maria, cadis & Gulielme, cadente
Inque tuâ vitâ nobis ſpirare neceſſe eſt,
Hoc uno occidimus Fato crudeliùs omnes,
Quòd neque Tu poteris noſtro ſupereſſe Sepulcro.
Quomodò tum noſtri Luctus, aut Carmina, tale
Exitium poſſunt dignis deflere querelis?
Nequaquam. Tantos neque enim tolerare dolores
Ulteriùs poſſum, nec dicere plura; ſed atrum
Muſa caput flectens, tenebris obvoluitur altis
Ipſa amens animi, & ſingultus verba morantur.

Johannes Grene, Coll. Emman. *Commenſalis.*

Funere cùm triſti Parcas merſiſſe Mariam
Rumor erat, nobis torpebant languida membra,
Exanimes ſubito fixi ſtetimúſque dolore.
Ut culpabamus crudelia numina! quantos
Duximus ex imo ſingultus pectore! quanto
Pallida ſolliciti fletu fœdavimus ora!
Non tot nigrantes, cùm regnat aquoſus Orion,
Nubes demittunt imbres, quot lumina noſtra
Fundebant lacrymas: luctus propè cuncta tenebat
Communis; flebant amiſſam Numina ruris,
Flebant & Fauni, flebant Dryadúmque choreæ;
Flebant ante omnes Muſæ tua fata canoræ,
Flebant & triſti dicebant carmina voce.
Obſtupuit Chamus luctúque immobilis hæſit

In

In glaciem ſubitò verſus; ſic Tantalis olim
Marmor facta fuit natorum funere viſo.
Non, ubi Eliſa, decus patriæ columénque ruentis
Imperii, ſuperas petiit Digniſſima Sedes,
Angligenûm major verſabat pectora Luctus.
Nec mirum eſt, orbis quando pulcherrima ſtella
Occidit heu! noſtri. Quàm dulcia gaudia læti
Spondebant Angli ſibi, quàm grata otia! quandò
Illa ſuas primò, ſocio cum ſydere juncta,
Lumine ſpargebat terras; non Tyndaridarum
Gratior adventus nautæ eſt, cùm pontus, ab imo
Euro ſtridenti penitùs commotus, ad aſtra
Tollitur atque inhiat perituræ gurgite navi.
At nunc heu! ſtellam vaneſcere cernimus illam,
Cernimus abreptam immaturâ morte MARIAM,
Cernimus eluſas ſpes, & facta irrita vota.
Spe ſemel eluſâ at nè deſperate Britanni!
Sumite adhuc animum, quandò non deficit alter
Qui vos defendat famámque ad ſydera tollat:
GUL'ELMUS ſupereſt veſtri ſpes altera regni;
GUL'ELMUS ſupereſt miſeri ſpes unica mundi:
Namque ille è cœlo, quiſquis fuit antè Deorum,
Certè miſſus erat domitis dare fræna Tyrannis,
Cladibus & fracto penitùs ſuccurrere mundo.
Ille reget placidum felix virtutibus orbem
Imperio mundi dignis; iterúmque ſub illo
Candida pax erit & requies optata malorum,
Pacatóque orbi refluent Saturnia ſæc'la.
At magne, ô Princeps! quando chariſſima conjux
Occidit Imperii Conſors, Tu Sceptra tenere
Solus diſce: Uni mundo Sol ſufficit unus.

Parce

Parce tibi & nobis, nimio neu cede dolori;
" I decus I noſtrum, melioribus utere fatis.

Conold, Aul. Pemb. *Alum.*

EXtinctam querimur crudeli funere *Divam*;
Funera vel ſuperas corripuere *Deas*.
Flemus opes fractas *Britonum*, & miſerabile vulnus
Cæſaris; atque uno regna cremanda rogo.
Te ſenſit collapſa unà natura cadentem,
Funeris ipſe tui conſcius annus obît.
Anglia ſoliciti oſtentat monumenta doloris,
Nam tumulo aggeritur *Diva Britanna*, tuo.
Quò tamen ægra novis animentur regna *triumphis*,
Vive *tuo*, *Cæſar*, tempore, vive *Deæ*.

Benj. Jones, Trin. Aul. *Alumn.*

Ad REGEM.

AT noli immodico, Princeps, tabeſcere luctu,
Quos alii nequeunt, hos Tu compeſce dolores,
Túque Rege has lacrymas, quibus omnia lumina parent:
Hoc Patris officium eſt, nec laus eſt infima Regi.
Sæpe domum vidi, quando dulciſſima Conjux
Effertur, miſeris rumpentem planctibus auras;
Infantes pendere volunt circum oſcula, at illa

Fri-

Frigent, infantes quâ poſſunt voce, queruntur,
Flent matrem abreptam pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
Flent Aviam dulcem lacrymabilis ordo nepotum,
Flent Dominam amiſſam ſervorum examina nigra,
Et videt, & deflet funus vicinia tota;
Vir tandem egreditur pietate inſignis, & annis,
Huic ſuus & dolor eſt, at non ſinit ille dolorem
Ingentes animos, & *maſcula* frangere *corda*,
Eſt ſibi ſolamen, reliquis & pectora mulcet:
Hi rivi lacrymarum, atque hæc ſuſpiria tanta,
Aſpectu Patris placido compreſſa quieſcunt.
Pingere ſi liceat tenui ſub imagine Regem,
Tu Vir, Tu Pater es, Tu nobis omnia *Cæſar:*
Digna quidem lacrymis *mors immatura* Mariæ,
Fatáque Reginæ fletu digniſſima Regis:
Heroas, Fama eſt, paulùm indulſiſſe dolori,
Nec puduit luxiſſe, at non incidere luctum:
Tu tantæ cape juſta *volens* ſolatia cladis,
Optime Rex, tribuáſque malis ſolatia noſtris:
Nec lugebis adhuc, Princeps, quam vivida virtus
Eripuit terris, cœleſtique intulit Aulæ.
Sic placuit Superis, & ſic placuiſſe Mariæ
Credibile eſt, adeò fuit huic Divina voluntas,
Ut Diadema tibi, tibi ſoli Regna vacarent
Integra. Jam tecum par unâ in Sede morari
Nemo hominum affectet; nam quis cum *Cæſare* regnum
Dividat, Æthereâ niſi ſummus *Jupiter* Arce.

Guliel. Trimnell A. B. Coll. *Regal.* Soc.

VOS

VOS mortem infauſto comitantes agmine morbi
Quid tali obſequio meruiſtis, *dira caterva?*
Mortem ſæpe almæ vicere Machaonis artes
Inſtantem, inviti vos ſæpe recedere viſi,
Cur tandem *decus* abripitis *vitámque* Britannûm?
Nonne ſatis fuerat *divinæ* injuria *formæ?*
Crudeles! vim lenirent qui mortis, Amores
Cum MARIAM urgerent dextrâ lævâque frequentes,
Cur corpus formoſum *illâ* cingente *catervâ*
Auſi eſtis temerare, & ſævo lædere tactu?
Heu cur non obſtent fato vel *forma* vel *ætas?*
Cur ſit tam *ſubita* indomiti violentia fati?
Cui vix à patriâ, cui vix à ſanguine nomen,
Improba mors duci ſinit *illi* tempora longa,
Inſula reginæ patria eſt, celebrata per orbem,
Et genus antiquo regum de ſtemmate ductum.
En! conjecta ſagitta leves ut tranſiit auras,
Effugitque ſequentem oculum, nec ſigna reliquit,
Quâ revoces, ſic mors æquè *pernicibus alis*
Delicias Britonum noſtris ſubſtraxit ocellis;
Abreptam fruſtrà querimur, nec adire licebit,
Nec renovare gradum felix velit incola cœli,
Quis tamen amiſſam lacrymis non lugeat, ipſa
Cum dolor invicti regis præcordia tangit?
Nunquam illum injuſtis *Ludoïcus* terruit armis
Pugnantem, nunc tandem impar contendere fato
Inclinat caput, & Conſortem deflet ademptam.
Marmore de Pario ſtatuas ſi ponere poſſem,
Pingere vel vultus, varióque ornare colore,
Cudere ſi poſſem *ſpirantes ære figuras*,

Carmine vel Dignos memori committere famæ,
Exprimerent *ſtatuæ*, *color*, *æs*, *carménque* MARIAM.

A. Collins, Commenſ. ad Menſam Sociorum,
Coll. Regal.

JAM plenas dolori laxare habenas,
Et juſtæ indulgere mœſtitiæ;
Jam oculos fœcundos lacrymarum latices
Exhaurire, vexare juvat.
Æſtu doloris modum neſcientis omnem
Abrepta, ſine modis furit Muſa.
Inque pios fletus ſoluta miſerias deperit ſuas,
Et immodicos fovet, vindicátque luctus.
Nam quis flendi pudor? Quis lugendi modus
Divâ obeunte MARIA?
Cum quâ *Forma*, *Prudentia*, *Fides*, *Religio*,
Quicquid *Sacri* vel *Auguſti* habuit *Anglia*
Unà ſepulta jacent,
In te, Maxima Princeps, convenerant,
Mirabili junctà fœdere,
Majeſtas & *Amor*.
In te confluxerant rerum optimarum omnium
Extrema;
Religio *Monaſticæ*, *Aulicæ vitæ* ſplendor
Modeſtia *virginis Intactæ*
Recèns nuptæ Amor & Affectus:
Gravitas quæ *Reginam* deceret ſublimis,
Faſtu tamen Immunis;

Benig-

Benignitas, penè infra *Subditi ſortem*, humilis,
Nec abjecta tamen, nec levis.
Quid ſingula inani labore ineptus perſequor,
Compendio dicam,
Divinam *Caroli* Martyris ſtirpem agnoſceres.
Quippe ſpiritum & magnas Avi virtutes
Integrè poſſedit,
Et ad vivum expreſſit.
Sed novis *ſexûs*, *ſuiſque* gratiis temperatas.
Beata Urna! quantam complecteris ruinam?
In anguſto tuo ambitu continetur
Britanniæ *Decus* & *Præſidium*,
Belgii *Miraculum* & *Amor*,
Galliæ *Invidia* & *Formido*.
Solii aviti *Ornamentum*, Sceptri *Gloria*,
Sexûs *Deliciæ* atque *Honos*.
Ut plena virtutum *ſtadia* decurrant,
Longius temporis ſpatium poſtulant
Reliqua Mortalium Turba.
Sed *præcox* MARIÆ *virtus* ætati prævertit,
Jam matura Deo & Agni nuptiis apta,
Terrenas linquit ſordes.
Nimiùm ſic ſumus ſtupida gens Britannia,
Fœlicitatem ignoramus noſtram
Niſi damno Edocti;
Duos ſimul ſoles & diu lippus non feret Orbis,
Ergò ut ſortem dignè æſtimemus noſtram
Minùs fœlicem reddidit Deus.
Nè tamen Anglorum Diva depone curam,
Populi fateor indigni, attamen *Tui*.
Sed rebus noſtris & pio nimiùm *Cæſari* tuo
Semper propitium affulgeto
Sidus.

Aſt quò me rapit mixtus pietate Dolor!
Quid *rebus humanis* deſunctam appello
　　Superiſque *datam Reginam*?
In te, Rex Magne, noſtra vertitur ſalus,
　　Te poſcimus Omnes
　　　Te ſpectamus.
Tu rebus labentibus opportunè ſubveniſti,
Tuis ſub auſpiciis adhuc gens ſupereſt
　　Noſtra, Ringente licèt tuo
　　　Et Europæ hoſte.
Te nobis invigilante, lividi rumpantur fruſtrà
　　　Eccleſiæ & libertatis hoſtes
　　　　Anglicanæ.
Amiſſam tori pectoris dilectam conſortem
　　Noſtra tandem compenſet Fides;
Et diu quæſita fruſtrà Chriſtiani orbis Pax
　　　Conſoletur.
Siſte modò vaſtos, heu! juſtóſque nimis
　　　Dolores.
O tandem Te tuámque gentem reſpice!
Et qui adhuc juvenis Gallicos contudiſti impetus,
　　Invicte Heros, macte virtute,
　　　Teipſum Vince,
Sicque vincendæ iterum Galliæ
　　　Magnum dabis Augurium.

J. R. A. B. Coll. Divi Johannis Socius.

Πρὸς

Πρὸς τὸν ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ.

Ὣς λίην μεγάλας σταθεραί τέ ποτ' ἐλπίδες ἦσαν,
Ὁππόθ' ἅμα σκῆπτρον βασιλήϊον εἶχε ΜΑΡΙΑ,
Καὶ τότε σοὶ μέγα χάρμα καὶ ἄσπετον ὤπασεν ὄλβον.
Νῦν δ' αὖ ταῦτ' ἐπέλευθ' ἑτερότροπα· ἡ δὲ ΜΑΡΙΑ
Ὤλετο, σὺν δ' αὐτῇ καὶ ἀπώλετο χάρμα, ΜΑΙΙΑ
Ὤλετο, καί σε μάλιστα καθίκετ' ἀάσχετον ἄλγος.
Τίπτε δ' ἐνὶ στήθεσσ' ὀλοφύρεαι; ἄλγεα λυγρὰ
Ἐν θυμῷ κατακεῖσθαι ἐάσεις ἀχνύμενός περ·
Οὐ γάρ τις πρῆξις πέλεται κρυεροῖο γόοιο,
Εἰ δὲ καὶ ἤματα πάντ' ὀδύνῃ γοόων ἐνὶ πολλῇ
Οὐδ' ὡς ἐξ ἀΐδαο δόμων ψυχὴν ἀναλύσεις·
Βουλὴ δ' Ἀθανάτου πιστή τε καὶ ἔμπεδος αἰεί,
Ἀφθίτου οὐδὲ Θεοῦ περὶ τὸν νόον ἐκζητείης.

R. C. Aul. Pemb. *Soc.*

QUis ferat ut par eſt, jacet Inclyta Diva, peritque
Illa ſalus Regnis quæ fuit Una tribus,
Nec magìs in Vitâ, quàm morte Beata MARIA,
Vivere Quis cuperet dulcius atque mori.
Si quis pro meritis vellet lugere MARIAM,
Illi longus erit, vel ſine fine dolor.
At neque Reginæ benè gratum fecerit, Orbes
Quæ jam ſidereos, Cœlicoláſque videt.
Quò magìs æternis hæc diſſona cura Triumphis,
Cura quidem miſeros quæ probat atque facit.

Illa

Illa etiam in Terris cum nuper Sceptra teneret,
Triſtitiam Populi, duxerat eſſe ſuam.
In Commune Bonum ſuerat quæ Nata MARIA,
Communi moriens noluit eſſe malo.

Petrus Pheaſant Trin. Coll. *Commenſ.*

O Patria infelix, fortunatiſſima quondam,
Túque decus Patriæ, & gentis tutela Britannæ
Regina, *Angliacas* inter pulcherrima *Nymphas*!
Quis conſummatos gemitus? Quis funera verſu
Commemorare valet? dictiſque æquare dolores?
Granta, tuos gravibus numeris, & carmine triſti
Dic luctus, & juſta *ſacris* perſolve ſepulchris.
Illa perit, per quam redierunt otia Muſis,
Et ſtudia & mores, per quam felicia mundo
Secula fulſerunt, Libertáſque aurea terris,
Quæque diu noſtros olim miſerata labores
Adſuit, & nubem radio propiore fugavit:
Occidit ante diem! creſcentes abſtulit annos
Mors violenta, perit vultûs *nativa* venuſtas,
Et commiſta roſis langueſcunt lilia lapſis.
Te plorant ſylvæ, te frigida flumina lugent
Te curvæ valles, Te flent montéſque ſupini,
Te matres, lacrymántque ſenes, ruriſque puellæ,
Et Dryades, ſparſis per candida colla capillis
Te reſonant, impléntque ſuis ululatibus agros,
Et planctu percuſſa dolet reſonabilis Echo;
Túque gemens graviter ſpeluncis *Came* ſub altis
In mare cum luctu properâſti fundere lymphas.

Jám-

Jámque dies aderant feſti, & Genialibus Altis
Gens epulata toris, triſtes de pectore curas
Egêre, & cunctos cepêre oblivia luctûs;
Cùm ſubitò nova res incautas impulit aures
Delicias inter medias -------
Reginam clamant miſerandâ morte peremptam.
Perculſis ſtupuêre animis, cunctóſque repentè
Invaſit pavor inſinuans, vox lætáque mœſtos
Vertitur in gemitus, dolor undique,& undique fletus,
Sic nubes fuſcat cœlum improviſa ſerenum.
Sic oh! ſic Troes *falſa* inter *gaudia* noctem
Egiſtis, cum Argiva cohors ſe fudit ab alto
Intus equo, ferróque & flammis abſtulit urbem.
Sic vanæ mentes paſcuntur imagine falsâ.
Heu, *Mortem inviſam!* Quis Te, Regina, Deorum
Abſtulit, & nondum maturam funere merſit?
Tu prior immiti morbo correpta, Maritum
Deſeris, & dulces auras & lumina linquis.
Granta tuum funus lugubri carmine plorat,
Granta tuas certat laudes attollere verſu,
Et ſi Pieriis Phœbus formâſſet in antris
Me quoque, venturi longis annalibus ævi
Virtutes, noménque tuum laudéſque manerent.
Te verò primum ante alios, fortiſſime Regum,
Cura dolórque animi tangunt, tibi triſtis Erinnys,
Evolvens mala fata, ciet ſub pectore luctum.
Illa quidem, (cum quâ feliciter ipſe Maritus
Sollicitos animi caſus, curáſque levâſti)
Te fugit, & procul Elyſiis ſpatiatur in arvis.
At Tu, *Magne Heros* (quem nulla pericula mortis
Non hoſtis ferratæ acies, non æquora ventis
Concita moverunt, flammíſve armata carina)

Deſpon-

Deſpondes animos, hæret tua lingua palato:
Vicit amor.
Eja age, Magnanime, & veſtrâ de conjuge curas
Triſtes pelle parùm, & propiùs res aſpice noſtras.
Accipe lora manu, jus & moderamina gentis
Solus habe, & jam per populos da jura Britannos,
Donec ſumma dies, donec Te tarda ſenectus
Auferet, & ſerùm radiantibus inſeret *aſtris*.

Alex. Lytton, Coll. Regin. *Alumnus*.

SIngula vulgares commendat gratia nymphas;
Ingenium, Facies, Sanguis, Honos, Pietas.
Diviſis iſtis donis, ſi Fabula vera eſt,
Juno, Minerva Venus, ſingula facta Dea eſt.
Qualis erit *juſtis*, ubi in *unâ Sede* morantur
Omnia, *judicibus? Sancta, Beata:* ſat eſt.
Anglia nunc mœſta eſt, terras quod *Sancta* relinquit;
Exultant Superi quódque *Beata* venit.
Ipſa ſuos jactet Mors, nunc *Invicta*, triumphos;
Secula quod non dent, abripit *una dies*.

Hen. Lee Coll. *Chriſt*.

Ad Reginam Eliſabetham *de Præmatura morte Reginæ* Mariæ.

QUòd tibi tam *ſimilis*, Diva *Eliſabetha*, Maria
Magnanima, & juſta, & nulli pietate ſecunda,

Flore

Flore Juventutis ſuperas properavit ad oras,
Cúmque tuos nondum *meritos* numeraverit *annos*;
Nè mirere, licèt talis tibi cura *Britannûm*:
Nempe fit annoſa *innumeris virtutibus* ætas.
His igitur cana, & *cœlo matura* Maria
Aſtra petit, populi ſed non oblita, relinquit
Naſſovium Heröem *Britonum* Diadema gerentem,
Qui *Anglorum* rebus tutandis ſufficit unus,
Páque eſt *Occiduum* Europæ domitando *Tyrannum*.

Ricardus Cumberland Coll. *Magd.*

Ad Regem de Reginæ MARIÆ *obitu.*

PRoſpera conſpiciens *Anglorum* Lumine torvo,
Indignánſque diù frenderit Invidia:
Spémque decúſque igitur noſtrum, donúmque Deorum,
Tollere te, Heroum ſumme, cruenta cupit.
Nempè aliter nequeunt ſubmergi funere in uno
Se vâſti propriâ quæ *tria Regna* manu:
Flectere ſed *Superos* Impar, *Acheronta* movebat
Invidia, indè ciens bella, perîcla, dolos,
Immittens ſicas, ventos, fluctúſque minaces,
Monſtrorum & ſummum Te, *Ludovice*, rapax;
Fruſtrà: námque tuos vel ſi Tormenta, Monarcha,
In ſacros humeros fulmina manca ruunt:
Scilicet Europæ gemitus valuêre, nec illam
Hercule privari Dii voluêre ſuo:
Sed tibi cùm poſſet mors ſpicula figere nulla,
Divinam in ſponſam ſævius illa vibrat:

 Exe-

Execrande ictus ! Tot an *uno* ſaucia corda
Fando quis audivit ? ſed placitum Superis.
Scilicèt æternæ virtutis præmia *Olympo,*
Non *terris* poſſes ferre, Maria, tuæ.
Lautiùs Invidiæ nunquam fera fata litârunt ;
Cæſa nec Invidiæ victima opima magis.
Flebilis impuras terras Aſtræa relinquens
Majora Invidiæ gaudia nulla dedit.
His, licet, exulta Livor, nec parce triumphis,
Haud diuturna Tibi gaudia crede tamen.
Angligenûm tandem tabeſces rebus opimis ;
Aurea nam nobis Dii rediviva dabunt
Sæcula, nec dubium ; dùm Cœlis diva Maria,
Et Terris Numen dum Gulielmus ades.

Gulielmus Owen Coll. *Magd.* Commenſalis.

Optima quis Te quis poſſit Regina ſilere,
Atque negare tuis (ſiqua eſt ea gloria) carmen
Funeribus ? ſed quis tantâ dabit Indole dignum ?
Talis talis abes, qualem ſperare futuram
Non Gens ulla poteſt : non Ævi ſæcula longa.
Egregium pectus, vultûs formoſa venuſtas ;
Virtutum ſeries : quantum decus atque dolorem
Attuleris ! regnando decus, moriendo dolores ?
Ergóne tam nullas præſtent medicamina vires ?
Uſque adeo increvit morbus ? miſerabile probrum
O medicina tuum ! Sed ego quid nomina vana
Incuſem ? fuit in causâ cur nocte profundâ
Obruerit Lumen Deus, atque involverit atro

Luctu

Luctu, noſtra nimis ſcelerata atque impia Vita:
Ingratique animi divini Numinis iras
Accendêre graves: hinc tantum vulnus adactum
Imis viſceribus Regni, quod ſera Nepotum
Ætas eſt ſenſura diu longúmque dolebit.
Flenda igitur Regina tuo ter flenda Marito,
Flenda diu Patriæ, nobis ter flenda Valeto.

Nath Coddington A. M. Coll. *Regal.* Soc.

ANnuit *Omnipotens*, mortique potentia facta eſt
In MARIÆ Regale Caput; jámque ipſa per artus
Imperioſa ruit, morbis ſtipata cruentis;
Exagitánſque animam per languida membra ſerenam
Geſtit torva tuens tantam feciſſe ruinam:
Obſtupet infelix *Conjux* (nil arma, nec artes
Vincendi proſunt, nil belli conſcia Virtus)
Multa gemens, hoſtéſque gravi defixus amore
Graſſantes videt in moribundo corpore prædam
Jam rapere, atque ultrò ſeſe rapientibus offert;
Martia devictus molli præcordia flammâ
Deficit, atque ruens moli ingens ſuccubuit cor.
Invida Mors nullis didicit manſueſcere votis;
Non movet effuſo debacchans *Regia* luctu,
Sollicitus non *Regis* amor, non conſona vota
Anglorum, quos cernere erat lacrymáſque precéſque
Largè effundentes Templis pia dona paciſci,
Nequicquam; Mors ſæva premit.
At quorsùm in famulam jacimus convitia Mortem
Luctû indulgentes? *Non hæc ſine Numine ſummi*

Eveniunt Jovis : *inſignes pietate, piiſque*
Præſidium propior munit cuſtodia Cæli :
Nempe ad cœleſtes abiit *Regina* triumphos,
Digna mori, tantis cum Mors ſit prædita donis ;
Suavibus effrænes novit quæ flectere habenis
Duræ animos Gentis, ſine Marte domare rebelles :
Quis bonus, aut miſer eſt ? flentes narrate MARIAM.
Se facilem præbere aditu, votiſque vacare
Supplicibus Populi, atque unâ gaudere beantem,
Quæ ſolùm fugiens jucundè aſpexerit aurum :
Aſt inter varias fulſit quêis candida formas
Emicuit reliquis præſtantior omnibus una
Relligio, & placidum puro oblectamine pectus
Perfudit, ſanctúmque animi penetralibus ignem
Fovit, *quem gelidæ non vis reſtinguere Mortis*
Eſt potis, at jam lucidior poſt fata vireſcit.
Sed fas ſollicitum paulùm lenire dolorem ;
Nondum tota MARIA abiit pars multa ſuperſtes,
Dum facilis *Deus* immeritis indulſerit *Anglis*
WILHELMUM, belli qui palmam Heröibus *Heros*
Præcipuit, pacis ſimul inſtructiſſimus artes
Omina læta facit, jubet & ſperare dolentes.

Tho. Evans A. M. Coll. *Regal.* Soc.

ERgo quid annorum ſeriem formidine multâ
Optamus longinquam ut nobis *Jupiter* æquus
Addit, & in longum deductæ fila ſenectæ ?
Non hominum Pater hac voluit mercede rependi
Egregias animi dotes, veróſque labores

Virtu-

Virtutis: Quos æquus amavit, ſæpius illis
Dat vitæ ſpatium in terris breve, ſæpius urget
Dilectos Heroas ineluctabile fatum
Ocyùs, & feſtinatæ cita munera mortis;
Nî porrò ducendo Illis ſua tempora, Regni
Naſcentis firmare velit cunabula prima
Jupiter, aut Populum inſtituat fulcire cadentem,
Atque adeò utendos ruituro commodet Orbi:
Hunc ſi unum Cœli poterat meruiſſe favorem
Anglia, non atro nunc omnis ſqualida luctu
Reginæ extinctæ nimiùm cita fata doleret.

Jam verò *Europæ* oppreſſæ ſæviſſimus hoſtis
Dum vivit *Lodoix*, nec dum crudelia regni
Inviſi ſpatia emenſus, creſcitque recenti
Impiger ambitione, infeſtáque gentibus arma
Ante alias infeſta *Anglis* Senior quatit, Ipſa
Ipſa MARIA obiit fato immatura, MARIAM,
Quam non Ambitio, non regni inſana Cupido
Infecit, placidâ Populum quæ pace regebat
Relligionis amans, & nullo ſanguine fœda
Sceptra gerens, cui nulla magis ſincera voluptas
Quàm largâ donare manu & ſuccurrere rebus
Afflictis; pro quâ populus tot Vota, Precéſque
Sollicitus fudit, nunc irrita Vota, MARIAM
Abſtulit atra dies.

Nec jam (quod modò credidimus mox affore tempus)
Rex invicte, tuæ fuſus per colla MARIÆ,
Poſtquàm parta quies *Europæ*, actique labores,
Dulcia præteriti carpes oblivia belli.
Illius neque enim poterant cita fata morari

Gentis

Gentis amor, lacrymæque piæ, fidique dolores
Regis, & infandi charâ pro Conjuge luctus,
Invicto tum primùm exorti pectore luctus.

Illa abiit, terras linquens & credita regni
Sceptra brevis; dum nos, Pietas quos debita tangit,
Nos, Patriæ quos tangit Amor mala dura dolentis
Dura nimis, curæque graves, dubiique timores
Vexant, ſollicitos quæ Gentem Fata ſequentur:
Illa abiit, vitæque brevis defuncta peric'lis
Egregias Animas inter jam morte carentes
Verſatur; nullæ poterint nunc tangere curæ,
Non livor violare; manent nunc altera Sceptra
Æternùm geſtanda Illi poſt ſæcula, quando
Magna ruent Mundi flagrantis mœnia, Sceptra
Inſigni virtute exactæ præmia vitæ

Rob. Cannon A. M. Coll. *Regal.* Soc.

POntificem triſtis vix fleverat *Anglia* raptum,
Defunctúmque *fides* relligioſa Patrem;
Utraque cùm fati *nova vulnera* paſſa, jacebat
Pene ſepulta tuo, Diva MARIA, rogo.
Protinus alma malo ſuccurrit Granta priori,
Ultima quod reparet damna, nec orbis habet.

Tho. Alſton, A. M. *Trin. Coll.*

SIccine, crudeles Superi peccata luenda
Noſtra, nec invenêre alias triſtiſſima fata

Pœnas?

Pœnas? at ſævis licuit transferre triumphos
Hoſtibus, & noſtris ſpoliis ditare ſuperbos?
Huic ſaltem capiti placidum promittere cœlum
Fas erat; atque pares curas ſperare *deorum*;
Vos etenim illius, *dî*, maxima cura fuiſtis.
Sed neque Te pietas avido, neque vota tuorum
Eripuêre Orco, quanquam prenſavimus aras
Dum morbus tenuit, precibúſque vocavimus omnes
Cœlicolas; ſed fruſtra omnes, vis invida morbi
Ingruit, atque die pulchros orbavit ocellos.
Quare autem, ô Triſtes, quibus atri ſtaminis, Orci
Rex dedit Imperium, non hæc diuturnior eſſet
Vita, innixa illo cùm ſint tria ſtamine regna.
At tu *illæta dies*, nullíſque piabilis aris,
Triſtis eris, ſempérque notâ damnabere nigrâ.
Non adeò infelix Romæ lux illa redibat,
Infelix tamen illa, unâ quæ morte peremptos
Tercentum vidit Fabios, hoſtíſque triumphos.
Cur tamen, ô Superi, terris ſic creditis alta
Munera, confeſtim reddi cœlóque jubetis?
Cœlo equidem matura fuit, meruítque deorum
Cætibus inferri, divinos gratior unquam
Nulla choros junxit, ſummum neque dignior hoſpes
Intravit cœlum; ſed diis tamen invidet ipſis
Talem virtutem, triſtíſque Britannia plorat.
Quos gemitus conjux, & quæ ſuſpiria miſit?
Cui virtus *immota* fuit, qui vulnera mille,
Qui mille aſpexit mortes, non ſuſtinet unam,
Sed cadit infelix, ſomnúſque natantia cepit
Lumina, & *invitus* cœlum, lucémque reviſit.
Sed vos, cœleſtes, tantâ virtute potiti
Felices noſtro damno; miſereſcite regnis

Noſtris,

Noſtris huic ſaltem fractis ſuccurrere rebus
Sit fas, & longùm propriis virtutibus Anglos
Temperet, & poſitis regnet feliciter armis.
At tu læta nimis tantâque in morte triumphans
Gallia, & infandis inſultans luctibus, ipſa
Mox iterum flebis, multóque cruore rependes
Deformes riſus, natóſque rotantia cæſos
Flumina nigra videns, ingenti optaveris emptum
Te nunquam riſus noviſſe, aut gaudia tanta.
Nam neque in æternùm (quanquam gravis incubat angor)
Mœrebit Cæſar, neque lumina fixa tenebit
Telluri, ſed mox vindictâ accenſus, & irâ
Acrior infenſos repetet, multâque triumphos
Turbabit cæde infandos, tum tu quoque verſo,
Gallia, lugebis fato, propriósque dolebis
Caſus, nec longùm noſtro lætabere damno.

T. Sherlock, Aul. Cath.

NON Dido infelix, nec læſi nota pudoris
Regina, infamem ponens cum crimine vitam;
Non petulans virgo queſulæ prærepta juventæ,
Nec mater natis, lacrymas & carmina poſcunt.
At qualis *Juno* (dum ferret fulmina conjux,
Enceladum Cœúmque, immania corpora dextrâ
In terras rueret) ſuperûm ſedâſſe tumultus,
Et Majeſtatem Sceptri ſine fulmine fertur
Ornatam reduci exauctámque dediſſe Tonanti:
Heu Talis cecidit deflendo funere rapta,
Et fati invidiam ſecum trahit: aſpice quantum
Inſedit luctûs animis, populíque ferocis
Verſa eſt in lacrymas rabies, vultúſque minaces

Languent,

Languent, dum Cæſar lacrymas pro ſanguine fundit:
Sic pius *Æneas*, ſic acer flevit *Achilles.*
Aſt, Invicte Heros, luctus tandem excute triſtes,
Fac potius doleant hoſtes, gens impia, Galli,
Atque exoſa luant ſævi perjuria Regis.

J. Trevor, Filius *Johan. Trevor*, Equitis Aurat. & Prolocut. Dom. Com. *Coll. Regal.* ad Menſam Sociorum *Commenſalis.*

EXultare nimis nolito ex vulnere Noſtro,
 Neve tibi factam rem, *Ludovice,* puta.
Anglia cur ſperet, Gulielmo ſoſpite, cauſæ,
 Et ſibi cur metuat Gallia, ſemper erunt.
Non Ducis oblitus præſtat Pia ju a Mariti,
 Terribilis jacet, ac *fortiter* ille gemit.
Qualis *Achilleus raptâ* in *Briſeïde* luctus
 Tandem acri *Phrygias* cuſpide vertit opes;
Talis Vere aderit, próque omni flore, ſepulchro
 Conjugis, ipſe metens, Lilia veſtra dabit.

Radulphus Blomer Coll. Trin.

VOS, ô queîs noſtræ ſuſcepta eſt cura ſalutis,
 Quis veſtrûm tantæ par erit invidiæ?
Heu! defuncta jaces, Maria: urgemur utrínque
 Hinc pereuntis amor dum premit, inde dolor.
At te fòrs pietas præcox, maturior annis
 Virtus, Æthereis ſedibus inſeruit.

I Ignea

Ignea vis animi contagia corporis odit,
Hoſpes & in Patriam fugit anhela ſuam.

Tho. Morris Commenſalis ad Menſam Sociorum
Coll. Regal.

Μ Τερόμενος Μάρτης μεγάρων κενὸν ἔρυμα Μουσῶν
Λίσσεται, ὑμνοπόλον τε χορὸν Περμησσίδος ἐλθεῖν,
Καλλιόπης πρὸς βωμὸν ἐτώσια γούνατα κάμψαι.
Δύσετο Μοιριδίοισι καλυπτόμενος νεφέεσσι
Περμησσοῦ, νήσου τε Βρεττανίδος ἀγλαὸς Ἀστήρ,
Τοῦ φάος ἱμερόεν καὶ τέρψις ἐπήρατος αὐτῆς
Οὐρανίης Μούσῃσι μέλος δέσποιν' ὕμνον Ἀοιδοῖς.
Δυστήνοις Ἄγγλοισι δυσάγγελος ἄγγελος αὐδῶν
Ἴαχεν οἰκτροτάτην, χθόνα κάλλιπε Δῖα γυναικῶν.
Δῖα Θεῶν ΜΑΡΙΗ, καὶ χάλκεον ὕπνον ἰαύει.
Τῆς δὲ καταφθιμένης Κοῦραι Διὸς ἡδυέπειαι
Χείλεσιν ἀφθέγγοις μόνον ἔστενον αἴλινον ΑΪ ΑΪ·
Καὶ κρείων ἐπέων στοναχήσατο Φοῖβος ἄναυδος.
Γαῖα τρέμεν, καὶ ἅπαντα σαόφρονι μαίνετο λύσσῃ
Νῆσος ἀρειμανέων Βρεττανῶν· ὀλοφύρατο πόντος
Τὴν κυκλωσάμενος, καὶ κύμασι δεινὸν ἄεξεν.
Ἡμετέρης γὰρ ἁλὸς τριπόθητος ἀπώλετο Κύπρις
Μείζων καὶ γλυκίων κυδίστης Μητρὸς Ἐρώτων,
Ἥτις ἀπ' εἰνάλιου βλάστησεν ἀπόσπορος ἀφροῦ,
Θαῦμα βαρυγδούπου μέγα, καὶ μέγα χάρμα θαλάσσης.
Οὐ πᾶσιν Εἰνάλιοί τε Θεοί, καὶ Δαίμονες ἄλλοι
Δεινοί, γαιοσσαί τε θαλάσσια βένθεα Νύμφαι,
Ἀέρα τε ζοφερόν, σκοπέλους, καὶ πρώονας ἄκρους,
Ἔστενον, ἢ ποσσὶς ὀλολύγμασιν αἰθέρα ῥῆξαν,

Ἐκ

Ἐκ μέσσης ὅτε νηὸς ἐφώνεε ναυτίλος ἀνὴρ
Πένθιμα, θεσπεσίης ὑποθημοσύνῃσι πιθήσας,
Πὰν τέθνηκε Μέγας, καὶ Δαίμονα μοῖρα κατέκτα,
Ἄγγελοι ὅσσον κλαῦσαν, καὶ δάκρυα δάκρυσι μίσγον,
Πενθαλέων δύσφωνος ἐπεὶ βάλεν ἔατα φωνὴ,
Ἱμερόεσσα θάνεν ΜΑΡΙΑ, συγκάτθανεν ὄλβος
Γαίης ἡμετέρης, τέρψις καὶ κῦδος Ἄνακτος,
Δεῖγμα καλῶν, καὶ χάρμ' ἀγαθῶν, μέγα θαῦμα δ' ἁπάντων.
Γήθεον ἀσπάσιοι ὑπάτου ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου.
Γήθησαν στυγεροὶ Στυγίης ναετῆρες Ὀμίχλης.
Γήθησαν πρότεροι, ζαθέοις ὅτι Δῖα χορεῖσι
Μίσγεται, Ἀθανάτου τέρψις καὶ Ἄγαλμα Πόλοιο.
Γήθεον ὕστατοι θείας διὰ πότμον Ἀνάσσης,
Πάμπαν γὰρ Στυγίης βλοσυρωπὰ τεράσια λίμνης,
Τιτῆνάς τε Θεῷ δυσπειθέας ἠδὲ ΜΑΡΙΗ,
Σμερδαλέου δάμασεν γλυκὺς Ὀφθαλμοῖο Κεραυνός.
Οὐταμένας ἤκουσα Θεάς, ὁ γὰρ ἔτασε Κύπριν
Τυδείδης μεμαώς, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἤκουσα θανούσας,
Ἡμετέρην πρὶν Κύπριν ἑλεῖν πημαφειδέα Μοῖραν,
Ἠδὲ Θεὰν Θανάτοιο βαθὺν Ζόφον ἀμφικαλύψαι,
Ἄρεος Ἀγγλιακοῦ θαλερὴν Κυθέρειαν ἄκοιτιν.
Σῶμα χάρις, καὶ Πνεῦμα χάρις, καὶ κόσμον ἐκόσμει,
Ηε δὲ τῶν Χαρίτων μία, καὶ Χάριτες μία πᾶσαι.
Τοίη δ' ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγεα πάσχεν
Οὐ νέμεσις Σατράπας, δῆμον, καὶ δῖον ἄνακτα,
Μητέρας αἰδοίας, καὶ κόρας ἀγλαομόρφους.
Ἀπασίη γὰρ πᾶσι, Θεά, σὺ μὲν ἱερὸν ἦμαρ,
Καὶ φάος ἠελίοιο πέλες, καὶ μείλιχος αἰὼν,
Ἐλπωρή τ' ἀγαθοῖο, καὶ ἄσπετον ἄλκαρ ἀνίης.
Ταῦτα ὀδυρόμενος παρὰ Ῥεύματα ἱερὰ Χάμου
Ἥειδον, γλυκεροῖσί τε νάμασι δάκρυα μίσγον
Ἁλμυρ'. ἀμοιβαίη δὲ Γέρων στοναχίζετο φωνῇ.

Κυανέου δὲ φιλαὶ πατρὸς ὠδύραντο θύγατρε.
Αὐτὴ δ' ὑστερόφωνος ἐμὸν κτύπον ἔκλυεν Ἠχὼ,
Ἀγγλιανῶς θρήνοισι μόρον κλαίουσα Θεαίνης
Δύσμορον ἀντιτύποις· πάντη διὰ δ' οἶτον Ἀνάσσης
Ἄσβεστός τε πόθος καὶ ἀθέσφατον ὦρορε πένθος.

A. Blackwell Coll. Emman.

OCcidis heu! Pia cura, & vota, MARIA, tuorum,
At Te nulla tuis vota referre queunt.
Plenior unda fluat Lacrymarum è fontibus iſtis,
Cernere fatales qui valuere faces.
Auſa tamen tremebunda utcunque accedere buſto,
Muſa, ſuper cineres Triſtia funde ſacros:
Hæc ſuprema habeat, dicas, ſervétque ſepulchro,
Prima licet, poſthac carmina nulla canam.
Ex Quâ Principium eſt, Huic deſinat; omine Muſa
Nata malo, Fatum ſuccinet ipſa ſuum.

Chriſ. Craven Aul. *Pemb.* ad Menſam Sociorum Commenſ.

Ad REGEM.

TRiſtia cùm Nati ploraret Funera *Phœbus*,
Quem rapuere feri Tela triſulca *Jovis*:
Dicitur horrendis lucem obduxiſſe Tenebris,
Et mundo lætum ſurripuiſſe Diem:

At

At mox Terribili permotus imagine rerum,
Et precibus Divûm, fert, licet æger, opem:
Non aliter Tua Te circumſtat Turba dolentem,
Volvitur ante Tuos Gens tremebunda pedes:
Deſine fatali nimis indulgere dolori,
Redde orbi lucem, noſter *Apollo*, Tuo:
Plus quàm reſtabat *Phœbo*, Tibi reſtat agendum,
Tot vincenda Tibi Regna, quot ille videt.

Laurentius Brodrick A. M. *Trin.* Coll. Soc.

Conjugis & Patriæ nuper Spes ſumma Maria,
Conjugis & Patriæ nunc eadémque dolor.
Regia nec duras flexit *Fortuna* ſorores,
Nec, quæ ſæpe movent Numina magna, *Preces.*
Plurima non Illi *Virtus*, *Animúſque virilis*,
(Willhelmi magno pectore qualis ineſt.)
Non Ætas Illi, non Illi Forma decora
Profuit; O vitæ ſtamina curta nimis!
Illa quidem Mortem æternæ ſecura ſalutis
Optavit, longas increpuitque moras.
(Hoc ſolo miſeros voluit Regina *Britannos*,
Quam nullus voluit, maluit ipſa mori)
Sit mihi Mens talis, quæ Mortem provocet horâ
Extremâ, recti conſcia, pura mali.
Tanta Maria peris? Parcis tantúmne licebit?
Par certè meritis Mors tibi ſera fuit.
I tamen ad Manes Magnæ comes addita Eliſæ,
Nobile Par; vaſtus quale nec Orcus habet;
Ambæ Reginæ, illuſtres Virtutibus Ambæ,
Fida viro Conjux, neſcia Virgo viri:

Hæc

Hæc Ludoico, olim metuenda ſed *illa Philippo*,
At perit hæc Juvenis (proh dolor!) illa Senex.

J. Hayley A. M. Coll. *Regal.* Soc.

In Reginæ Mortem ad REGEM.

AH feſtina nimis terras Regina reliquit,
Imperii Conſors Rex, Thalamique tui.
Te juvat impavidum ferri per tela, per enſes,
Sæpè & in hoſtiles te juvat ire globos.
Sed Virtus ſit cauta tibi; moriente MARIA,
Hoſtis, crede, tuum cernit inerme Latus.

A. Glen A. M. Coll. *Jeſ.* Soc.

SIccine MARIAM triſtes liquiſſe *Britannos?*
Siccine WILLHELMUM deſeruiſſe ſuum?
Conſortem vocet Ille ſuam, vocet *Anglia* Matrem,
Optima erat Conſors, optima Mater erat.
Cui jam diſcedens Sceptrum, WILLHELME, relinques?
Anglia, quæ Populum proteget alma tuum?
Docta MARIA domi placidè componere Gentes,
Doctior ad Pacem vix *Venus* ipſa fuit:
Docta MARIA ſeveros exerceréque Faſces,
Quos verò auſteros noluit eſſe ſuis.
Vellem rexiſſes MARIA diutiùs *Anglos*,
Rexiſſe at meliùs non potuiſſe puto.

Johannes Bramſton Coll. *Regal.* Commenſal. ad Menſam Soc.

Solvite

SOlvite vos triſtes in Carmina mœſta Camœnæ,
  Exequias Elegis has cumulate novis.
Funereos luctus, & *ritus* poſtulat *omnes*
  O quàm flebilibus digna MARIA modis!
Ite piæ lacrymis; Numeriſque fluentibus ite,
  Ferali Pompæ Munera veſtra date.
Lugubris tamen unde petam primordia cantûs?
  Tot ſpecies Buſto mille doloris eunt.
Aſpicite imprimis *funeſta Palatia* Regni,
  Illam Nutricem lætitiæque Domum,
Fluxêre unde priùs properanti Regia genti
  Gaudia, ubi Sedem fixerat ipſa *Salus*.
Omnia nunc ut ſtrata fremunt horrore metúque?
  Ut facies rerum turbine verſa gemit?
Ite intus, penetrate Domum, quà pallida circùm
  Lumina, ſupremo Lampas & igne micat,
Quà Regni *expoſitas oculis* tenet Aula *ruinas*,
  Cernat ibi cauſas & Dolor uſque ſuas.
Indolet indomito perculſa *Britannia* damno,
  Regnorúmque ſtupet mens labefacta trium.
Vos magis at tangant GULIELMI rite dolores,
  Quis non flebiliter, Rege dolente, dolet?
Magne Heros, invicte armis & *Marte* potenti,
  Cui nullum incuſſit Mors truculenta metum,
Cujus erat nullo violabile vulnere pectus,
  Dum MARIA Tibi *Robur* & *Ægis* erat;
Jam Virtus Viréſque tremunt, concuſſit & altè
  Morte tuâ intrepidum Morte MARIA ſuâ.
Non Te paſſus Amor morientem cernere Sponſam;
  Deficiente animo diſcis & Ipſe mori.

Jacobus Brabourn A. M. Coll. *Trin.* Soc.

Deflet

DEflet MARIÆ GULIELMUS funera Divæ,
Luctus membra ingens & ſacia ſternit humi;
Obruitur luctu pariter *Brittannia* tota,
Et cum Reginâ eſt commoritura ſuâ:
Cùm *Rex* & *Populus* luctu ſic compatiantur,
WILHELMUM gentis quis neget eſſe *Caput*?

Guil. Huſſey A.M. Coll. *Jeſ.* Soc.

Θρήνει ἐρεχθόμενος πολυκηδέϊ, ἀχνύμενος κῆρ,
Αἰάζω μέλαν ἦμαρ, ἐν ᾧ Βασιληΐδα νύμφην
Ἡμετέρην ΜΑΡΙΑΝ, μοῦνον γλυκὺ χάρμα Ἄνακτος
Νοῦσος ἀταρτηρὴ καὶ ἀμείλιχος ἥρπασε Μοῖρα.
Ὕμμες δὲ σφέτερον μετ' ἐμοῦ κλαίουσαι ὄλεθρον
Μοῦσαι, ἐπαιάζοιτε· γὰρ χάρις οὔποτε τοίη·
Οὔατα περὶ λιγυρῆς γλυκὺ ἦχος ἐτέρπετο μολπῆς,
Εἰρήνη τε φίλη μακάρων παρὰ τείχεσιν ἡμέων
Εἶχε πάλαι, καὶ ἔτικτε μελίφρονος ἄνθε' ἀοιδῆς·
Νῦν δὲ γόος πάντεσσιν, ἰδ' ἄχεος ὦρτο ἀνίη,
Κραυγή τ' ἀμφιποτᾶται ὀδυρομένη ὀπὶ δήνῃ·
Οἷον ὀϊζυροὶ φίλον οἰμώζουσι τοκῆες
Τεκνίον ἀρτιθανὲς, καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλουσι γαλήνην,
Ὡς ἄρα καὶ ἡμῖν γόος ἄπλετος ἀμφιδέδηει
Νεκρὸν ὀδυρομένοις, ζαθέης δέ τε πότμον Ἀνάσσης·
Τὴν δ' ὀλοφύρονται μὲν ὁμῶς θεοὶ, ἠδὲ καὶ ἄνδρες,
Ὑψιφανής τ' αἰθὴρ, πόντος τε, καὶ ὄρεα μακρὰ,
Καὶ πῦρ μαινόμενον, περὶ δ' ἴαχε τάρταρα Γαίης·
Αἶ, αἶ, τόσσα παθὼν πολυδάκρυτος ἔπλετο λαός·

Ἦ ῥα

Ἦ ῥα μὲν ἄῤῥητον πένθος Χάμοιο κυλίνδη
Ναύταισι μουσοπόλοις, Γεράντης τε πολυφέρσι τέκνοις,
Οἳ μὲν ἀπιμάρυτοι χλοεραῖς ποταμοῖο παρ' ὄχθαις
Τὸ πρὶν ἐφιζέσκον, γλυκερᾷ φρενὶ καγχαλόωντες,
Καὶ θέλκτιν λιγύφωνον ἀκηδέες ὄσσαν ἱέντες,
Ἱλερμοῦ ζώοντος, ἰδὲ ΜΑΡΙΗΣ κλυτουργοῦ·
Ἀλλ' ἔτι οὐχ οὕτω· τέρψις γὰρ ἀπώλετ' ἀοιδῆς,
Θερμυβηδὸν τ' ἄμμιν βλεφάρων ἄπο δάκρυα πίπτει,
Φόρμιγγας δὲ λύρας τε ἐπ' ἰτέαις ὠλεσικάρποις
Θήκαμεν, (οἷ ποταμοῦ ἱστᾶσι παρ' ὕδατα πυκνά)
Οὐκ ἔτι ζωούσης ΜΑΡΙΗΣ, φόρμιγγος Ἀνάσσης.

Johannes Wren Coll. *Emman.* Alumnus.

O Diva, O Generoſa vale! rapit Invida febris
Auguſtæ frontis decus, afflatúque maligno
Sidereos oculos, & quicquid amabile iniquè
Immutat; tali nè mota *Proſerpina* Formâ,
Et ſua *Crudeles* revocarent fila *Sorores*,
Intuitu defixæ unà Immemoréſque nocendi.

Certè mors, Gulielme, Tuis averſa Triumphis,
Ex quo tam cautè viſus ſis credere *Marti*,
Nec viles ducas animas, vitáſque Tuorum
Projicias, quibus ingluviem malè paſcat avaram.
Monſtrum Dira fames idcircò his appulit oris,
Ut Regina cadat, Dilectior omnibus Una;
Hac ſolâ potuit Mors arte timenda videri,
Hoc ſolo potuere modo tria Regna perire,
Communéſque pati, vel in uno vulnere, clades.

Tune igitur langues, noſtræ *Spes Unica* Gentis,
Eximiæ caſu turbatus Conjugis? Altùm
Quid gemis, atque ſuis animus ſe conficit armis?
O Tibi parce & parce Tuis; Nil adde dolori
Immenſo. Totus Te, *Cæſar*, ſuſpicit Orbis,
Et Conjurati Reges Tua caſtra ſecuti;
Victorémque Tui ſperant Te: Vivida *Bello*
Virtus eſt, quid *Pace* perit? quid blandior hoſtis
Mulcet Amor, viviſque infigit tela medullis?
Tela quidem, ſed non quæ blandè torſerat olim,
Sed quæ felle madent & amaro tincta dolore.

Vos autem, O Superi, tandem miſereſcite Regis
Et Populi afflicti, tandem deponite ſævum
In *Britonas* animum, ſatis O ſatis una ſupérque
Vidimus exitia, & quicquid delicta merentur
Jam Triſtes patimur: percuſſa eſt Hoſtia, ſummos
Digna movere Deos: ultrà nè tendite Fata.
Qui ſupereſt ſeros vivat Gulielmus in annos,
Dum Pius, & fortis, dum totum protegat Orbem.

P. Sav. A.M. Coll. SS. *Trin.* Soc.

MOrbo extincta atro, radiante in flore Juventæ
Expoſcit mœſtos Diva Maria modos:
Dotibus Una trium decorata Maria Dearum;
Sceptro *Juno*, animo *Pallas*, & ore *Venus*.
Hinc nobis meritò lacrymæ ſuſpiria, planctus,
Et nigra omnigeni ſcena Doloris adeſt.
At Tu nè molli, Rex, ah! nè cede dolori,
Martia nec nimius pectora frangat Amor.

In

In Quem nil valuit *Boini*, nil Æquoris unda,
Nè lacrymis merſus ſis, GULIELME, cave.
Reſpice Se qualem geſſit, Te abſente, MARIA,
Nunc abſente Illâ, Te gere mente pari.
Quin Te nos lacrymis oramus: deſine luctùs,
Rex Invicte, oculis injice fræna tuis.
Et fas eſt, Rex, ut lacrymis ſuperêre Tuorum:
Aſt, Invicte, Tuis ut ſuperêre, nefas.

Joh. Woodford A. B. Coll. S. *Pet.* Soc.

AH fuit! hunc unum ferali carmine leſſum
Singultit pietas, Magna MARIA fuit!
Illa fuit! ſed quanta fuit, non dicere noſtrum eſt,
Teſtantur lacrymæ, Rex GULIELME, tuæ.
Teſtantur curæ quæ per tria Regna vagantur,
Qui nequit efferri teſtis & ille Dolor.
Quæ morum cultu, & vitæ ratione docebat
Inſervire Deo Principis eſſe Decus;
Illa abit ad Superas, exuto corpore, ſedes,
Quæ ſola ambivit *Sceptra beata* gerit.
Ah noſtris erepta malis! & turbine vitæ
Libera, cœleſti ſede locata, vale:
Diva vale. At ſervet facilis clementia Cœli
WILHELMUM nobis, annue ſumme Deus,
Annue pacatum devictis hoſtibus Orbem,
Ut pacem firmet, proſpera bella gerat.
Dum ferus, effuſo ſatiatus ſanguine, *Gallus*
Summittat noſtro *colla ſuperba* jugo.

S. Burton Coll. *Sid. Suſſ.* Soc.

In Obitum Reginæ.

Lœtitiæ comites laurus depone capillis,
Et ſine ferales inſerpere, *Phœbe*, cupreſſus,
Flebilibusque aptata modis teſtudo dolori
Accinat Angliaco, ut poſſis memorare quis ille,
Quis fuit ille Dies, fato cum abrepta maligno,
Et defuncta hominum communi ſorte jaceret
Regia Majeſtas; orbúſque Uxore Maritus
Deficeret, caſu non reſponſurus acerbo.

Quem neque *Bellonæ* facies aſperrima, quem non
Gallorum rabies, & mille pericula mortis
Terruerant, tantum nequiit ſuperare dolorem.
Intrepidum, tantémq; animum, Gulielme repertum eſt
Quod quatiat, luctûs O nunc ſecure futuri.

At non hoc ſperare malum dirúſve Cometes
Præmonuit, vatéſve nefas crudele canebant.
Percuſſit miſeram media inter gaudia gentem
Fama mali; Vox una fuit, Regina perivit.
Te ſopor æternus, multùm plorata Maria,
Opprimit, heu Fati Lex! quantam Eccleſia perdit
Patronam, quantúmque ſuis Decus *Anglia* rebus:
Anglia, væ nimis infelix, mala ſi ſua nôrit!

Quis ſibi commiſſum regni moderamen habebit,
Regem ubi Bella vocant. Hanc quàm benè Sceptra decebant
Fœmineâ geſtata manu! non juſtior ulla
Regnavit, Regni Socio non æquior ulla.
Vidimus excelsâ quàm ſorte ſit uſa modeſtè,

Parcere

Parcere quàm miſeris, quàm compellare minores
Mitis, & egregio præſtans pietatis amore.

At quò, dum vivos inter verſata niteret,
Gloria major erat, ſic, poſtquam fata tulerunt,
Major erit dolor, ah! poſſet quis credere vitam
Tam longam meritæ præcidere fila Sorores!
Quas nos miramur, fera Mors virtutibus illis
Haud ſtupet, haud *Formâ* morbi, aut *Ætate* moventur.

Tum Vos O! Formæ quibus eſt data gloria, Sexûs
Amiſſum lugete Decus, lugete, *Britanni*,
Tam certum amiſſum Superorum pignus amoris.
Indicia oſtendant Urbéſque ac Oppida luctûs,
Et Fluvii, Sylvæque, & planctibus aſſonet Echo;
Dum querimur, nunquam minùs exorabile, Fatum.

J. Potenger Coll. *Regal.* Alum.

In Obitum Sereniſſimæ Reginæ MARIÆ *Threnôdia.*

ERgò jaces Regina? jaces Decus omne tuorum?
Deliciæ *Angliacæ*, Veneres, Charitéſque jacebunt
Unà omnes: uno tumulata *Britannia* fato eſt.
Anglia luge, *Scotia* luge & *Hibernia* luge:
Hei mihi quàm voces dolor intercîdit amarus!
Quàm Muſa incomptos extundit pectore verſus,
Singultúſque notat ſubſultanti pede mœſtos!

Carmina

Carmina quæ curas, triſtémque levare ſolebant
Mœſtitiam, ſolis jam nunc inſcripta querelis
Inſtaurant luctus, & dant alimenta dolori.
Vix primo *Morpheus* irrôrat lumina ſomno,
Cùm diræ apparent ſpecies, & murmure Striges
Ferali ac raucis plangunt ſtridoribus alas.
Omnia pallor habet, ſolùm inter funera verſor.
Melpomene laniata comas, & pectora palmis
Saucia, per valles Permeſſidos, & juga Pindi
Inſanæ ſimilis bacchatur, & aſtra fatigat
Lamentis: lamenta remiſit flebilis Echo,
Et montes circum, valléſque ululâre, ſpecúſque;
Exſtincta Angliacæ eſt & Spes & Gloria gentis.
Sic Morti ſævire datum? Sic invida Fata
Funeſtant medios crudeli clade triumphos?
Otia jam populos mulcebant grata volentes,
Jam Martis cecidêre minæ; jam prælia ſolùm
Fervere per menſas, vinóque madentia caſtra.
Saltúſque choreæque, & gaudia Rege recepto
Pectora certatim pertentavêre Britannis.
(Ah! nimiùm felix propria hæc ſi Fata dediſſent,
Anglia, firmâſſéntque annos adamante futuros.)
Sed venit funeſta dies; lacrymabile venit
Tempus, ut incubuit terræ diriſſima febris,
Exuperánſque hyemem fatali incanduit æſtu,
Et tetris maculis, & tabo diſcolor atro.
Sollicitì intereà cumulata jacere videmus
Funera funeribus: vix, vix tamen appulit aures
Immugire alto viduata palatia luctu,
Quin tota, infandum! pavefacta Britannia viſa eſt
Tanquàm imis concuſſa labaſcere fundamentis.
Vellet quiſque, patréſque ſua, & ſua pignora matres,

Et

Et ſeſe ſimul inferias mactarier Orco,
Unam ut millenâ revocarent morte MARIAM.
Cùm verò pullata cohors, & lurida pompa
Reginæ invito deducent funera paſſu ;
Tum gemitus planctúſque, & fœminei ululatus
Sidera pulſabunt : reddent quoque ſidera fletus,
Dum lacrymis cœlum liquentibus omne relucet,
Et ſcintillanti auguſtam rigat imbre favillam.

Εἰς τὸν ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ δεινοπαθιῶντα παραμύθιον Ἀνακρεόντειον.

Βασιλεῦ φέριστε, λαῶν
Κίον ἀστραβὲς, κ᾽ ἔρεισμα
Ἀδόνητον ἐν μάχαισι·
Βαρυπενθέων ὀδυρμῶν
Πολυφροντίδων τ᾽ ἀνιῶν,
Ἄνα, λῆγε, παῦε· λύπης
Ἀκόρεστον ἔμμεν οὐ δεῖ.
Ἄγ᾽, ἐμῆς ἄκουε Μούσης,
Γοερὴν ἄμειψα χορδήν.
Γόος οὐ Θεαῖσι τερπνὸς,
Γόον οὐ φιλεῖ ΜΑΡΙΑ·
Χρυσεότειχος γὰρ ἤδη
Περπίνουσα νέκταρ ἡδὺ
Μακάρεσσιν ἐγχορεύει.
Σποδιὴν βρέχειν ματαίως
Τί σε δεῖ; τί δ᾽ ὄμμα καλὸν
Κατατηκέμεν στένοντα;
Ἀπάλυνε τὸ πρόσωπον
Στυγερὸν νέφος σκεδάσσας,
Ἀειδακρύων ὀπωπῶν.
Ἄγ᾽ ἔπαιρε βλέμμα φαιδρὸν
Ποτὶ ἀστέρων χορείαν·
Ἴδε βόστρυχον ΜΑΡΙΑΣ
Νεαραῖς φαεινὸν αἴγλαις.
Βερενίκη εἶξεν ἕδρας
Πλοκάμοις ἑοῖσι λεπτὸν
Περιχέουσα φέγγος αἰεί.
Τρίχες αἵδε τῆς ΜΑΡΙΑΣ,
Φλογεραὶ μάλ᾽, οὐ ποθοῦσι
Τὸν ἐφευρετὴν Κόνωνα.
Σὺ δ᾽ ἔπειτα, ναῦτα φίλε,
Ἁλὸς οἶδμ᾽ ὅταν περάσῃς
Ἐπιμαίεο τόδ᾽ Ἄστρον·
Παρὰ ποσσὶ τοῖς Βοώτου,
Μεγάλης μάλ᾽ ἐγγὺς ἄρκτου,
Ὑπὸ καρδίην τ᾽ ἄνακτος
Καρόλου βροτῶν ἀώτου,
Εὔδηλόν ἐστι τέκμαρ
Ταλαπειρίοισι ναύταις.
Ἑλικῶπις ἦεν Ἑλλὰς

Ἑλί…

Ἑλίκην πότ' εἰσορῶσαι·
Ἑλικῶπες αὖτ' ἔσονται
Ἐπορῶντες οἱ Βρετανοὶ
Ἕλικας καλῆς ΜΑΡΙΑΣ.
Φορέοιντο δὴ ἕκηλοι,
Σκαφέεσσιν αἰὲν Ἄγγλων,
Χδυεποῖσιν ἐν Γαδείροις,
Ἴδε Κελτικαῖς παρ' ἀκταῖς
Πλόον εὔπλοον διδόντες.

Geo. Tilſon, A. B. *Trin. Coll.*

In Obitum MARIÆ *Reginæ ſereniſsimæ.*

DUM vigiles, inter Divina Negotia, Curas
Impendis Regno, digna MARIA, Tuo.
En ſubitò raptam populus te funere vidit,
Et queritur vitæ *ſtamina parca* tuæ.
Ergóne Dii tantis meritis ingrata rependunt,
Nec facili Numen concipit aure preces?
Scilicet invidiam non tanti criminis horrent,
Crimináve infeſtis ipſa pianda rogis?
Te loquitur præſens Ætas, meminiſſe Nepotes
Gaudebunt Regni Sceptra decora tui.
Dum patriis, *tua Cura*, volans GULIELMUS ab oris,
Impiger hoſtiles provocat uſque manus;
Tu veſtros inter moderaris, Dia, Britannos,
Concedens populis mollia Jura tuis:
Qualis eras tunc, cùm Regnabant pectore in illo,
Majeſtas, Pietas, Relligionis Amor!
Non imbelle tamen pectus, Natura negârit
Quamlibet arma Tibi, ac horrida Caſtra ſequi.
Nuper cùm armatas ſenſerunt littora Claſſes
Hoſtica, & ignitis oppida ſtrata globis,

Undi-

Undique mirantur victricis robora Dextræ,
Fœmineáſque ſtupent Gallica Regna manus.
I nunc veſanos tibi, Gallia, finge triumphos,
Et recreent animum damna aliena tuum.
(Diis placeat ſupereſſe) uno in Te, *Maxime Princeps*,
Fòrs veſtrum & MARIÆ ſentiet Imperium.

Wilhelmus Peirs, Coll. Eman.

NUbe quis Dæmon latitans opacâ
Sparſit arcanum plateis venenum?
Sideris cujus gravis ira noſtrum
Perculit Orbem?
Cui malo tantas luitis Britanni
Flebiles pœnas? agit en! triumphos
Mors novos, nec non premitur ſequenti
Funere funus.
Aeris maſſam latebroſa peſtis
Inficit, cumbunt pariter remiſti
Patribus Nati, & Veneranda Sacro
Præſule Princeps.
Phœbe, Tu quondam medicis benignus
Artibus Præſes fueras, ſciénſque
Supplices Ægros revocare Avari
Faucibus Orci.
En! Caput perquam Tibi, Dive, charum;
En! Tuo ſemper celebrata plectro!
En! Tuæ Grantæ columen ſecundum
Ceſſit in auras.
Putridum jamjam jacet en! Cadaver,

Omnium nuper Decus & Voluptas,
Terra ſit vilis, modo quæ Deorum
Proxima Cura.
Quæ manu Sceptrum tenuit ſuperbum,
Et diù fulcit Populum labantem
Proh dolor fiet miſeranda fœdis
Vermibus Eſca?
Ut perit fulgor ſolitus Genarum,
Puſtulis pleni maculiſque ſparſi
Albicant vultus, nigricátque putri
Sanguine Pellis.
Deſides languor modo ſtrinxit artus,
Luminum ſit mox acies vieta,
Dein vapor totam calefactus uſſit
Corporis arcem.
Tu para mœſtas igitur Camœnas,
Lugubres, Mater, modulare cantus,
Queis ſoles functos revocare Vitæ
Non morituræ.
Sint tui verſus teretes, venuſti,
Candidi, molles, ſimiléſque Functæ
Moribus, lactis nivea referti
Undique venâ.
Rite ſic pingas animam jacentis,
Illa enim Vati ſimilis Perito
Aureæ ſemper Mediocritati
Invigilavit.
Caſtius nemo Veneris palæſtrâ
Geſſerit ſeſe, illa animum minorem
Temperans rectæ rationis arctis
Vicit habenis.

Sci-

Scivit, ut nulli eſt metuendus hoſtis,
Qui Ducis nondum didicit Periti
More, cognatis ſapienter uti
Viribus in ſe.
Imperans Aurum obſequitur MARIÆ,
Omnibus plenas reſeravit arcas,
Poſſidens gazas, ſua ſicut ardens
Lumina Phœbus:
Contigit cui ſic agitata vita,
Non eget Flacci calamo, aut Myronis
Ære, quo nomen celebre ad futura
Sæcula tradat.
Mentis humanæ penitùs latebris
Inſita, O felix ſine fine vives,
Quam diù verè Pietatis extat
Aurea imago.

Ste. Creſſar, Trin. Coll. *Soc.*

Ad REGEM.

ARma parabantur Tragico cantanda cothurno,
Et magnis Regum maxima geſta modis.
Grande aliquod dictura tuos, GULIELME, triumphos
Victuro tandem Muſa ſtudebat opus.
At quàm funeſtâ (poſitis ingentibus) horâ
In tenues miſerè cogitur ire pedes!
Nunc elegis locus eſt, nunc indulgere dolori,
Leniménque unum reſtat inane queri.

 Nunc

Nunc animos depone truces, mentémque virilem,
Quâ toties *Gallos* ſuſtinuiſſe ſoles,
Non hic dedecori dolor eſt, Rex Magne, decétve
Fœmineas ſolum lacryma mæſta genas.
Patrocli mortem meritò deflevit *Achilles*,
Ploravit Nati funera Diva *Thetis*.
Illa licet Dea ſit, licet Heros ille, dolore,
Huc uſque invictus, Victus utérque fuit.
Cauſa tuas major lacrymas, & honeſtior urget,
Quod mage cognatum Conjuge nomen erit?
Conjuge? qualis erat, cum viveret ipſa Maria,
Sola *Venus* ſec'li, ſola *Minerva* ſui.
Quàm tunc victus eras, lecto te adſtante, ſupremâ
Cum viſa his ſimiles voce referre ſonos.
" Ante diem me fata vocant, Gulielme, venitque
" Mors mihi grata minus, quo tibi acerba magis.
" Fata quidem renuunt, quod non natura negavit,
" Quod non *Anglorum* vota precéſque mihi.
" Tu tamen ut ſalvos moderere diutius *Anglos*,
" Quos rapuere mihi, dent Tibi fata dies.

Fr. Wortley Trin. Coll. Commenſ.

INclyte Dux, *Britonum* ſpes ô fidiſſima, caſus
Quis Mariam extinxit? quænam inclementia fati
Percuſſit nos teque, & funere merſit eodem?
Fortunæ comes illa tuæ, Te digna Marito
Uxor, & his tecum pariter conſidere Regnis,
Deſeruit terras, cognatáque ad aſtra meavit,
Et te, ſi poterit, felix tibi ſola, relicto.

Debu-

Debuerant equidem ſua fata reſolvere jura,
Atque viam quæſîſſe novam, quâ fœmina pluſquam
Mortalis, ſolio quæ quantùm auguſta refulget,
Tantùm etiam virtute alias ſupereminet omnes,
Hîc tecum æternæ traheret ſolatia vitæ.
Quam, dum animi virtus, ſpecimen venerabile morum,
Et vitæ quoties divina recurrit Imago,
Miramur potuiſſe mori Rex Magne, ſuperbos
Qui toties populos domuiſti, ſemper & armis
Et pace inſignis, pro libertate tuorum
Straviſti toties *Gallos*, infractáque bello
Corda geris, nè nunc animos ſubmitte dolori.
Dummodò Conſortem tibi, Rex, deflemus ademptam
Et Thalami Regníque; Tuas lenire querelas
Nos humiles tentamus, at (heu) quis noſtra fovebit
Vulnera? quis nobis humentia lumina ſiccet?
Funera communis lugemus quiſque parentis.
Nec malè grata adeò geſtamus pectora mœſti,
Quin memorare juvet, qualem, dum vita manebat,
Se nobis Regina tulit; mortiſque levamen
Hoc unum miſeris, Vitam meminiſſe, videtur.
At tu pulchra ferox moveas cùm bella, memento
Dimidium cecidiſſe tui; nec rurſus in hoſtem
Tam violentus eas, nec magni prodigus armes
Sanguinis intrepidum pretioſa in vulnera pectus:
Non tanti *Oceanus* domitus, non *Gallia*, victus
Non tanti *Ludovicus* erit; renovare labores
Mitte, tui miſerere & noſtrûm, quámque dediſti
Ipſe tuis, placidâ compoſtus pace fruaris.

Edv. Wortley Commenſ. *Trin.* Coll.

Eheu!

EHeu! quàm tenui pendent Mortalia filo!
Quàm ſubitò collapſa ruit ſpes irrita Gentis,
Et Patriæ concuſſus honor! ſperâſſe triumphum
Quis modò non auſit, ductis per compita *Francis*
Téque etiam, *Ludovice*, ingens decus addite Pompæ?
Fata obſtant; cecidit Spes omnis, & *Anglia* (versâ
Heu! vice) Dura ſubit.-----
Scilicet uſque adeò humanas res abdita quædam
Vis terit, Hanc Magnis juvat inſultare, ſibíque
Subjectat Reges, & *cæco Numine* ducit.
Hinc noſtræ lacrymæ & luctûs magnum argumentum!
Optima (quis poſſit lacrymis abſiſtere?) Princeps
Occubuit, totámque infeſtat funere Gentem.
Ergo Muſa refer Cladem, quæ Numina læſa
Impulerint tot adire, & quanta piacula poſcant.
Anne parùm credant nos ſuſtinuiſſe doloris
Expoſitos, taliſque abreptos ubere Matris?
Anne Aulæ leve ſit damnum, ſacróque Senatû, (ceps?
Quòd MARIA exſtincta eſt, quòd pluſquàm Regia Prin-
Impar merſa jacet quantis Eccleſia curis!
Quam primam excepit Regina, ſinúque fovebat
Alma, ſinu tenero nec ſolùm fovit, at Ipſa
Exemplo monuit quo gaudent Numina cultu.
Morte opus haud Illi laudes tranſmittere Cœlis,
Non Animam transferre; fuit ſuper æthera nota
Antè, & cum placidis habuit commercia Divis.
Mira quidem, ſed vera cano de Principe: & oh ſit,
Talia quæ velit & poſſet, ſperare futuram!
Parva tamen ſunto hæc: detur namque Altera Gentem
Quæ regat, Altera conſiliis quæ polleat æquis;

At

At Regem immemorem Thalamis injuria facta
Non ſinet: heu! nimium auſpiciis fallacibus orta
Illa dies, quæ Hanc connubio Regíque dicavit!
Concordes animos dederat, quia *Jupiter*, Illis
Credidimus nullo jactas diſcrimine ſortes,
Hinc reſonabat Hymen, paribúſque Altaria ſtabant
Ominibus, jam tum ſpondebat *Sceptra futura*
Anglia, *ſera* tamen, non antè *indebita*, ceſſit:
Credidimus, ſed vana fides: digniſſima Princeps
Conjuge divulſa eſt, Illi quæ ponere lauros
Suaviùs, & Belli potuit lenire dolores.
Amplexus quàm læta pios, atque annua vidit
Gaudia Gens, reduci cùm brachia circumfudit
Extremùm Victori; Illam quàm Forma decebat!
Quàm vera inceſſu patuit Regina! ſed Ipſa
Quam voluit Regina nec eſſe, Uxórque videri
Mallet! nec puduit Facibus ſubmittere Sceptrum.
Victima proh! qualis crudelibus occubat Umbris!
Dum loquor, ingeminant planctus, novus horror adurget
Pectora, nimirùm hæc *Gallus*, ſæviſſimus hoſtis,
Audiit, & noſtri ridet monumenta doloris.
Poſſe putat *lacrymas* Regi emollire furorem,
Aut ſaltem proferre moras, dum fulminet Ipſe
Germanis dans jura, viámque affectet ad *Anglos*.
Demens! qui neſcit, quærítque in *Numine Numen!*
Rex noſter divinum aliquid gerit intùs, acerba
Securus videt, & tardantia fata laceſſit.
Cauſa metûs equidem fuit Huic juſtiſſima, ſed nec
Corda quatit terror, luctúmve indulget inertem,
Quod decuit, flêrat: voluit finire dolores
Subſidium Populo, nutanti & vulnere Regno.
Gens felix! ſervant quam Regis Numina, luctum

Si

Si nequeas, tamen inſolitos compeſce timores.
Sat Morti Fatóque datum eſt: luit optima pœnas,
Quas Populus meruit, Regina, piacula tanta
Sufficerent, quamvis redeant in priſtina Gentes
Crimina; ſi fuerint humanâ morte pianda.

T. Offley A.B. *Coll. Regal.* Soc.

Ἑσπέριον παρὰ κοῖτον ἀφεγγέος Ἠελίοιο
Ἔνθ' Ἐρέται μεγάθυμοι ἀπὸ Βρεταννίδος αἴης
Εὐσέλμοις νήεσσιν εὐφραίνουσιν ἑταίρους,
Κήδεα μὲν Κέλτῃσι, φόως δὲ φέροντες Ἰβήροις,
Κυμοδόκη Νυμφῶν ὄχ' ἀρίστη Κυανοπέπλων·
Καρπαλίμως ἀνέδυ πολιῆς ἁλὸς, αἱ δὲ σὺν αὐτῇ
Δακρυόεσσαι ἵκον, περὶ δέ σφισι ῥήγνυτο κῦμα,
Ἡ δ' ὀλοφυρομένη οὕτως ἀνενείκατο φωνὴν,
Τείνετε Ποντοπόροι μέλαν' ἱστία, τείνετε Ναῦται.

Αἰάζω στυγερὴν περιποθήτου κῆρα ΜΑΡΙΗΣ,
Κῆρα μὲν Εὐρώπης, ἣν οὔποτε Ζεὺς κε σαώσῃ,
Καίπερ ἀποῤῥίψας βροντὴν, καὶ βλέμμα θεοῖο
Ταῦρος Φρυξείου παρενήξατο κύμασι Πόντε,
Τείνετε Ποντοπόροι μέλαν' ἱστία, τείνετε Ναῦται.

Λευγαλέος διίει τραφερῆς, ὑγρῆς τε στεναγμὸς,
Νερθερίου τ' ἀΐδαο, καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος·
Οὐκ ἰχθῦς ὑγροὶ, οὐ λαῖα τρέφουσιν ἄρουραι,
Ἀστέρες οὐ στίλβουσι. Κύων τρικάρανος ὑλακτεῖ.
Ἀλλὰ τί μοι ἰχθῦς· τί με λαῖα; τί μ' ἄστρ' ὀνίνησι
Ὀλλυμένης ΜΑΡΙΗΣ ἅμα πάντα ποθεῖν' ἀπόλωλε.
Τείνετε Ποντοπόροι μέλαν' ἱστία, τείνετε Ναῦται.

Ὡς

Ὡς Μοῖραι, θεαὶ ἀγρότεραι, ἴδον ὠχριόωσαι,
Ἠδὲ μιανθεῖσαν τοῖς ἐξανθήμασι μορφήν,
Ἔργον ἀποστυγέουσαι ἀπηνὲς, νήματι πολλὰ
Ἠρήσαντο βραχεῖ, καὶ ἀολλέα δάκρυα χεῦαν.
Τείνετε Ποντοπόροι μέλαν' ἱστία, τείνετε Ναῦται.

Τὸν Ῥαδάμανθυν ἔφαν, πραπίδες δέ οἱ χαλκέαι εἰσὶν,
Οὐ παῦσαι κλαυθμοῖο, καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο δόμοισιν
Αὐλομένην θαλεροῖς κατακρίναντ' ὄμμασι ψῆφον,
Μαψιδίως, ὅ, τι γὰρ Ζεὺς ἤθελε, καὶ θεοὶ ἄλλοι,
Οὐκ ἄν τις θείη παλινάγρετον, οὔτις ἄπρηκτον.
Τείνετε Ποντοπόροι μέλαν' ἱστία, τείνετε Ναῦται.

Ἄλβιον Ἡρώων, καὶ Ἀνδρῶν Ἱπποκορυστῶν
Κυδιάνειρα Πατρὶς, νήσοις μακάρεσσιν ἐΐση,
Ἔννεπε, δεινοτέροις ἐπὶ πήμασιν εἴποτ' ἔκυρσας,
Ἢ εἴ τις ποτε σκῆπτρον ἐδέξατο φίλτερος ἄλλος
Χρυσείης ΜΑΡΙΗΣ, ἢ Ἀρηϊφίλοιο Βιλελμοῦ.
Ἀλλ' Αὐτῇ ὀλοῆς ὑπὸ Μοίρας γούνατα λῦτο.
Τείνετε Ποντοπόροι μέλαν' ἱστία, τείνετε Ναῦται.

Δερκομένη ἐπὶ γῇ πεφίλητο παρ' Ἀθανάτοισι,
Αὐτοῖς γὰρ προσένεικε τελήεσσας Ἑκατόμβας,
Βωμοὺς μὲν Πιμελῇ, χρυσῷ κοσμήσατο Νηοὺς,
Καὶ ψυχὴν Θεοειδῆ ἐνεστηρίξατ' Ὀλύμπῳ.
Αἰδοίη δὲ βροτοῖς μεθομίλεεν, ἠΰτε μήτηρ,
Δῶρα διδοῦσ' ἀγαθοῖς ἀπερείσια, τοῖς δὲ κακίστοις
Ῥηϊτέρως συγγνοῦσ', ἢ αὐτοὶ αἰσύλ' ἔρεξαν·
Βούλετο γὰρ λαὸν σόον ἔμμεναι, ἢ ἀπολέσθαι.
Τείνετε Ποντοπόροι μέλαν' ἱστία, τείνετε Ναῦται.

Εὐνομίην ὁσίως διενείματο πᾶσιν ἀμύμων,
Εἰ δὲ νόμοι Βρετανῶν οὐκ ἐν σελίδεσσιν ἐγράφθεν,

Οἵ κε νόμοι ῥούσησιν ἀπὸ στόματος Βασιλίσσης.
Τιμήσθη χαρίεσσα μετὰ θνητοῖσιν Ἄνασσα,
Ἄμβροτος ἀλλὰ Θέαινα μετ' οὐρανίδῃσιν ἀνάσσει.
Τείνετε Ποντοπόροισι λοῦχ' ἱστία, τείνετε Ναῦται.

Samuel Awbery, Coll. Jeſ. *Soc.*

FErtur in Exequias Mariæ. *Britannia*, planctu
Jam ſaltem haud ficto infandum teſtabere luctum.
Aſpice Wilhelmi Regalia tempora circùm
Victrices inter cupreſſum ſerpere lauros.
Aſpice pullatâ mœrentem veſte Senatum;
Aſpice lugentes Proceres, Gentémque Togatam;
Ut ſua cuique movent, & publica damna dolorem!
Heu quonàm illa abiit blando condita lepore
Majeſtas? quò frontis amabilitate Verendâ
Lætus honos? quonàm Virtus maturior annis?
Plurima quò pietas? at nondum heu debita cœlo!
Præproperè nimis heu! cœlum, tua dona repoſcis.

O Patria! O magni dominatrix *Anglia* ponti!
Mariæ immemorem Te nulla redarguat ætas.
Si ſentis tua damna, Salus ſi publica cordi;
Da gemitum ingentem, planctúmque ad ſydera tolle,
Qualem fudiſti fatis cùm ceſſit *Eliza*.
Illam altis Maria animis, Illam indole totâ
Reddiderat terris. *Quantùm Illius inſtar in Ipsâ eſt!*

J. Laughton A. M. *Coll. Trin.*

Nunc

NUnc licet, & fas eſt alto indulgere dolori,
Occidit *Angliaci* Luna benigna poli;
Occidit, attonitóque humens nox incubat orbi,
Nec reducis miſeros ſpes manet ulla Deæ.
Ære laboranti liceat ſuccurrere Lunæ,
Dum redit in vultus, qui modò fluxit, honos.
Sed fruſtrà huic lapſum trepidi revocamus honorem,
Fruſtrà, Phœbe, tuo lumine tendis opem.
Jupiter authorem ſe jactat, & æmulus aufert,
Ignotum ſuperet, nè Dea *nota*, Deum.

Fer. Fairfax Trin. Coll. Alumn.

ET fas eſt *Britonas* cœlos ſperare faventes,
Et Divûm inniti auxilio? claſſémne ſonoris
Committemus aquis, veliſque vocabimus Auſtros?
Ibimus, atque novo inſtaurabimus ordine bellum?
Credimus averſum Numen: quod *Gallia* vulnus
Hoſtibus incuſſum toties optârit, habemus.
Non, ſi ſe noſtro tinxiſſent ſanguine rivi,
Aut fœcundâſſent noſtris ſe cladibus arva,
Aut mare disjectas ſparſiſſet in æquora naves,
Sic exultares, ageres ſic, *Galle*, Triumphos.
Nobilior cecidit crudelibus hoſtia votis
MARIA, & gemitum nobis lacrymáſque reliquit:
WILLHELMO ante omnes; cujus pacare dolorem
(Tantæne inſedit tanta Indulgentia menti!)

 Non

Non dilectæ acies, non æra cientia Martem,
Non ipſa accisis poterit Victoria pennis.
Nec gemit incaſsùm, aut fruſtrà plorantibus inſtat:
Queîs vivam ambibat functæ perſolvit honores.
Excitat ingentes ingens jactura querelas,
Et liquat, & fletu fortiſſima pectora ſolvit.
Credimus *Æneam* amiſsâ indoluiſſe *Creüſa*,
(*Æneam* pietate tibi, WILLHELME ſecundum)
Et ſolas iteráſſe vias, planctúmque dediſſe.
Una MARIA fuit WILLHELMO digna marito,
WILLHELMUS fuit unus ab illâ dignus amari:
Virtute inſignes ambo, Majoribus ambo;
Imperióque & amore pares; deceſſit uterque
Utríque, æquatâ Sceptrum ditione tenebant.
Rex nituit ſolio, nituit Regina; nec ille
Reginæ, aut illi Regina offecit honore;
Emicuit junctis virtutibus æqua poteſtas.
Sic cùm ſplendenti gemma intercluditur auro;
Non aurum gemmæ, non gemma obnubilat aurum,
Altera in alterius conſpirat amica nitorem.
Occiduum quoties WILLHELMUM hæc inſula vidit,
(At jam perpetuùm noſtro ſplendeſcat in orbe)
MARIA exorta eſt, digreſſóque æmula ſoli
Fulgore alluxit non inferiore *Britannis*.
Sic gemina alterno ſuccedunt ſidera fato,
Et fraternus amor, fraternáque flamma coruſcat.
Nec minor illa fuit, quamvis diviſa, poteſtas,
Nec major conjuncta fuit, reſpondit amori;
Ambobus fuit unus Amor, fuit una Poteſtas.
At quoties unà radiantes vidimus ambos,
Ut bini ſoles, aut ſidera bina micabant.
Te Rex, Te Regnum inclamat, MARIA, peremptam;
Hoc

Hoc *columen*, vocat ille *ſuos* deſertus *amores*;
Hoc *decus*, ille ſui *tutamen amabile* Sceptri.
Conſiliis avulſa tuis Eccleſia Delo
Aſſidet, & rerum dubiis in fluctibus errat;
Non citiùs perit abrupto moderamine navis,
Aut fracto in terram currus prolabitur axe,
Quam Te caſſa labat, ſummóque à vertice nutans
Concuſſâ ingentem minitatur mole ruinam.
At Tu, quem noſtris olim ſuccurrere fatis,
Et populum voluit Numen fulcire ruentem,
Aſſiſtas, Willhelme, tuis; & perge priora
Auſpicia accumulare novis, & ſub juga *Galli*
Mitte dolos, nomēnque effer, Regnúmque ſecunda.

Jacobus Clifton Coll. *Regal.* Alumnus

Supplices fruſtrà colimus Deorum
Templa; nequicquam memores Mariæ
Tendimus ſurdis Statuis ſupina
Ora manúſque.

Victimæ ſi Te redimant, Maria,
Ara vel ſacro cumulata Thure,
Solverent Indi Pretium, nec Agnus
Hoſtia deſit.

Flenda in æternum cecidit Maria,
At magis nulli, Gulielme, flenda,
Quàm Tibi, Regno, Solióque quantò
Charior Uxor.

Granta, divinùm reſonante Chordâ
Docta Regales celebrare Laudes,
O Tuâ perſtes lacrymâ Favillam
Spargere Sacram!

Quin graves tandem moderare luctus,
Muſa; non Sceptra abripuit MARIA,
Integrum at Regnum & Diadema tutum
Detulit Uni.

Jacobus Ibbotſon, Trin. Coll. *Alumn.*

ADſis, *Melpomene*, jubeas ut carminis ordo
Lugubris exſurgat, noſtram recitare querelam.
Quis celebrare poteſt (& non ſua) funera *Tantæ*
Principis, in cujus Perſonâ claruit omne
Corporis ac Animi Decus? Atqui mors inimica
Deflectique negans, ſpolia, heu nimis ampla, ferebat.
Tempora dum recolo, poſtquàm æquora tuta dederunt
Nobis WILHELMUM, atq; tibi, WILHELME, MARIAM.
Qualis erat rerum facies? quám ſorte beatâ
Omnia ridebant? pietatis gloria nullis
Nubibus obducta eſt, placido moderamine felix.
Horrendus refero quàm gens mutetur ab illâ,
Ruſticus & Civis conjuncto murmure plorant:
Veſtibus atratis ornata Eccleſia mœret,
Triſtis & incedit, nè deteriora redirent
Sæcula. Nos miſeri quid non ratione timemus,
Angliacos fines cùm noſtra Aſtræa reliquit?
In cujus ſubitura locum, quæ turba malorum?
Quæ fraus? ſed reſtat ſpes firma ſalutis in Illo,
Qui nos proſpiciens, ſine ſanguine tanta peregit.
Heros vive diù, vincat tua dextera Gallos,
Détque Tibi *famam* virtus, *pacémque Britannis*.

Ro. Paradine, A. M. *Coll. Magd.* Soc.

Per-

PErſenſit Cæſar Neptuni Martis & Iram,
Sprevit at Invalidas fortior Ipſe minas,
Sed cum Tota novo turbata Britannia fato
Defleat occaſum, Diva MARIA, tuum,
Non tulit hoc, Vitæ cursúmve peregit eundem;
Heroe exuto fit GULIELMUS Homo.
Sic adeo Invictum Mater non præſtet *Achillem*,
Quin unâ Morti parte pateret iter.
Pars una illa Tui cum ſit, GULIELME, MARIA,
Vulneribus fati dum cadit illa, cadis.
Ludere ſic Viſum eſt crudeli ænigmate Parcis,
Ante diem raperis, non pereundo peris.

F. Brydges, Baronis de Chandos Filius natu minimus, Coll. Trin.

In 28. *Diem* Decembris.

PRolem luce ſuam *Judæa* (en!) plorat eâdem,
Quâ DOMINAM exanimem terra Britanna gemit.
Perdidit *Herodes* teneros; ſed Victima grandis
REGNATRIX iræ ſit, Libitina, tuæ.
Dum ſolùm Infantes ſubeunt mandata Tyranni,
Tu parere tibi Sceptra vel ipſa facis.

Radulphus Gilbert, Aul, Trin, *Alumn.*

על מות מרים השנית מלכת אנגליה וסכוטירה וצרפת
והיברניה שיר פשט ומרכע:

שמעו מטפר התמרורי
הקשיבו נא בינו צירי
חושו חגרו שק על אמים
יבכו במאר כל רשמנים
לא יהיו עוד המנגינות
או קול שמחה בתוך בנות
כי מתה מרים המלכה
אל השמים מולכה:
ואני עני מי יורישי
הנהרות רבות על ראשי
מי יוכל יתן עינים
לרמע עולם פלגי מים
ומלכתי הנגדלה
אבכנה יומם ולילה:
אורה מרים את צרקתך
ושבט מישר מלכותך
באשר את אביונים חוננת
וכסאך קרמני כוננת:
כי מלך הוא במלחמות
בחרבות רורף בחניתות
הרוג הרג את גנבים
ויגדול מן הצרפשים
וזה מרים הנכברה
השלימה כנוים ירה:

שמע התבל את קרשך
יראת עליון בתוך נפשך
לאלהים בלבבך צמאת
בבטח רב בשמו קראת
דרכך עולם ער היכלו
כי את במאר אהבת אילו
וישע יה אל מנחתך
ויצליחי כצרקתך
וירצה בנו בגללך
וייטיב לנו בצלך:
כי אם אבר אור עינינו
מארץ מחמר נפשנו
אזל לראה הגלגלים
לטעם על כל הכוכבים
משתה בקהל הצריקים
עם רבקה בין המלאכים:
אשרי מרים ואני עני
ספרו כל תמים אתני
ואנחות עם מספרים
ורמעות עם המזמורים
כלם יגירו בהלה
כי מלכתנו בשאולה:

Tho. Bennett A. B. Coll. S[ti] *Johan.*
Evang. Socius.

NON

NON opus ut jubeat plorare & ſigna Dolori
Muſa canat; Proceres, Plebeii mittite habenas
Fletibus, hæc digno decorantes Funera luctu.
Non dolor expectat ſignum, lacrymæque perennes
Sponte fluunt, Gemitúſque injuſſi è Pectore rumpunt.

Regina occubuit, Pietas cui Criminis expers,
Summáque Cognati virtus fuit æmula Cœli,
Juſtitiâ inſignis, ſed quam Clementia prudens
Leniit, atque ſuo peccanti mitior hoſti.
Candor in ore fuit facilis, quo plurima mixta
Majeſtas, nunquam coluit Divinior Artus
Humanos Animus; Dixique *Dea*, ô *Dea*, certè.
Major adeſt virtus humanâ, major Imago.
Proh dolor infandus! jacet *hæc* mortalia paſſa.

Te tamen haud Parcæ læſerunt, Diva MARIA,
Fortunâ major, non ambitioſa petebas
Sceptra, aut ponebas tandem moritura renitens;
Regna dedit virtus, quæ immitia fata negârunt.
Sed ſocius ſolii atque Tori tria Regna ſuperſtes
Faſtidit, mœrens queritúrque ſibi integra Sceptra,
Quæ Gens preſſa jugo fremuit graviore, feróxque
Excuſſit, placidas ſupplex ambivit habenas,
Auſpiciiſque tuis debebat grata ſalutem,
Jam dolet ablatæ quod non ſervire licebit.

Edv. Vaughan, Coll. *Regal.* Commenſ. ad
Menſam Sociorum.

עַל

על מות המלכה מרים שיר נהיה

שאו קינה בקול מרה
לשר נורא בכל מורא
ולקח גם לכסליכם
מחולנו בעינינו
רכו כלכם בנבליכם
ולאל יה יהי נהירה
בקול רנה מאד מרה
יהי עצב בכל מושב
ואנו שם למלכתהם
שמך מרים: לכל מרים
ממותיך: לפניך
ונטפנו בעינינו
לרמעותם כמו מים
יהי נה נהי מרבה
לכל עליון ולאביון
לכל עמים והאמים
ואון יהיה מאד הרבה
לשר גולים לשר שרים
למלכנו ארונינו
אהה נהנו ואברנו
וכסלנו לפנינו
לקחו יה: במרגעה
הכינו דם לדור דורים

Joſh. Man Coll. *Chriſt.*

Quot

QUot ſunt (heu !) dubii myſteria nubila fati!
Quàm ſpiſſis tenebris, & cœcâ nocte vagamur!
Eximias fingit mentes, & dotibus ornat
Natura, humanæ queîs ſit pia cura ſalutis:
Cúmque adolevit opus, cùm ſe vis inſita prodit,
Et miſeri incipimus radios ſentire benignos,
Dona ſua immitis ſubitò lætantibus aufert.
Hoc nimis es miſera heu! experta, hoc, *Anglia*, veris
MARIAM plorans lacrymis, gemitúque fateris:
Illâ equidem nuper gaudebas, inſula felix,
Gaudebas, multiſque bonis cumulata jacebas,
Pluráque ſperâſti. Quid enim non, *Anglia*, ſperes,
MARIA quid non regnante? Quis utilis unquam
Indicium magis exhibuit virtutis amœnum?
Aut magis optandæ nobis dedit omina vitæ?
Præclaras illi inſevit natura benigna,
Excoluit ratio cœleſti lumine ducta,
Firmavítque uſu longo conſtantia dotes.
Non cultrix unquam reverentior ulla Deorum,
Queîs thura aſſiduè & puriſſima vota ferebat,
Non unquam excelſi, quo ſtantem vidimus omnes,
Blandimenta loci; non quæ cinxêre frequentes
Illecebræ, Fortuna, tuæ; non munera vitæ;
Publica non tantum potuêre negotia regni,
Quin ſummæ fuerint illi cœleſtia curæ.
Vidimus heu! quoties *tendentem ad ſidera palmas*!
Et ſummum ſancto flectentem robore Numen!
Dona Deûm quoties dum ſupplex poneret aris,
Dúmque fatigaret multâ prece fervida cœlum,
Pectoribus ſacros aliis immiſerit ignes?

Quæque illi pietas præſentia Numina ſemper
Siſtebat, mores humiles, mentémque modeſtam
Indidit. Haud illi ventoſus pectora faſtus
Inceſſit, *vitium rebus ſolenne ſecundis*,
Extulit aut vanam maleſana ſuperbia frontem.
Sceptra quidem accepit, non quæ maleſuada cupido,
Aut levis ambitio, ſed gens peritura tetendit.
At quando oſtendit mutatam induta corona?
Cui magis in ſolio viſa eſt elata? quis unquam
Inflatam tumidámque novo conſpexit honore?
Fortunâ facies eadem creſcente manebat,
Ut quâ delatum Imperium pòſt mente gerebat,
Imperio caruiſſe putes.

At licèt haud unquam ambiret Maria coronam,
Oblatam ornavit præclarè: & vivere in illâ
Et magnam regnare putes, & vincere *Elizam*.
Ingenii tantæ vires, & mentis acumen,
Et populis dare jura ſciens prudentia, & artes
Regnandi (quibus & ſexum ſuperavit & annos)
Ut dum Regina Imperii, regníque Britanni
Difficiles faſces, & lubrica Sceptra teneret,
Senſerit amotum clavo vix *Anglia* Regem.

Nec minùs in ſolio majori luce micabant
Virtutes aliæ, Bonitas, Clementia, Candor,
Munificus cunctis animus, ſempérque dolentûm
Vel minimis mens tacta malis & mota querelis.
Tardior inflixit pœnas, ad præmia velox,
Oblatis facilis precibus, miſeriſque ſecunda
Aut tulit auxilia, aut doluit quod nulla tuliſſet.
Muneribus quàm larga manus ſenſêre petentes,
Senſerunt omnes; & ſi non omnia vires
Nonnunquam dederint, aſt omnia vota dederunt.

Sic

Sic fuit heu! vixítque ſuis ſic Optima Princeps,
Quam licèt inſignis viventem fama ſecuta,
Ornavit tamen extremas inſignior horas.
Non illi tanto cinctæ ſplendore coronæ
Conſuetum viſa eſt mors unquam inferre timorem,
Non ingrata magis mentem turbavit imago,
Quàm queîs pauperies confregit languida vires,
Et quos ſemianimem videas vix ducere vitam.

R. Laughton, A.M. *Aul. Clar.* Soc.

REginæ extinctum Divum caput impete morbi,
Et queror abreptam febre nocente deam.
Ambiit Auguſtam niveis victoria pennis,
Et Pietas &, Te Soſpite, dia Salus.
Ambiit; at nunc atra gravi nox obruit umbrâ:
Ipſa triumphalis luctibus Aula jacet.
Inter Cæſareos cupreſſum ſerpere lauros,
Feraliſque vides miſta trophæa rogo.
Præſcia Mitra ſui delapſa eſt vertice ſacro
Præſulis; extinctæ præſcia Mitra deæ.
Sic medio Phœbus ſe ſubtrahet Orbe, labante
Naturâ; & mundi funeris omen erit.
Magna vides communi ut conditur *Anglia* buſto!
Obruta ut horrenti eſt *Wallia* noſtra ſitu!
Quin Divo, Regina æternùm in conjuge vives;
Párſque tui Auriacus magna ſuperſtes erit.

Richardus Jones, Coll. Trin.

Εἰς τὴν τελευτὴν τῆς ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΣΗΣ.

Τῶν δ' ἄλλων ἀπάνευθε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
Ἧστο ἐπὶ κρημνὸν πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμποιο,
Ἀγγλιακὴν γαῖαν καθορώμενος, ἔνθαρ ἀρούρης,
Καὶ Βρετανῶν Βασιλίσσῃ ἑὴν ἐπέπηξεν ὀπωπὴν
Καλῇ, θεσπεσίῃ· θάμβος δ' ἔχεν εἰσορόωντα.
Ὡς ἴδεν, ὥς ἄρ' ἔειπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·
Ὢ πόποι, ἦ μέγα θαῦμα τόδ' ὄμμασιν ἡμετέροισι.
Καλὴν δ' οὔτω ἐγὼ οὔπω ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
Οὐδ' οὔτω γεραρήν· νικᾷ γὰρ φῦλα γυναικῶν
Ἢ δέμας, ἠὲ φυὴν, ἢ ἄρ φρένας ἠέ τι ἔργον·
Αἰσχρὸν, τήνδε γυναῖκα μετὰ θνητοῖσι μετεῖναι
Δὴν, ἐπεὶ ἀθανάτοισι θεῇς ἄγχιστα ἔοικε.
Ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων·
Αὐτὰρ ἣ ὀξὺ νόησεν ἐνὶ φρεσὶν Ἄρτεμις ἁγνὴ,
Σήματι δ' ὀτραλέως ἐπεπείθετο Πατρὸς ἑῆος.
Ὦκα μάλ' ἀΐξασα δι' αἰθέρος ἀτρυγέτοιο,
Αἶψα δ' ἵκανε θεὰ ποτὶ γαῖαν· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
Αἰδοίην Βασίλειαν ἐποιχομένη κατέπεφνεν
Οἷς ἀγανοῖς βελέεσσι, καὶ οἱ φίλα γυῖα λέλυντο,
Ψυχὴ δ' ἐκ μελέων ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον.

Franc. Bennet Coll. Reginal. *Alumnus.*

NON ultrà miramur, quòd tàm celeri curſu
Ad Cœlites ibat magnus ille Archi-præſul,
Fata impatientia moræ
Juſſerunt eum Superis ocyùs referre

Inex-

Inexpectatum tui adventum,
O Suaviſſima Maria.
Omnem, ergo, O cœli pandite gloriam,
Noviſque laudibus inſtruite Chorum,
Vos pulchrior nunquam inviſit hoſpes,
Non Sanctior Majeſtas.
Debitas illi Sedes, monſtrate,
Elizabethæ noſtræ proximas,
Æqualem illi imponite
Sempiternæ gloriæ Coronam,
Æquali quæ regnavit
Prudentiâ, magnanimitate, honore.
At heu! dum novo Hoſpite lætantur Cœli,
Sævior in terris nos opprimit caſus,
Magiſque intenſus dolor;
Ingens certè hoc, & ferale damnum,
Cui
Succubuit ipſe invictiſſimus Gulielmus,
Cui
Animus ille, periculis, bello, cæde, & ſanguine infractus,
Se victum dedit, & potuit deliquium pati.
O triſte & immedicabile vulnus!
Quo vitæ tuæ pars melior divulſa eſt;
Ad *Martis* iterum campos redito,
Illæſus bello es, domi ſaucius;
Domi ingentius malum tuliſti,
Quàm mille foràs rependent Victoriæ.
O qualis fuit Illa, Dii, Deæque
Gentis noſtræ Gloria!
Certavit
In corpore, cum inſigni Formâ Majeſtas,
In animo, cum Pietate Candor.

Ita

Ità Mitis fuerat, & omnibus Placida,
Ut, quam primo intuitu conciliavit,
Pulcherrimis ſuis Gratiis Venerationem augeret.
Nemo unquam à conſpectu illius
Vel *triſtis*, vel *iratus diſceſſit*;
Benigna omnibus,
Omnibus Propitia.
Virtus illius omni invidiâ, omni infamiâ major.
Munificentia, inſtar ſuiipſius, verè Regia.
Charitas ergà inimicos pluſquam Chriſtiana.
Eccleſiam *Anglicanã* intellexit benè & medullitùs amavit.
Deo, Patriæ, & Conjugi fidelis.
Inter ardua Regni negotia
Æterno ſemper Numini,& precibus vacavit.
Animam potiùs, quàm Corpus, adornando
Horas ſuas collocavit;
Et tamen Publicis rebus intenta adeò,& indefeſſa,
Ut id ſolum agere videretur.
Nec potuit tanta Virtus in extremo actu deficere,
Mens enim, nullius mali conſcia,
Quàm imperterritè mortis nuntium admiſit?
Quàm efflictìm cœleſte gaudium deperibat?
Quàm placidè in Domino obdormivit?
Sic tranſiit ab Orbe noſtro Sydus illud *Britannicum*
Majores longè in Cœlis acturum triumphos;
Nec certè tantis meritis invidenda eſt Gloria.
Hoc ſolum, Gulielme, Superos rogamus,
Ut annos omnes Mariæ debitos addant tuis;
Tu ſolus poſſis regnare,
Solus vincere.
Quid ergo fles, *Britannia*?
Cruentas illas abſterge lacrymas;

Eheu!

Eheu! jam ſatis eſt indultum mœrori,
Nondùm te perditam,
Nondùm te miſeram dicas;
Tutelaris tibi deſupèr invigilat Dea,
Et quo magìs diviſa eſt, eo magìs augetur ſalus;
Potentiſſimum ubique habes Defenſorem
MARIAM in Cœlis
GULIELMUM in Terris.

Joannes Wotton S. T. B. Coll. *Regin.* Soc.

A*Nglia* cum nuper variis agitata Procellis
Erraſſet tumidis, altera Delos, aquis;
Qui ſoli afflictis auſint ſuccurrere rebus
Cum fidâ *Auſtriacus* conjuge Victor adeſt.
Nec mora; Turba gravis Paci, tua, *Roma*, propago
Cedit, & incipiunt leniùs ire dies.
Ille forìs noſtro propellit limite *Gallos*,
Hæc vulgi mulcet pectora ſæva domi.
Sed raram immodicis indulgent Fata ſenectam,
Nec, quos Numen amat, tempora longa manent;
Occidit (*Angligenis* heu non medicabile vulnus!)
Præſidium & Patriæ dulce MARIA Decus!
At nè corrueret Funeſti conſcia damni
Anglia, Deliquium Principe paſſa ſuo;
Auguſtum blando recreans ſermone Maritum,
Fatidicâ moriens talia voce refert:
En tibi Pacatam Gentem. Quæ Fata revolvunt,
Me ſine, jam proprio cætera *Marte* potes.

O Macte

Macte tuâ Virtute, manet te plurima Laurus,
Omnibus haud impar hoſtibus Unus eris.

E. Clarke Aul. *Clar.* Soc.

VEnit ſumma dies *Anglorum*: Atra *Albion* uno,
Tota uno exciſa eſt vulnere, Diva, tuo.
Cæſaris en mœſti, & Patrum longo ordine pompam!
Pullatos quales fingimus eſſe Deos.
Semideûm en domus Aula! & relligioſa Deorum
Limina, ferali conſpicienda ſitu!
Ah! partone ibit victrix Regina triumpho?
Sæviet in noſtras Parca cruenta Deas?
Si Paphia intereat mortali ſaucia dextrâ,
Concidet *Angliaco* num *Venus* orta mari?
Credideram cœlo alterna eluxiſſe *Britanno*
Lumina; at occiduam nox premit alta deam.
Non opus eſt Pariis ut componare ſepulchris:
Te totam *Auriacus*, Diva, ſuperſtes habet.

Tho. Jones Coll. *Trin.*

Εἰ κλαίειν θέμις ἐντὶ, θλίβει δέ τε στάθεα λύπα
Ἀθανάτοις ἕνεκα σωτῆρος, καταλείβετε Νύμφαι
Δάκρυα, σὺν Χαρίτεσσι θεαῖς· τέθνακε ΜΑΡΙΑ
Ἀγγλιακὴ Βασίλισσα, φίλη φίλου ἀνδρὸς ἄκοιτις.
Ἄρχετε πενθαλέας, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
Ὑστάτιον τόγε δῶρον· ἀοιδᾶς τίς κεν Ἄνασσα,

Τίς

Τίς κεν ἔπης φθονέοιεν ἐν ἄϊδι καίπερ ἐοῖσα;
Πᾶσα πόλις θρηνεῖ, καὶ πάντα Βρεττανίδος αἴης
Ἄστεα, καὶ πυκινοῖς δρυμὸς θρηνοῖσιν ἐπαχεῖ,
Ὤρεα καὶ στοναχεῦντι· τὸ πᾶν λίθος ἐστὶν ἐκεῖνος,
Ὅστις ὀδυρομένοισιν ἀνήνατο δάκρυα μίσγειν.
  Ἄρχετε πενθαλέας, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ᾽ ἀοιδᾶς·
Οὐ τόσον ἐν θάμνοισιν Ἀηδόνες, ὄρνεα Μωσῶν,
Λασάμεναι γλυκεροῖο μελίσματος ὠδύραντο,
Οὐ τόσον εἰνάλιοι Ποταμοῖο παρ᾽ ἱερὸν ὕδωρ
Ἀργυρέαις δίναισιν ἐκώκυον αἴλινα κύκνοι,
Αἴλιν᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἀλλήλησι ποτεκρίναντο καὶ ὄχθαι.
  Ἄρχετε πενθαλέας. Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ᾽ ἀοιδᾶς·
Πῶς ἔπεσον δυνατοί; πῶς δύσμορος ὤλετο νύμφη;
Νύμφη ἱμερόεσσα, φάος, καὶ ἔρεισμα Βρεττανῶν,
Δυσμενέσιν μέγα χάρμα; φυλάσσετε, μήποκα Κελτῶν
Τῶ πότμω φάμα τις ἐπ᾽ ἔατα λάθριος ἕρποι,
Μήποκ᾽ εὐφρανθῶσιν ἀγαλλόμεναι Κελτάων
Θυγατέρες Βασιλῆος, ἐν ἀλλήλησι λέγοισαι,
Κάτθανε δειλαίων μεγάλη Βασίλισσα Βρεττανῶν.
  Ἄρχετε πενθαλέας, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ᾽ ἀοιδᾶς.
Αἴ, αἴ, τῶ σκληρῶ μάλα δαίμονος, ἀνδράσιν ἐχθρῶ·
Ἀνδράσιν οὐδὲν ἐὸν, οὐδὲν Βασιλεῦσι βέβαιον,
Στυγνὸς ἵει ἐχεπευκὲς ἐπὶ λαμπροῖσι βέλεμνον.
Πᾶν τὸ καλὸν ταχύποτμον· ἀπὸ μὲν πάρος ἔλλαβε φέγγος
Νυκτιπόλος Βασίλισσα, τάχ᾽ ἄρχεται ἀέρα τέμνειν
Σμικροτέροις κεράεσσι, μινυνθάδιός τε οἱ αὐγά.
  Ἄρχετε πενθαλέας, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ᾽ ἀοιδᾶς.
Ἕλκος ἔχει δύστανος, ἔχει ποτικάρδιον Ἔσω·
Τᾷ καὶ τᾷ φέρεται, κρατερῷ δεδμημένος ἄλγει.
Οὐδέ τί οἱ σκῆπτρον χραισμεῖ, οὐδὲ κλέος αὐτῷ
Ἄφθιτον, οὐρανόμηκες, ὅ γ᾽ οἱ πόρεν Ἄρεος ἔργα.
Παγασίδες κείνῳ θελκτήριον ἄδετ᾽ ἐπῳδάν,

Καί γ' ὀδύνας σκεδάσαι θελκτήριος οἶδεν ἐπῳδά.
  Ἄρχετε πενθαλέας, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
Ἦνθον χ' ἡγεμόνες, βουληφόροι ἀνέρες ἦνθον,
Ἦνθε κασίγνατος χὠ Δανικός, ἤπια εἰδὼς
Δήνεα, καὶ λέγον αὐτοὶ ἐπιστενάχοντες Ἄνακτι,
Λήγεο τοῦ πένθεος, Βασιλεῦ φίλε, λήγεο κλαίων,
Δάκρυα ταῖς Μοίραισιν ἀνάλθεα, δάκρυα πάντα.
  Ἄρχετε πενθαλέας, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
Οὐδ' ἔτι νιν στυγνὸν θρῆνος λίπεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἔνδοι
Ἄλγεα δακρυόεις θυμῷ τρέφει, ἐξότ' ἐκείνας
Κυανέοις βλεφάροισιν ἐφέζετο νὺξ ἐρεβεννή·
  Καὶ τόκα πορφυρέοισιν ἐπὶ λέκτροισι καθίξας,
Δειλαίαν δείλαιος ὀδύρετο· ‘Μεῖνον, Ἄνασσα,
‘Μεῖνον, ἐμὰ ζωά, ζωᾶς γλυκίων ἐρατεινᾶς,
‘Πᾷ φεύγεις, δύστανον ἐμὲ ζώοντα λιποῖσα;
‘Τίς σε θεῶν ὑπὲρ αἶσαν ἐς ᾅδαν δύσμορον ἕλκει;
‘Καί Με σέον λίπεν ἔνθα; τίς ἐστιν ἀνάμερος οὕτως;
‘Οὐ θεός ἐστιν ἐκεῖνος, ἔοικε δ' Ἐριννύϊ ἔλῳ
‘Χαιρεκακῇ· ἄλλως με σὺν αὐτᾷ βάλλεν ἐς ᾅδαν·
‘Ἀμφοτέροις ξυνὰ τόχ' ὁδοί, ξυναί τε κέλευθοι·
‘Σχέτλιος, ὡς ὄφελόν σ' ἐς Πλουτέα μέσφα διώκειν,
‘Καὶ γὰρ ἐμοὶ ἀνιαρὸν ἐς ὕστερον ἔσσεται ἦμαρ.
  Ἄρχετε πενθαλέας, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
Ὣς φάμενος γόον ὦρσεν ἀάσχετον· αὐτὰρ Ἄνασσα
Λεπτὶν ἀποψύχοισα, φίλον ποταμείβετο ἄνδρα·
‘Λῆγε γόων, φιλότης, τί νυ δάκρυσι κῆρ ἐμὸν ἀλγεῖς;
‘Οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔχεις δύσποτμος ἐπαρκέσαι· ἦ γὰρ ἔμ' αὐτὰν
‘Μοῖρα καλεῖ, θάνατός τε βαρύς· πείθωμες ἀνάγκᾳ·
‘Ξυνὸς πᾶσι πέλει θανέειν νόμος, οὐδὲ βροτῶν τις
‘Οὐ κακός, οὐκ ἐσθλὸς φεύξει Ἀΐδεω βασιλῆα.
‘Λῆγε γόων, ἐμὲ Μοῖρα καλεῖ, τὺ δὲ σώζεο χαίρων,
‘Σώζεο. Μοῦ τ' ἀφέλοντο βίον θεοὶ ὅσσον, Ἄνακτι:

‘Τόσ-

"Τόσσον ἐμῷ δοῖεν, καὶ ἔτι πλέον ἵλαοι αὐτῷ·
"Χαῖρ' ὦ 'ναξ, νᾶσον δὲ θεοὶ πάνδ' ἔν θ' ὁμονοίᾳ
"Ἔν τ' εὐημερίᾳ, καὶ ἐμοῦ σώζοιντο θανοίσας.
Λήγετε πενθαλέας, Μῶσαι, ἴτε, λήγετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
Εἶπε, καὶ ἠΰτε καπνὸς ὅσον τάχος ἵπτατο ψυχή.
Ἔλθετε, Ναϊάδες, ποταμῶν γένος, ἔλθετε, Νύμφαι,
Τύμβον ἐς εὔδμητον, κόλποισί τε χερσί τ' ἔχοισαι
Λείρια, καὶ ξανθοῖο κρόκου θυόεσσαν ἐθείρην,
Καὶ ῥόδα, τὰ φιλέεσκε, καὶ αὐτὰν ῥαίνετε πάσαις
Εὐπλέκτοις στεφάνοισι, καὶ εὐόδμοισι πετήλοις.

Ja. Upton Coll. *Regal. Alumnus.*

QUÆ modò, dum vixit, dubiis fundamina rebus,
  Et ſtetit unus Honos omnibus, unus Amor:
Dum moritur fato indigno, cadit omnibus Una,
  Et lacrymæ, & quæſtus, & dolor inde magis,
Hinc multùm dilecta Tuis, dilecta *Britannis*,
  Gentibus heu! cunctis Chara, MARIA, cadis.
At Tu præcipuè caſus Gens *Anglia* ploras,
  Et ſubito in fati turbine fixa ſtupes.
Illa Tibi nuper perituræ occurrere poſſet:
  Penè ſimul, Tantâ depereunte, peris.
Nulla unquam acceſſit noſtro virtutibus Orbi
  Clarior, aut Populo gratior ulla ſuo.
Quantus honos vivo, Majeſtas qualis in ore!
  Et formæ & morum gratia dulcis erat.
Nunc bona forma perit pariter, tantúſque receſſit
  Frontis honos: Corpus pallida inane jacet.

Illa

Illa inter pulchras olim Pulcherrima Nymphas
Par Veneri inceſſit; nec minor Ipſa Dea.
Par Veneri, Cyprum ſiquando reviſere geſtit
Dilectam, & Paphios ducere Diva choros.
Aut ubi mox voluit venienti occurrere Marti,
Et rubor in roſeo pulchrior ore ſtetit.
Hoc vultu, Gulielme, Tibi Tua ſæpe Maria
Sudanti occurrit, ſaucia membra fovens.
Teſtor enim dudum expugnatæ prælia Iernæ,
Tunc ubi virtutis conſcius Amnis erat:
Qui, ſimilis *Xantho*, intumuit creſcentibus undis,
Et fluctu immani ſanguinis erubuit.
Xanthi fama viget, dum Divi carmina Vatis,
Et veterum Herôum nomina magna manent.
Boyna ſimul ſuccreſce, licèt Tibi nullus *Homerus*,
Æternat famam Major *Achille* Tuam.
Cujus honos noménque Tuis cantabitur oris,
Donec, abhinc ſacras, in mare volvis aquas.
Inde reportanti, Gulielme, inſignia Belli
Occurrit primùm Chara Maria Tibi.
Dumque virum læta agnoſcit, tacitiſque pererrat
Luminibus, lacrymis lumina pulchra madent.
Tu tamen, ut viſa eſt, poſitis hoſtilibus Armis,
Quæque minùs Bellis ſunt, Amor, apta Tuis:
Cæpiſti laxis ſenſim molleſcere curis;
Et tremulam amplexus baſia multa dabas.
Tum dix'ti, Mea Diva, mei Tu ſola laboris
Præmia, Tu Conjux ſola Triumphus eris.
Qualem, *Roma*, Tuus nunquam *Pompeius* Armis,
Nec potuit *Cæſar* commeruiſſe ſuis.
Eſt ubi nunc, ſolus Quam, Victor maxime, jactes,
Nempe comes rigidi mollior Illa Tori?

Illa

Illa cadit chari gremio divulſa Mariti,
 Illa ſemel Conjux caſta, venuſta, decens.
Illa cadit Trini Conſors fidiſſima Regni,
 Dimidio Major Pars, Gulielme, Tui.
Jam propè Divinæ defluxit gratia formæ,
 Sævit & in pulchras mors magis ægra genas.
Tu tamen egregio Languentis in ore moratus
 Multùm, offers ſuperis hæc pia Vota Deis.
'Hæc mihi (Vos mentis modò conſcia Numina teſtes)
 'Hæc erat unus Amor, nunc Dolor unus erit.
'Ergo diu vivam ſine Te, Dulciſſima, Tecum
 'Ni vellem, aut pro Te jam moriente mori.
'Fata obſtant votis; & me ſuccurrere rebus
 'Nunc iterum fractis ſcilicet uſque jubent.
'Uſque jubent latè fines, Gentéſque tueri,
 'Et pacem Patriæ conciliare meæ:
'Quin ſimul, ante omnes, dum ſpiritus hos regit artus,
 'Semper erit Populi maxima cura Tui.
'Hoc eſt ſollicitæ quod ducam Tædia vitæ
 'Longiùs hîc, & Te ſeriùs inde ſequar.
Dixerat hæc, Animum ſibi Majeſtate refectus;
 Exſurgitque novis fortior uſque Malis.
Et quanquam attonitus caſu, multóque dolore
 Pectora percuſſus, Par ſibi Tanta tulit.

H. James Coll. *Trin.*

ERgo, Maria, fugis; nullis revocanda tuorum
 Votis, Ipſius Conjugis aut lacrymis?

At poteras, quamvis cœlo matura, tuorum
Reſpexiſſe fidem: nil pia vota movent?
Reſpicis; atque ægrè mens diſceſſura recedit,
Et vellet dulces nectere tarda moras.
Scilicet haud poteras Populi lamenta precéſque,
Conjugis aut lacrymas ſuſtinuiſſe pias.
Sed fruſtrà ulteriùs lacrymæ & lamenta morari
Vellent; fruſtrà eheu! officioſus amor.

Quas Violata fides *Ludovici* fœdere Gentes
Junxerat, aut veræ Relligionis amor;
Nunc tua communi deplorant funera planctu,
Conſociátque novus, te moriente, dolor.
Ante alias omnes dilectæ funera Matris
Inſequitur madidis *Anglia* mœſta genis.
Sed non in lacrymas par tota erit *Anglia* tantas,
Inſula nî in veteres merſa rediret aquas.

Dum procul hinc turmas, *Moſæ* Gulielmus ad undas
Dux egit, medio pulvere Victor ovans:
Tu miti imperio Populos cohibere ſolebas,
Anglia nec Regem ſenſit abeſſe ſuum.

Poſt multo domitos ſudore & ſanguine *Gallos*,
In patriam rediens Victor, honore gravis;
Immemor is ſævi belli, oblitúſque laborum
Ibat in amplexus, Pulchra Maria, tuos:
Et dum poſcenti voluit memorare Triumphos,
Gratâ tardabant oſcula verba morâ,
Qualis, cum rediit domitâ *Tyrinthius Hydrâ*,
In thalamos ſponſæ dicitur iſſe ſuæ;

Tu

Tu *Venerem* Formâ referebas: *Pallada* Mentis
   Viribus, & famâ nobilis ingenii,
Inceſſu *Junonem*, & Majeſtate verendâ:
   Par equidem Divis una, MARIA, tribus.
Heu Amor! heu Pietas! nullóque domabile fato
   Pectus! Virtutes quot capit urna tua?

Nos miſeros! ſed quis referet jam Principis iras,
   Cum primùm triſtis luce carere ſuâ
Ille oculos charos vidit? nunc pectora tundit,
   Pectora non ullo victa dolore priùs.
Ah! nimis indulgere juvat, GULIELME, dolori:
   Continuò ante oculos viſa MARIA tibi.
Et quis miretur, dum chara recurrit imago,
   Si pius in lacrymas totus abire velis?

At dolor eſt veſtro quis juſtior? ictibus æquis
   Conjugis & Patriæ pectora pulſat amor.
Sed Patriæ mox vincet amor, da, Nobilis Umbra,
   Da veniam, in patriam ſi pietas valeat.
Annuit his properè dictis læta umbra: MARIÆ
   Patria chara magìs, quàm fuit ipſa ſibi.

Aſt tu Magne Pater Patriæ, GULIELME, triumphos
   Amoto luctu, concipe mente novos.
Devictis repetenda manent tua Lilia *Gallis*,
   Nec fas eſt lacrymis antè vacare piis.
I decus, I noſtrum; melioribus utere fatis:
   Exeruit vires jam Libitina ſuas.
Indomitus poteris ſi tantas ferre ruinas,
   Poſthâc non poterunt fata nocere tibi.

Chr. Goodfellow Coll. Regin. Soc.

PONe minas, neque funeſtas, Mors dura, ſagittas
Ulteriùs vibra; nil jam Te, Dura, veremur
Mortales, licèt uſque acuas crudelia fati
Inſtrumenta: nihil pejus graviúſve timere
Poſſumus, amiſſæ poſt triſtia fata MARIÆ.
Prodiga, inermáque Mors! uno hoc in funere totus
Irarum vigor, atque acies periêre furores;
Sic n ala pungit apis; ſed acuto in vulnere cunctas
Imbellis vires, intractáque tela relinquit.
Eximium ver decus, & ſpolia ampla referre
Intereà ſperas; ſi dono noctis opacæ,
Nocturnus veluti ſecura mapalia Prædo
Devaſtes, mergáſque unâ tria regna ruinâ.
Si non ſint Reges, terreſtria Numina, letho
Immunes, quid finitimis *Mezentius* arvis
Gallicus inſultat, vetitiſque inglorius armis
Victor ovat: quid adhuc crudelem ducere vitam
Huic datur, ô Superi? gentes turbare quietas
Auſus, ad arma ſuos cogit; placidóſque tumultu
Convocat inſano populos: infanda furentem
Jam tandem cohibete, ſacróque abſumite ferro.
Noli ergo ob duros Britonum, ſcelerata, dolores
Gallia lætari, atque novis gaudere triumphis:
Nam tibi tempus erit, magno cùm optaveris emptam
Incolumem, armorum furiis lacerata, MARIAM:
Cùm *Mars Angliacus*, noſtræ Spes altera *Romæ*,
WILHELMUS premet infenſos; quem juſtus in hoſtem
Impulerit dolor, atque gravis ſtimulaverit ira.
Sic toto *Æneas* deſævit in æquore Victor,
Audacis Turni dextrâ Pallante perempto,

Oppo-

Oppoſitas Rutulorum acies junctáſque Phalanges
Impiger urget, agens telis ; furit enſe cruento.

Fr. Arundell Coll. *Trin.* Commenſ.

In Obitum MARIÆ *Reginæ*, Decembris 28. 1694.

AH! crudelis Hyems, execrandique *Decembres*,
Sicne meam licuit ſurripuiſſe Deam?
Sicne meo licuit diras ſtruxiſſe Monarchæ
Inſidias? Blandæ perniciem MARIÆ?
Nec pulchros oculorum Orbes, nec fulgura Frontis
Divinæ, tantam poſſe *domare* Hyemem?
Fulmina nec magni, nec magni Conjugis iras
Audaci Morbo poſſe dediſſe metum?
Credibile eſt--Talis nam debita victima Cœlo;
Ut Gens placato ſurgeret *Angla* Deo.
Hinc noſtris ſucceſſus erit felicior Armis,
Hinc gravior dabitur, Galle, ruina tibi.
Omnia *Naſſavio* & debentur fauſta MARIÆ;
Pro nobis namque Hic vincit, & Illa cadit.

Joh. Cudworth, Coll. Chriſti *Soc.*

MOrtua! Quis malus attonitas ſonus impulit aures?
Mortua! & occubuit *Magna* MARIA neci?

Heu ! triſtis ſed vera ſimul fert Fama per urbes,
Occidit Angliaci Gloria magna ſoli.
Indignis Cœli donum invidêre *Britannis*,
Depoſitúmque placet jam revocare ſuum.
Fletibus Aula fremit, triſti circùm omnia luctu
Squalent, ad cunctos pertinet ille dolor.
Cur verò aſſuetum ſervat Natura tenorem ?
Inter tot gemitus ſola dolere nequit.
Non caſtigandum monſtravit cælitus orbem
Peſtiferum attollens ſtella maligna caput :
Tellúſve horrendùm ferali territa crine
Intremuit, dirum mox luitura jubar.
Nititur hâc Natura viâ ſe oſtendere mœſtam,
Cum magna, at noſtro damna minora, cadant.
Nunc confuſa hæret magno ſtupefacta dolore,
Abripuit tantas cum Libitina dapes.

Clifford Hall A. B. Coll. Div. *Johan.* Alumnus.

SPerabunt Alii faciles in vota Camœnas,
Ut Numeri venâ liberiore fluant ;
Sunt qui Phœbæas poſcent in Carmina vires,
Ut funeſta canant fata, juvante Deo :
Sed mihi non opus eſt *Phœbo*, non Auſpice Muſâ,
Altus enim ſtimulat pectora noſtra Dolor.
O utinam poſſent verſus decurrere *rivo*,
Quo fluit ex oculis lacryma multa meis,
Mœſtis per ſylvas, & conſcia rura querelis
Fleret *muſa* ſuam non tacitura *Deam*.
Scilicet hæc nutu potuit cohibere Rebelles,
Auguſto Tantus fulſit in Ore Decor.

Cæſaris

Cæſaris ornarent virides cum Tempora Laurus,
Ambroſias Illi cinxit Oliva comas.
Mors tandem (ut fama eſt) *felicibus* invida *rebus*
Crudeli tales reddidit ore ſonos.
" *Flandrica* ſat noſtros teſtatur terra Triumphos,
" Et ſatis humano ſangnine pinguis humus.
" Obſtupuit noſtras Pubes *Germanica* clades,
" Cùm dederint Rubras *Rhenus* & *Iſter* Aquas.
" *Anglia*, vicinis nondum perculſa ruinis,
" Flebit Delicias *Anglia* mœſta ſuas;
" Nec miſeri proſint gemitus, nec inertia vota,
" Succumbet telis pulchra MARIA meis.
Dixit, & ardentes immiſit protinus ignes,
Intima pertentant viſcera dira cohors.
Serpere cum latè ſenſit Regina venenum,
Nec premeret luctus mœſta Corona ſuos.
" Quid me fletis? (ait) lugubres tollite planctus,
" Dimidium noſtri vivere fata ſinunt.
" Pars Animæ melior ſupereſt GULIELMUS, habenam
" Jam teneat Regni fortis utramque ſui.
" Admoveat Superis Illum cùm ſerior Ætas,
" Tum ſimul & noſtro ſolvite juſta rogo.
" Interea inſanos jubeo compeſcere luctus,
" Ante ſuum veniat néve querela diem;
" Altera nè ſcindant Iratæ ſtamina Parcæ,
" (Eſte procul verbis omina dira meis.)
Pluráque conanti jam dicere inutilis hæſit
Lingua, ter in primo deſtitit ore ſonus.
Hæc gelidis hæſit labris vox ultima, Vive,
" O GULIELME, tuo tempore, vive meo.

E. Lewis Coll. *Trin.* A. B.

SI pius elicerem afflictæ conamina Muſæ,
Non ego gliſcentes animo recludere motus,
Non ego *Cæſareæ* gentis memorare labores
Sufficerem: trepidat, pallétque ad funera *Phœbus.*
Volvimur en, dubióque rotantur cardine fati
Res *Britonum*; en luſus iterat fortuna ſeveros,
Inſtauràtque novos pariter Libitina Triumphos.
Cum vix inciperent *magni* decurrere *menſes*,
Cúmque ſub *influxu* Martis Veneriſque *benigno*
Undique lætitiam ſperavimus, undique pacem,
Credidimúſque hauſtam toties fractámque ruinis
Gentem firmari demum, in ſolidóque locari;
Heu ſubitò occidimus miſeri, venerabile ſidus
Occidit, *Angliacáſque* oras inimica premit nox.
O cinis Auguſte! O ingentis nominis Umbra!
Si fuit in fatis crudam ſaturámque dierum
Conceſſiſſe *ſenectutem*, ſi tempora vitæ
Diſtulerint paulùm; revocâſſes ſecula læta,
Secula perpetuis *Anglorum* fœta Triumphis.
Quid tamen & virides annos, niveámque juventam
Nequicquam recolam infelix? quid amabile nomen?
Quid ſolido innixam uirtutis *robore* mentem,
Mentíſque egregias, cœleſtia munera, dotes?
Cùm Tibi nativæ defluxit gratia Formæ,
Cùm Regale decus, cùm Majeſtatis honores
Defluxêre: Tibique etiam GULIELME *cupreſſu*
Intertexta dolet *laurus*, ſempérque dolebit.
Cùm tandem obductâ noctis caligine Lethum
Aſtitit, ora modis attollens frigida miris,
Regina hæc ſecum ſummiſſa voce locuta eſt,

‘Salve

"Salve pallida Mors, mortis ſalvete receſſus;
"Scilicet exuto procedent aurea regna
"Corpore, divinos Animæ ſpirantia honores;
"Hinc Cœli tractus, puros hinc cominùs orbes
"Aſpiciam, Numénque Dei præ fronte recluſum.
Vix ea finierat, contorta potentia lethi
Cum linguam invadit toto ſe vertice miſcens,
Obruit invalidúmque caput, diffuſa per artus
Cor tandem aggreditur, *centróque* infixa triumphat.
  Jámque fugam gaudet longè trans ætheris ignes
Moliri, Empyrióque animam diffundere Cœlo,
Atque Dei *influxus* propiore Numine fuſos
Imbibit.
  Carmine quam vellem ſedes celebrare beatas
Cœlicolûm, Divæque novæ depingere formam,
Ætherios penetrando ſinus! ſi blanda canenti
Gratia, ſi digni ſpirarent Numine cantus.
At mihi languida mens *ingenti pondere laudum*
Obruitur, ſtudióque innixa laborat inani.

Gul. Shippen Coll. *Trin.* Alumn.

EXcepit Cytherea olim (ni vanus *Homerus*)
  A *Diomedeâ* vulnera facta manu.
Crediderim, *majus* cùm ſit *violabile Numen*:
  En! cadit uno ictu *Juno*, *Minerva*, *Venus*.

R. Moſs Coll. *C. C.* Soc.

En

EN ſubito fatorum œſtro cura omnibus Una,
Omnibus Una Decus dulce, MARIA jacet.
Illa olim poterat perituræ occurrere Genti,
Omnibus una Salus & medicina malis.
Quid tamen in Vulgus Tibi non Libitina licebit,
Victa Tuis telis ſi cadat Ipſa ſalus?

Thomas Burrell Coll. *Magd.* Commenſ.

QUis ejulatus, quantus & poſſit dolor
Æquare jacturam gravem?
Quibus querelis inſequamur Perfidæ
Sævam impotentiam Deæ;
Legémque inexorabilem necis invidæ,
Injurioſâ dexterâ
Quæ carpit omne pulchrum, & improbè cita
Meritam ſenectutem amputat?
Experta quoties hoc miſera *Britannia*
Spes irritas defleverit
Præcoci in obitu Regiæ propaginis,
Siqua extiterit illuſtrior.
Graviore tanto nunc ſed ægrimoniâ
Te plorat abreptam ſibi,
Regina, quantò Tu priores Principes
Et quot ſequens ævum afferet,
Virtute ſuperâſti, omnis Excellentiæ
Exemplar Auguſtiſſimum!

Cujus

Cujus meruerant templa dotes ſingulæ;
Te ſæculis prioribus
Rerum tuliſſet ordo ſi maturior:
Prudentiâ quæ *Palladi*
Præcelluiſti, & pulchritudine fulgidâ
Parenti Amoris aureæ;
Ceſſitque Tibi *Junonis* ampla dignitas.
His muneribus at præpotens,
Tamen ut facilis eras & omnibus bona.
Quantùm eminebat optima
In ſubditos clementia, inſuperabilis
Et contumeliis amor.
Quàm regiam Te nomine hoc oſtenderas,
Deóque quàm ſimillimam
(Sanctas gerebas cujus in terrâ vices)
Sævos adeò in hoſtes pia?
Radiis licèt humus ut tepida ſolaribus
Atros vapores elevet,
Qui ſplendidum illorum nitorem obnubilant;
Puro renidet lumine
Tamen ipſe Sol, & ignibus genitabilem
Nubes in imbrem colliquat.
At occidiſti; nec Tibi quid profuit
Prænobilis perfectio:
(Ita cæca fati immanis eſt audacia!)
Dum perfruuntur proſperâ
Vivacitate in exitia plorantium
Triſtes Tyranni Gentium.
Imò occidiſti; (ut ſydus abſorptum, novis
Creſcebat indies licèt
Fulgoribus:) dolent nec Inſulæ modò
Britannicæ Te mortuam,

Diémque lugent execrabilem; adjicit
Sed univerſa lacrymas
Europa ſociales, nefandi particeps
Lugubris infortunii.
Quin aſperæ & levamen ægritudinis,
(Heu penè & hoc raptum fuit)
Quòd non perires tota, dimidium & Tui
Relinqueres ſuperſtitem
Te Conjuge eximiâ unicè dignum Virum;
Dignúmque, fortunas ſuas
Cui Chriſtianus orbis addicat volens;
Provinciæque Vindicem
Quem perditæ, atque vera Pietas, publica
Salúſque Patronum invocent;
Lenitus hunc indulgeat ſaltèm Deus
Periclitanti ſæculo
Atque (abſolutis ſi minùs fieri poteſt
Acceſſio virtutibus)
Solatium ut nobis faciat, & quod Tibi
Maturius fatum allevet;
Bonus adjiciat Illi dies præter ſuos,
Tibi quos MARIA dempſerit.

Guil. Denny A.B. *Trin.* Coll.

ΘΡΗΝΩΔΙΑ.

Ἴαμβοι.

ΦΗ'μη μελαίναις ὥσπερ αἰωρουμένη
Πτερύγεσσι σὺν, καί τ' ὄμμασι λυγροῖς ὁρᾶν
Ἀνέπτεν εἰς πόλεις χθονὸς Βρεταννικῆς,

Πρὸς

Πρὸς ὄχλον οἰκτιστόν τε, δυστυχεῖς λόγους.
Λαοῖσι φιλτάτη γυνὴ θάνεν, θάνεν·
Ἰδού· κατ' ἄστυ πάντα χρημάτων ὀκνεῖ,
Ἅπαν ταραχῇ πέλει τόση τε σύγχυσις,
Ὡς ἂν τὸ τοῦ κόσμου τέλος κύρει πέλας,
Ἔχειν ὀδυρμοὺς πλείονας μηδὲ δυνατόν·
Κείνῳ γε φωτὶ γὰρ πολύστονοι κακοὶ
Μόνοι, καλοῖσιν ἀλλὰ δὴ λίαν χαρά·
Νῦν εὐσεβείας οἵτινες σεβάσμιοι,
Ὅσοι τε πραγμάτων ἐρῶσ' ἡρωϊκῶν
Δέσποιναν ἡμῶν δὴ μάλιστα δάκρυσιν
Κλείουσι, κἂν ᾠδαῖς τάφον μελιπνόοις,
Ἐπεὶ γὰρ οἴδασιν καλῶς σοφώτεροι,
Εἶναι χάρις χθονὸς, σέβασμά τ' οὐρανοῦ·
Μάθοιεν εἰ ἀρετὰς ὅλη δ' οἰκουμένη
Ἄνακτος αὐτῆς, καὶ βίον παμόλβιον,
Λονδῖνον ὥσπερ ὦ σὺ δυστυχεστάτη,
Ἀρκεῖ πολὺν γόον μόνον τόδ' ἱέναι,
Γένος τί; τίς τὰ πραγμάτων γηθεῖ κλύων,
Ὅπως φόνευσεν αἶσα πότνιαν βροτῶν,
Ἐν ἡμάτων σθένει; φαεινοῖς ἐν θρόνοις,
Πάντων ὅπου στέρνων ἑτοίμασεν σέβας·
Γλώσσαισ' νέον τὸ βαρβάρων, αἲ, αἲ φέρει,
Τουρκῶν τε ἐθνῶν ὄμμασιν πολλὸν δάκρυ·
Ὅταν λόγος νικᾷ πάθη Βρεταννικῶν,
Καὶ φροῦδόν ἐστιν εἰκὸς ἀλγέων σχεδὸν,
Οὐ χρὴ πλέον μοῖραν στένειν αὐτῆς χάριν,
Ἕκητι γὰρ θεοῦ πικρὴν φύγεν χθόνα,
Ἔχουσα σκῆπτρον Ἀγγέλων χρυσοῦν χεροῖς.

J. Weld Coll. Emman. *Juris Civ. Studioſus.*

IMmanem mortem, nimiúmque potentia fata,
Novimus experti, atque immitia numina Parcas.
Vos *Britonum* Terræ, nunc *infelicia Rura*,
Plangite. At O! quondam nimiùm *felicia Rura*,
Rura Deo dilecta, nimis lætíque coloni,
Ereptam vobis Dominam lugete. MARIAM
Ingemat omne nemus, valles plangore reſultent.
Indicium luctûs lacrymæ, curæque ſilentes
Ora rigant hominum, & præcordia fortia rumpunt.
Ipſe autem, ante alios, multò *mæſtiſſimus*, omnes,
Rex ibat; quantò majore ardebat amore,
Tantò majores vexabant pectora curæ.
Tota fuit pietas, & tota modeſtia, tota
Juſtitia, & totam clementia vendicat; omnes
Virtutes propriam agnoſcunt, totámque requirunt.
Tam charum Caput amiſſum non uſque juvabit
Mœſtos deflere, & mordaces volvere curas.
Non lacrymas *Cineres* curant, *Manéſque* ſepulti,
Non verò eripuit totam mors atra MARIAM;
Vivit, & in terris quod erat mortale reliquit.
Jam cœlo matura Anima ad Cognata receſſit
Aſtra, atque inſuetum miratur limen *Olympi*
Hoſpes Divorum gratiſſima. Jámque frequentes
Divi, *Semideique*, *Heroes*, candida turba
Occurrunt, quorum longè clariſſimus Ordo
Henrici, *Edvardique*, & Magnum nomen *Eliſa*
Bellatrix, *Carolúſque* Duplex, paciſque *Jacobus*
Cultor, Sceptigeri incedunt longo ordine Reges.
Cognatam accipiunt læti, ſolióque locantes
Sydereo, inſtaurant epulas, Cœleſtia dona,

Purpu-

Purpureiſque bibunt felicia Nectara labris.
Illa autem ætheriis de ſedibus omnia luſtrans,
Proſpicit *Anglorum* terras. Regémque dolentem
Alloquitur, tandem & roſeo ſic ore profatur.
" Pone modum curis, triſtes deponito luctus,
" O Rex! O quondam Conjux fidiſſime! noſtri
" O nimiùm memor! O noſtris Decus addite Sceptris!
" *Tu regere Imperio populos,* GULIELME, *memento,*
" *Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos.*
" Auſpiciis, Victórque, tuis, *Ruſſellius* alta
" Æquora *Neptuno* doceat parere *Britanno.*
Dixerat. Et *dictis Divinum adſpirat amorem.*
Multa animo Regis virtus, multúſque recurſat
Gentis honos, & viſa loqui quum ſomnia vera
Conjux, Jam pugnas, jam poſcit fervidus arma.
O! animum invictum præſens Fortuna ſequatur,
Atque triumphali donet Victoria lauru
Et vos, O Superi, curæ quibus *Anglia*, votis
Anglorum annuite, & tanti ſolatia luctûs,
Annos Reginæ abreptos ſuperaddite Regi.

Rob. Grove A. B. Coll. *D. Joan.* Soc.

REginæ Exequias, & non reparabile vulnus
Proſequimur lacrymis:altè ut dolor incubat *Anglis!*
Ut triſte ut ferale gemunt! fuit *Anglia*; Divâ at
Semiſepulta ſuâ eſt; tantùm *Regníque Cadaver,*
Relliquiæque ſumus *populi*, vix ſpiritus intùs
Exagitat molem Imperii. Cùm funere *Eliza*
Occidit, implevítque polos, Gens præfica flevit:

Sic lacerata comas, & ſic nimis horrida luctu.
Deliquio perculſa genas *Academia* largis
Humectat rivis, neglectu ſquallida deflens
Heu! conclamatos cineres, atque *aſpera* Cœli
Vulnera; nam doctis meditans *Pæana* ſub antris,
Quid canere inciperet, quò ſurgat carminis ordo,
Flandriacis poſtquam, ſpoliis indutus opimis
Conſtiterit campis, Victor firmo pede, *Cæſar*:
Fatale ut ſentit per vulgus ſerpere murmur,
Carminis illa oblita ſui, calamóſque lyrámque
Projicit, ingratum jam pondus, *inutile lignum.*
Quidni etenim? Quæ carminibus numeróſque ſonóſque,
Vímque modis dederat, vitali veſcier aurâ
Deſiit, & moriens ſecum tulit illa Camœnas.
Credimus eſſe Deos? bene vix abſterſerat imbres,
Et vix ſopitos Gens delinita dolores
Mulſerat; illatos rursùs Dea duplicat ictus,
Crudeſcitque iterùm nunquam coitura cicatrix.
Præſule de tanto cum Mors ſpolia ampla reportas,
Cur quoque Regales agis imperioſa Triumphos?
Viciſti tandem, dum per compendia rerum
Cædebas penitùs funeſtâ clade *Britannos*,
Spémque gregémque ſimul, totámque ex ordine Gentem.
Dii Tutelares gentis, quorum omine veſtri
Angligenæ regimur (quondam dilecta propago:)
Anglia fortè ſuum, rebus ſi elata ſuperbis,
Non moderata animum foret, aut ſi perfida fœdus
Fregerit, aut veſtris ſi non adoleverit aris,
Vel *Tybris Thameſi* impuras commiſcuit undas,
Tum nihil O querimur; ſed cùm commiſcuit undas
Non *Thameſi Tybris*, cùm nos adolevimus aris,
Ingruit immeritis nimìs inclementia Cœli,

Secu-

Securos noſtri, ſin Vos Ignavia cœlo
Alligat, Imperii cui olim indulſiſtis habenas
Illius oblitos ſi Vos incuria cœpit;
Vel veſtrâ ſaltem cauſâ ſuccurrite nobis:
Nam Vobis, veſtríſque ex æquo inviſa *Britannis*,
Ignati incipiet ſoboles ſic ſpargere voces:
"Scilicet ut movit cœlos Regina propinquos!
"Eja ut Cognatæ tanguntur funere Divi!
"Huc redit *Angligenûm* fictæ pietatis imago?
At nos quid contrà? taciturni triſte cadaver
Efferimus lacrymíſque genas turpamus obortis.
Quorſum hæc? allatras & cur Muſa impia cœlis?
Cur repetíſque illam, quam cœlo debita Virtus
Eripuit matura, *ſuóque* aſcripſit *Olympo*?
Illa autem Superis quanquàm Matura cadebat
Plena ævi & famæ, nobis tamen indiga vitæ
Implevit numerum, & nimis improviſa, Deorum.
O quis ſe, morbi quoties occurrit imago,
Temperet à lacrymis? artus ſacer ignis edebat,
Purpureos artus, & iniquo pondere feſſum
Succubuit caput, olim illud Diademate quamvis
Cinctum erat; Imperii magnos & ſæpe dolores,
Atque abſente graves tulit olim *Cæſare* curas.
Diva tamen noſtris ingentia nomina faſtis
Uſque, Maria, geres; olim volventibus annis
Maturus dum multa ſuper Virtute Mariæ,
Multa ſuper formâ rogitans pendebit ab ore
Narrantis patris, arrectis avidè auribus aſtans;
Sic Pater excipiet: "Fili olim quis fuit ille,
"Quis fuit ille dies? cùm (qualis *Eliza Philippum*
"Virgo audax, qualis vel *Margareta* rebelles,
"Dum pius *Henricus* precibus dedit otia, turmas

"Fregerit,

"· Fregerit, *immaniqu*e agitaret *turbine* belli)
" Dia Maria Domi (dum *Moſæ Cæſar* ad undas
" *Galligenas* avidè hærentes, jam jámque tenentes
"· Reppulit) ingentes *Gallorum* contudit iras,
" Et latè inſtravit laceratis navibus æquor,
" Imperium Oceani victrici claſſe reportans:
" *Os humeróſque Deæ ſimilis*, ſic gratia pulchris
" Interfuſa genis nituit, regnavit ocellis
" Vis vegetis; ſed quis deſcribat frontis honorem,
" Aut ignes oculis, & non imitabile fulmen?

Nicho. Penny Coll. *Regin.* Alumn.

" Ἄρχετε θεσπεσίων, Μοῦσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετε θρήνων,
Ἠδὲ μελάγχλαινοι κατὰ δάκρυα χεύατε λυγρά,
" Ὤλετο γὰρ Νήσου Πύργος καὶ Χάρμα Βρετανῆς,
Σκηπτοῦχος Βασίλισσα, Ἀρετὴν καὶ εἶδος ἀρίστη·
Κάτθανεν ἡμιθέαινα, ταχὺς γὰρ Πότμος ἵκανε,
Καὶ πολλαῖσι νόσοις οἱ ἐπήγαγε μόρσιμον ἦμαρ.
Ἀλλὰ τί τοῦτο νέον, Μοῖρα βροτολοιγέ, ποίησας;
Οὐ θέμις, ὦ Θάνατος, Βασιλήϊα σώματα κτείνειν,
Σοί γ' ἔξεστι βροτοὺς πάντας τιτρωσκέμεν· Αὐτὰρ
Ἀθάνατοι Βασιλεῖς, ὥσπερ Θεοὶ οὐρανίωνες.
Τοῦτ' ἔγνω Θάνατος χαλεπὸν καὶ δυσχερὲς εἶναι,
Καὶ τερμέων ἀπέβη, Βασίλειά τε δώματα φεῦγεν,
Αἵματι μηδ' Αὐτῆς χεῖρας τόλμησε μιαίνειν.
Ὡς γὰρ ὅτ' Ἰξευτὴς τυτθαὶς ὄρνιθας ἁλώσων
Ἰξῷ ἄρα λιπαρῷ ἀμελῶς βλαστήματ' ἀλείφει,
Εἰ δή πως Ἀετὸς νεφελῶν γε καθίπτηται ἄκρων,
Δίκτυα μὲν πρώτιστα πλέκει, τὰ δὲ καμπύλα τόξα

Καρπα-

Καρπαλίμως τανύει, καλάμων στερέει τε φαρέτρην,
Ἢ βίῃ ἠὲ δόλοις μάρπτειν Βασιλῆα πετεηνῶν·
Οὕτω καὶ Θάνατος θνητῶν γένος ὕστατον ἀνδρῶν
Νικᾷ ῥηϊδίως, πρώτοισί τε πλήγμασ' ἐναίρει·
Ἀλλ' ὅταν ἡμετέρην βάλλειν ἐθέλῃ Βασίλισσαν
Ἀργαλέον πυρετὸν προΐει, καὶ φλυκτίδας αἰνάς,
Ἀτλήτους προμάχους, οἵ τ' ἄλγεα μυρί' ἔθηκε·
Καὶ τούτοις μὲν χερσὶ δαμῶν θεοειδέα, Αὐτὸς
Ἐγγίζει· Κῆρες δὲ παρεστήκασι μέλαιναι,
Πνεῦμά τ' ἀφαιροῦνται· Ὣς ὤλετο Δῖα γυναικῶν.

Κλαίετε Πιερίδες καὶ στήθεα τύπτετ' ἄθυμα,
Ὤχετο γὰρ ΜΑΡΙΑ, φιλέοντί τε Σπέρματ' Ἀκοίτῃ
Ἔλλιπε, σὺν δ' αὐτοῖς ὁρμήματά τε στοναχάς τε·
Αὐτὴ δ' ἀΐξασ' εἰς οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντα
Ἔλλαχεν ἀΐδιον στέφανον, καὶ ἀθέσφατον ὄλβον.

Λήγετε νῦν ὀδυνῶν ἀλεγεινῶν, λήγετε Μοῦσαι,
Δάκρυ' ἀφ' ὑμετέρων ἀπομόργνυτε πάντα παρειῶν,
Ἠδὲ χαρᾷ μεγάλῃ λιγυραῖς τάχα μέλπετ' ἀοιδαῖς,
Ἄγγλοι ἐπιχθονίων ἔπι εἰσὶ μακάρτατοι ἀνδρῶν.
Ἡμῶν γὰρ κρατέει Βασιλεὺς θνητῶν ὄχ' ἄριστος,
Φρουρὰ Δικαιοσύνης, ἠδὲ Πτολέμοιο κεραυνός,
Κάρτος Ἀλεξάνδρῳ, Σοφίην Σολομῶντι ἐοικώς,
Ὅς τε Νόμους σώζει, μεγερὸν κίνδυνον ἐρύκων,
“ Ἀμφότερον Βαπλεύς τ' ἀγαθός, κρατερός τ' Αἰχμητής.

Joh. Creſſener, A. B. *Coll. Regin.*

TE ſi quando Tuorum aut tangunt triſtia Regum
Fata, nec es ſaxis, *Anglia*, dura magis.

Aut

Aut ſi quando Tuas propiùs res aſpicis, & Te
Sollicitam uſque Tui conſcia cura ſubit.
Indue nunc triſtes, pariter triſtiſſima, vultus,
Totáque diffuſis fletibus ora riges.
Soccubuit morti Princeps chariſſima, Regna
Quæ potuit nuper ſuſtinuiſſe Tria.
Mors illam importuna rapit, morientibus olim,
Et miſeris vitam reddere quæ poterat.
Quæque priùs latè gentes dominata ſuperbas,
Pulvere in exiguo *corpus inane* latet.
Corpore quin pulchro ſævi veſtigia morbi
Uſque manent, lacrymis uſque lavanda piis.
Mœſta Tuam caſum lugebit Turba Tuorum,
Sæpe petens vacuas Turba relicta Domos;
Regia reſpondet miſeris concuſſa querelis,
Et ſudant lacrymas marmora ſacra ſuas.
Dicitur hìc Conjux ingenti adductus Amore
Te, fugiente animâ, detinuiſſe ſinu.
Hic Soror in partem, fato percuſſa, doloris
Venit, & immotos multa precata Deos:
Illa ſinus pariter lacrymis implevit obortis,
Jam palleſcentes dilaniata genas.
Atque ait, O mihi Luce magis dilecta Sorori!
Lucem hanc ingratam Te ſine ſola traham?
Soláne perpetuos patiar deſerta labores?
Tecum abeam, aut mihi Tu, chara Maria, redi.
At quoniam vulgi vox eſt inſulſa prophani
Exerceri odiis pectora noſtra malis:
En fletus, gemitúſque, imóque in corde dolores
Verſatos, neſcit talia fictus Amor.
Quod ſupereſt, adero ad ſacras triſtiſſima Pompas,
Et ſimul in cineres ultima dona feram.

Tu

Tu verò, meritis ſi cedant maxima magnis
  Præmia, apud ſuperos uſque, Maria, reges;
Cognatiſque Animis Comes ibis; Avunculus Alter
  Carolus occurret, *Carolus* alter Avus.
Una tamen propior, Tibi par, dum vita manebat,
  Una erit ante alias dulcis *Eliza* comes.
His plenos miſcebis Amores, gaudia ſemper
  Mutua concipies, mutua, Diva, feres.

Br. Fairfax, Trin. Coll.

Ἐπὶ τῆς ὁσιωτάτης ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΣΑΣ ΜΑΡΙΑΣ γε-
ρωτάτην τελευτὴν Εἰδύλλιον.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ, καὶ ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ.

Βα. Εἰπέ μοι, ὦ Κορύδων, τίνα σοῦ φρένες ἄλγεα πάσχοις;
  Τί στοναχεῖς ἀχέων, συγερὸν τ' αὐλοῖσιν ἀείδων,
  Αἴλινά τοι στοναχεῖν τε νάπαις, καὶ δένδρεα διδάσκεις,
  Καὶ χορὸν ἁμέτερον φεύγεις, καὶ δαῖτα γενέθλης,
  Μήθ' ἱερὰς μεγάλοι ψάλλεις τὰς Πανὸς ἑορτάς;
Κο. Βάττε, βαρυνομένων κραδίαν μέγα πένθος ἵκανεν,
  Ὅττι βίη θανάτοιο καλάν περ ἀν' Ἄρτεμιν εἷλεν,
  Ἄρτεμιν, οὐράνιον γένος, ἄν ποτε μητίετα Ζεὺς
  Καὶ ζαθέα ψυχᾷ, ζαθέῳ καὶ σώματι κοσμῶν,
  Οὐρανόθεν κατέπεμψ', ἁμῖν δ' ἐπέδωκεν ἄνασσαν.
Βα. Ὦ τάλαν, ἦ θανάτοιο βίη καὶ Ἄρτεμις εἶκεν,
  Αὐτὰν ἀθανάτοισιν ἀεὶ ἐνομίσδομεν ἴσαν.
Κο. Ἀθανάτοις μὲν ἔοικε, καὶ ἱμερόεσσ' ἀπάτασις
  Ἁδὲ λίαν πᾶσιν τοῖς ποιμέσιν, οἳ ὑπὸ ταύταν

Γαθοσιώως ἀγέλας χλοεροῖς ἐφύλαξαν ἐν ἀγροῖς,
Ἀσφαλέας, μηδὲν τῇ λύκων πεφοβημέναι ἦτορ.
Βα. Οἱ θνατοὶ πελόμεσθα, τόδ᾽ αὔελον οὐκ ἐστερῶμεν·
Εἰς ὅσον Ἀρτέμιδος χάριτας μάλ᾽ ἐσκεψάμεθ᾽ ἄμμες,
Αἵτινες ἐν θεοειδεῖ ἐλαμπρώοντο προσώπῳ·
Σκεψάμενοι τὰ μάλιστα νόῳ ἀρετὰς ἀναρίθμους,
Ὧν ἐν πάντι χρόνῳ τὰν ψυχὰν ἔκπλεον ἔσχεν,
Οὐδέποτ᾽ ἐν θνατοῖσιν ἐνηριθμήσαμεν αὐτὰν,
Ἀλλὰ θεὰν ᾠήθημεν ναέταν ἐπὶ γαῖαν.
Κο. Νῦν ἀπάταν ταύταν ἐπεδείκνυσε μοῖρα μέλαινα,
Ὤλετο δ᾽ ἀθανάτων γένος, ὤλετο δ᾽ Ἄρτεμις αὐτά.
Ἄρτεμιν αἰάζοντι ἐπαιάζουσιν Ἔρωτες,
Παρθενικαῖς ᾠδαῖς θρηνοῦσιν αἱ ἐννέα Μοῦσαι,
Καὶ χάριτες σεμναὶ, δρυμοῦ ποταμοῖό τε Νύμφαι·
Θαμεσίοις μύροντ᾽ εἰν᾽ ὕδασιν αἴλινα κύκνοι
Καὶ πυκιναὶ γοερὰν ὑμνοῦσιν ἀηδόνες ᾠδάν·
Θρηνῳδεῖ καὶ πᾶσα κλυτὴ πόλις, ἄστεα πάντα,
Ἁμετέρα τὰ μάλιστα πόλις Χάμοιο παρ᾽ ὄχθαις,
Ἅ ποτε χαρμοσύναις ἀδέως μέλπουσα προσωδαῖς,
Ἀρτέμιδος στέφανον ξὺν πάντι κατήγγελε κόσμῳ,
Εἵματι νῦν λυγεροῖσιν ἀποθρηνοῦσα κάθηται,
Καὶ στοναχῶν ὑμνεῖ λυπροὺς πενθοῦντος ἀριθμούς.
Βα. Λῆγε τοῦ πένθους, Κορύδων, τὰ σὰ δ᾽ ὄμματ᾽ ἄναιρε,
Μήδ᾽ ὅλον ἀσύχιον καὶ εὔδιον οὐρανὸν εἶδες;
Τὰν λαμπρὰν ταύταν Διὶ ἔστιβεν Ἄρτεμις οἴμαν,
Ἀθανάτη πέλεται, καὶ ἀθανάτοισι σύνεστι,
Καὶ στέφανον χρυσοῦν καὶ χρύσεα σκῆπτρα λιποῦσα,
Ἀμβροσίοις στεφάνοισι, θεῶν τε διήλλαγε σκήπτροις.
Ἀλλὰ σὺ, ὦ Κορύδων, μὴ δάκρυα χεῦσον ἔνυγρα,
Ἤδη Ἀρτέμιδος παρακοίτης Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
Ὃν γ᾽ ὕπατοι θνατοῖσι χάρισμα μέγιστον ἔδωκαν,
Αὐτὸς ἐπ᾽ ἀνθρώποισι μένει, καὶ ποιμέσιν ἁμῖν

Ἵλαος

Ἵλαος, ἀλλότριόν τε λύκον ποίμναισιν ἀπωθεῖ.
Κο. Ζᾶπον, Ἰὼ, Ζᾶπον, καὶ ποιμέσι πᾶσιν ἐν ἀγροῖς
Ἄρξον, ἕως ἀμφοῖν ἀρχῆς τε βίου τε κορεσθεὶς
Ὀψὲ πόθον χρηστὸς τὠλύμπια δώματ' ἀνελθεῖν.

Joh. Wilkinſon è Coll. Emman.

CArmina ſi fas ſit mœſtis adhibere querelis,
Sive unquam liceat Fata maligna queri,
Carmina jam poſcit juſtiſſima cauſa querelæ
Immiti Mortis rapta MARIA manu ;
Nil unquam ad noſtras pervenit acerbius aures
Qui colimus *Cami* lenè fluentis aquas :
Optavi quoties aut vanus nuncius eſſet,
Aut ullâ hæc eſſet mors redimenda prece,
Sed nil crudeles, nil curant talia Parcæ,
Nil illas lacrymæ, nil pia vota movent.
Heu Regni columen, decus immortale *Britannûm*,
Præſidium Sacris, occidit ante diem!
(Haud aliter tenerâ quàm cùm reſecatur in herbâ
Quæ primo decorat gramina vere Roſa)
Hei mihi quot clades ex Funere metior uno!
O dolor! O læſi triſtia ſigna Dei!
Jam cohibeto manum, ſint tanta hæc juſta piac'la,
Ira nec ulterius ſæviat, Alme Deus,
Oppreſſum luctu Regem nè ſentiat Hoſtis,
Sentiat Invictum ſæva ubi bella vocant.
Jactatas da, Summe Pater, decerpere laurus,
Da *Britonas* lætâ pace beare ſuos.

Ric. Coore A. M. Coll. *Regal.* Socius è Senioribus.

NOX

NOX erat & gratum captabant feſſa ſoporem
Membra mihi, ſubitò cùm ſeſe inopina jacenti
Obtulit ante oculos humanâ Major imago,
Cui vultus Cœleſtis erat Divináque forma,
At lacrymis fœdata tamen paſſiſque capillis,
Quos miſerâ plangens conata eſt vellere dextrâ,
Primum multa gemens ſuſpiria pectore duxit
Ex imo, ſævóque ſtetit confixa dolore;
Mox has in voces erumpit: ſiccine Cœlis
Contempta eſt Pietas? ſic noſtrî cura tuendi
Poſthabita eſt? Ah! quid queror? aut quid Numinis iram
Incuſo demens? Me, Me culpare parente
Indignam tali fas eſt.---Sic fata, furentes
Solvitur in luctus rurſum, lacrymiſque coortis
Obruta conticuit: quo viſo, me quoque Mœror
Invaſit: Myſtúſque rogo: Quæ triſtia fata
Tantos Diva, ferunt planctus? aut tanta dolendi,
Quæ tibi cauſa manet? Nomen quoque dicere fas ſit
Ut, ſi fata ſinant, miſeræ ſuccurrere poſſim:
Sin minus, at ſaltem ſocium es me habitura doloris
Tum, ſic, ſuſpirans, Ah! quid renovare dolorem
Infandum tentas? inquit. Solamina tanti
Nulla dari poſſunt luctûs. Sed cùm mea fata
Te quoque, Chare, manent, hæc Me tacuiſſe pigebit,
Quanquam animus meminiſſe horret, Lacrymæq; recuſant.
Albionæa mihi Nomen, caſtiſſima cunctas
Inter *Chriſticolas*, quoniam mea Maxima Cura eſt
Relligio, qualis puro de fonte ſupernæ
Manavit legis: nec enim meretricia ſumo
Ornamenta mihi: ſed dignum Numine cultum

Sin-

Sincerâ pietate colo. Contrà, mihi Numen
Præſens ſemper adeſt: nam, cùm crudelia bella
Ingruerent, fraudéſque domi ſtruerentur iniquæ,
Cæde metúque procul poſuit, geminique parentis
Auſpiciis lætam fecit: quorum alter in armis
Hoſti terrorem incuteret, ſociiſque ſalutem
Firmaret: pacis pietatiſque altera leges
Moribus exornare ſuis & nomine poſſet.
Hinc Romana ſoror (ſi fas dixiſſe ſororem)
Ferro Me flammâque petit: nec Gallia diras
Inſidias, quibus intereum, neque negligit artes
Infandas: ſed cùm ſuperi ſprevere, petendum
Credidit Infernum, precibúſque *Acheronta* laceſſit.
Hinc Rex *Tartareus* (cui Gens Noménque *Britannûm*
Inviſum) diris facum meditatus Avernis,
Quo ſimul & pietatis honos columénque ſalutis
Corrueret, Morbum furialem miſit ab Orco,
Atque dolore gravi juſſit vexare MARIAM
Reginam: juſſus paret, nec deſtitit, ante,
Ægra piæ tetro perfundere membra veneno,
Quàm letho dederat. Sic diro ſaucia morbo
Occidit alma *parens patriæ*: (miſerabile dictu!)
Nec pietatis amor, ſummi neque cura colendi
Numinis eripuit fato. Rex ipſe dolendo,
Quin animam expiret victus, vix continet, ægram.
Impavidâ qui mente ſolet per tela, per hoſtes,
Ire ferox, quem nulla Maris domuêre peric'la
Nec terræ, domuit tandem *immaturus* amatæ
Conjugis interitus: jacet, ô jacet inclytus heros
Semianimis: ſtupet ingenti conterrita luctu
Regia tota domus: Nomen gemebunda MARIÆ
Conclamat, defletque ſuum Brittannia fatum.

Hæc

Hæc ubi dicta dedit, triſti ſuperata dolore
In terram collapſa eſſet, ni forte cadenti
Auxilium præſens & opem deus ipſe tuliſſet.
Ecce etenim ſubito cœlis delapſa ſerenis
Una quidem ſuperûm, placido cui lumine vultus
Lætus erat, circáque caput Diadema refulſit:
Et veſtis candens gemmis auróque micabat:
Cui facies auguſta fuit, qualiſque MARIÆ
Semper erat, ſanctâ cum Majeſtate benigna.
Hæc tum labentem ſuſtentans *Albionæam*,
Ore pio ſic eſt affari viſa dolentem.
Fata quid incaſsùm quereris? Nè cede dolori,
Chara Deo; quanquam pater ad cœleſtia regna
Me vocat omnipotens, haud illi cura tuendi
Poſthabita eſt veſtrî: nec enim ſine rege reliquit:
Rege *pio, forti*; ſed quos mihi denegat annos
Hos illi ſupereſſe dabit: nec defore vobis
Me (licèt ex oculis ſublatam) ſpondeo: ſed, cùm
Magnanimus denſos fertur GULIELMUS in hoſtes,
Ipſa adero capiti tam charo ſemper, & illum
Tutabor, donec tandem ſaturatus honore
Et ſpoliis redeat victor pacémque reducat
Europæ, Sic te facili multos reget annos
Imperio, & ſerò cœlum exoptatus adibit.

Jo. Leng. A. M. *Aul. D. Cath.* Socius.

ECce jacet. Vidén' ut denſâ ſtent lumina nocte,
Inſideátque genis, *totámque infuſa per artus*
Mors teneat molem, & toto ſe corpore prodat
Plurima? noſtrarum Spes O fidiſſima rerum,

Ut

Ut Te ſpectamus! cur Mors *indigna ſerenos*
Fœdavit vultus; *aut cur hæc vulnera cerno?*
O faciles dare ſumma Deos, eadémque tueri
Difficiles! fuit Illa, (fuit, quam flebile verbum!)
At nunc in vacuum *ferus omnia Jupiter* Orcum
Tranſtulit (in vacuum cur tam citò tranſtulit Orcum?)
Invectus veluti magno *Romana* Triumpho
Mœnia cum Conſul victam longo ordine Gentem
Inſignis curru Capitolia ad alta trahebat;
Seu *Nomadum* Gens dura fuit nova cauſa Triumphi,
Seu *Parthus, Medúſve,* pharetratúſve *Gelonus*;
Tot ſpolia ampla Ducum, ludos, plauſúſque ſecundos
Una anguſta dies excepit, terminus arctus:
Et quàm contraxit noſtram Parcæ invida dextra
Lœtitiam! *nimiùm vobis, Dii, viſa beata*
Anglia, ſi longùm ſuper Utraque dona fuiſſent.
Dii, quibus imperium eſt Orci, túque optime *Minos,*
Dicite: (*Vos noviſtis enim, & memorare poteſtis*)
Dicite, terrenos ecquænam anima exuit artus
Integra tam morum, támque atræ neſcia labis?
Non ita: námque Illa à teneris Virtutis amictu
Puniceo inceſſit ſuper exornata, moráſque
Paſſa parùm, ritúque aliorum pergere ſenſim
Dedignans, jam tum fuit undique & undique Virtus.
Sic ubi divinos pandit Novus Orbis honores
Agrorum, tenuis ſine re, ſine nomine planta
Labentis bis ter volvendis menſibus anni,
Ad Cœlum juſtis pollens radicibus arbos
Exiit, & ſeſe curſu miratur in ipſo.
Qui fuerint habitus animi quoque fortè requiras.
Cuncta inibi pacata: inibi pax læta, ſerenæque
Halcyones: placido Concordia plurima vultu,

 Atque

Atque hîc alma ſuum poſuit Clementia nidum.
Ac veluti *Thameſis* nitidis argenteus undis
Majeſtate fluens leni, puro agmine currit,
Et facilem cerni Labyrinthum volvit aquarum:
Non obex, moles non ulla moratur euntem,
Nec delabentis cum pace volumina fluctûs
Provocat occurſu ſaxum taciturna rebelli,
Nec facit, ut tumidas ſpumans aſſurgat in iras:
Tali fluxerunt placidiſſima pectora motu
Angliacæ Matris, natæ ſine bile, ſine ira.
Haud ſecus ille Æther, ubi laxo flumine *Nilus*
Excurrit, pluviæque, uligine, damna rependit,
Vel minimæ nubis nitet integer: omnia pura,
Omnia: continuò ridet Clementia cœli.
Salve ingens cœlo Decus addita, ſi tamen O ſi
Ut verſu, ſic & vitâ Te reddere poſſim!
Quas parcâ natura manu diſperſit in omnes,
Prodiga virtutes junctas conluſit in unam.
Sic ubi *Turca* tenet Magnus latiſſima regna,
Hinc vis undarum ſe *Caſpia* in æquora fundit
Plurima, concurrunt ex omni flumina parte,
Et *Volga*, & rapidus, *pontem indignatus*, *Araxes*,
Atque lacus, fontéſque, & non ignobile vulgus,
Certatim, & fluctus facto agmine fluctibus augens.
Sed Virtus (docet ah! dura experientia) neſcit
Fati alas tardare, & porrò ducere vitam.
Quid benefacta juvant? quid nunquam in vota precéſque
Ceſſâſſe, & noſtros cultus firmâſſe labantes?
Inſtaurâſſe etiam vigili pia munera curâ,
Atque ſui memores alios feciſſe merendo?
Nam quid habent momenti? haud ſeciùs Illa faceſſit
In cineres, dulcíſque vadis immitibus eſca

Cocyti

Cocyti ceſſit, nec jam ultrà evadet ad auras.
Tethyos at thalamis condit ſacra *Lucifer* ora,
Lucifer æthereæ pulcherrima gloria turbæ :
Lucifer, ante alios *Veneri* gratiſſimus ignes:
Mox tamen ignicomus, redivivo inſignis & auro
Attollit jubar, & divinæ frontis honorem
Prævius in Cœlos effert, tenebráſque reſolvit.
Poſtquam homo ſomnum oculis,noctémve acceperit atram,
Quóve loci jaceat, da nobis, quámve ſecet ſpem ?
Sed quid ego hæc ? quamvis artus,moribundáque membra
In cineres ultrò ſeſe collapſa reſolvant ;
At puri ſenſus, atque auræ ſimplicis ignis
Succedunt Cœlo, *non inferiora ſecuti.*
Idque MARIA probè novit, nam pectore firmo
Fortiter occurrit morti, increpuítque morantem :
Ut cui tarda fluunt, ingratáque tempora, dum ſe
Urbs habet, & ſaliunt aliena negotia circùm :
Ut primùm illa retrò cedunt, intérque quieſcunt,
Ad villam *fugit, & portu ſe condidit alto.*

Gul. Willymot Coll. *Regal. Alumn.*

SYdus nefaſtum ! ſiccine Febrium
Illapſa terris, incubuit cohors,
Ardore reſtinguens maligno
Dulce jubar, columénque noſtrum ?
Pulchræ ruinæ ! nec ſine gloriâ,
Nec ſola (noſtræ ô Stella Britanniæ)
Tandem cadis: Te Splendor omnis
Anteit & ſequitur cadentem.

Præſentis ævi fama, Pater Sacri
Eccleſiarches, ſicuti Phoſphorus,
Præcedit; hunc ſolem occidentem
Sydera ad inferiora ducens.
Atqui ſciebat quas tenebras Polus
Portenderet noſter: Chaos hoc timens,
Vitámque linquens, inter aſtra
Egregius properabat Auſpex.
Tecum recedunt gaudia Patriæ,
Fletu requirit Curia Præſidem:
Patrona, teque, & te, Patrone,
Concilium & pia Templa lugent.
Necdum querelarum *Anglia* deſinit:
Ceu perdito jam Palladio *Angliæ*,
Noſtros dolores in ſupremis
Hoſtis ovans numerat triumphis.
Ingens Dolori Pompa venit comes:
Chori Angelorum nectare lacrymant;
Singultiunt mœſtiſque latè
Aſtra movent Genii querelis.
Hinc indè Virtutum agmina confluunt,
Elapſa cœlo: lucida *Veritas*,
Inſons *Fides*, *Æquum*, *Pudórque*
Oſcula dant, cineréſque lambunt.
Quin turba Dirarum, *Eumenides* ſacræ,
Et quotquot Orcus monſtra parit capax,
Solvunt honores; quin *Erinnys*
Ipſa, ſemel pia facta, mœret.
Num ſic MARIÆ purpureum decus
Squalebit Orco? pulvere tam ſacræ
Dotes jacebunt obſoletæ?
Quid queror? En recidiva virtus!

Has

Has nempe Virtutes, Gulielme, fers,
Tanquam tot Heroas, geris in ſinu;
Quarum phalanx unum ordinata
Conſtituit decorátque Regem.

Rob. Creyghton Coll. Trin.

EHeu! Quàm vario volvunt mortalia caſu,
Quàm magno humanas verſant res Fata tumultu?
Ergóne Te gelidus Pallor, Lethíque perennis
Ferreus invaſit, Princeps, tua lumina ſomnus?
Ergóne vileſcunt Diademata & ergò putreſcunt
Majeſtas & Amor? Facinus prohibete nefandum,
Dii ſummi! *Tantæne animis Cœleſtibus iræ?*
Eheu! Nil prodeſt ſuperos in vota vocâſſe,
Nil divina piis cumulâſſe altaria donis.
Heu! Fruſtrà fumant Aræ, nec munera noſtra
Jam ſuperûm quiſquam curat, nec inania Vota:
Scilicet ob multas infelix *Anglia*, noxas
Iratum haud alitèr tibi ſit placabile Cœlum.
Albion, ergò tuos pandes mœſtiſſima fontes,
E ſcopuliſque tuis lacrymarum flumina fundens
Vicinum Oceanum ſalſis jam fluctibus auge,
Ultima qui ſubitò lambentes Littora, toti
Immenſúmque Orbi referent reddéntque dolorem.
Tu tamen intereà, Felix Anima atque Superſtes,
Sedibus è ſummis acciſis annue rebus,
Quas Regina modò rex'ti, jam proſpice Numen.

Edv. Oliver A. M. *C. C. C.* Soc.

Ex

EX quo ſacrilegi collapſa eſt vulnere fati
Diva loci, dederátque animam diffundere cœlis,
Cæſareóſque ſuâ temeravit clade Triumphos;
Patréſque, Proceréſque, & non ignobile vulgus,
Et convulſa gravem deflent Tria regna ruinam.
Anglia finitimo dictat ſua murmura *Belgæ*;
Littus utrumque ſuos intermiſcere dolores
Cogitur, & ſociæ reſponſant omnia ripæ.
Convulſam Auguſtam & funeſtam cladibus Aulam
Vidimus, atque atræ indutam ſolennia veſtis.
Ah! Divam montéſque feri, Sylvæque loquuntur
Funere crudeli abreptam; quâ ſoſpite, victrix
Anglia, magna parens Heroum, imponere leges
Oceano, & populo didicit dare jura volenti.
Orbe triumphato, convexo vertice Cœli
Indigetes inter Divos, & magna locatur
Nomine *Stuartûm*, Templis veneranda *Britannis*.
Vidimus (inceſſus qualis ſolet eſſe Dearum)
Evectam cœlo, Superûm ſtipante coronâ,
Divam omnes cecinêre, triumpho inclaruit Æther.

Guil. Thomſon A.B. *Trin.* Coll.

Epitaphium Sereniſſimæ Reginæ MARIÆ.

SIſte, qui moliris iter, Viator,
Hic latet clarus celebérque pulvis
Marmore extructo: tumulata Nata eſt
Sponſáque Regis,

Hic

Hic jacet Sexûs Decus atque Splendor:
Sin ubi quæras animus lateſcit;
Celſa convertas faciem dolentem
Sydera verſús.

Matt. Baines Coll. *Chriſti* Alumn.

'Εἰς κλεινὴν ΜΑΡΙΑΝ γεννηθεῖσαν ἡμέρᾳ κθ Ἀπριλ.
θανοῦσαν ἡμέρᾳ κη Δεκεμ.

ΚΆτθανε, κάτθανε δῖα ΜΑΡΙΑ· ἀλλά τι θαῦμα;
Ἦμαρ Μηνὸς ἔην οὐλοὸν οὐλομένου.
Ἐξ ἀρχῆς Δέκατος μὴν ἔπλετο Δευτέρῳ ἐχθρός,
Ἄνθεσι γὰρ μάχεται εἰαρινοῖσι κρύος.
Ἤματι ἐν τούτῳ ἐλόχησε Βρεφοκτόνος Ἀνὴρ
Πλουσιώτερα Βροτῶν ἀλλ' ἐλόχησε μάτην.
Ἤματι ἐν τούτῳ Θάνατος Σωτῆρι Βρεταννῶν
Ἔμπεσεν· ὡς εἴπερ ὤφελεν ἀλλὰ μάτην!

AUdieram; ô ſi noſtra priùs defecerat auris!
Aut nunquam patulis fama importuna ſonârat
Præ foribus (ſemper nimis intellecta, ubi narrat
Triſtitiam & plaudit celeres in funere pennas)
Fata (ſatis populis nuper cognata Britannis)
Exuviis pluſquam ſævis, diróque trophæo
Manûm Lugubres exornaviſſe triumphos,
Et Divam, quantum poterant, ſpoliâſſe MARIAM.
Audieram, & medius ſteteram inter ſpémque metúmque,
Longùm agitans quos pro ſe teſtes Nuntia ferret,
Nam licèt haud poteram, mallem diffidere famæ.

Rerum

Rerum eadem facies ; in eodem cardine Mundus
Conſtans erravit ; nec ſtella ſuum ulla reliquit
Signandum Noſtro & Meliori ſydere cœlum ;
Thameſis & *Camus*, ſolito ſua littora fluctu
Lambentes, nullam agnorunt niſi frigoris iram ;
Mater Terra, gelu nimiùm conſtricta querelis
Parſit, nec gemebunda ſinus oſtendit apertos.

Tota adeò Natura ſilet ? Poteratne Maria
Sic ſine Teſte mori ? quantum eſſet ut omnia mixta
Et confuſa Chaos renovarent ? Sydera ſaltem
Vortice turbata inciperent errare Cometæ ?

At nuſquam gemitus, nuſquam niſi lacryma noſtra ;
Atque eſſent certè vacui ſolamine planctus,
Nî quoddam fuerit Socium inveniſſe doloris
Immerſum toto lacrymarum flumine Regem,
Regem, quem poſitum ſupra diſcrimina fati,
Nunquam vel Superi priùs audivêre gementem,
Nunquam dejectum vidêrunt. Parcite, Cœli,
Parcite prodigiis veſtris ; Suſpiria Regis
Oſtendunt noſtras curas, quantúmque ſit illud,
Quod ſerò nôrunt multi, irreparabile damnum.

Johannes Savage Coll. Emman. *A. B.*

PRolue Te totam lacrymis mœſtiſſima *Granta* ;
Sufficiátque tibi *Camus* amicus, aquas.
Clara *Stuartiadum* Soboles, Maria, ſuíque
Sexûs, & noſtri Gloria rara Soli.

Maria

MARIA occubuit, nitidæque in flore Juventæ
  Ceſſit inexplendæ Candida Præda neci.
Non Anni, at Virtus cœlo matura MARIÆ,
  Et quæ jam meruit ſydera Diva petit.

Richardus Davies Coll. S. *Pet. Alumn.*

Ad REGEM.

DUM querimur mœſti Reginæ fata, querendo,
Rex GULIELME, Tibi renovamus pectore curas:
At Tu tam ſævo noli indulgere Dolori;
Parce Tuis lacrymis, Princeps Invicte, precamur,
Hoſtibus ut vivas Terror, Spes tuta *Britannis*.

Joh. Searle A. M. *Coll. Gonv.* & *Caii* Soc.

QUÆ quaſi de Cœlo nuper delapſa, MARIA,
  Ecce iterum ad Superos quàm citò rapta redis.
Sed Superos invita petis modò, Rege relicto,
  Et perfecta minùs gaudia Sola capis.
Longiùs in terris Hic nollet ducere Vitam,
  At ſibi maturam ſperat ad Aſtra viam.
Sed date, Dii, ſolum hoc petimus renuentibus Ipſis,
  Ut longùm optantes Unio ſera beet.

Br. Fairfax Coll. *Trin.*

VIX priùs æthereas penetrârat Epiſcopus ædes,
Venturámque brevi dixerat eſſe Deam,
Cuàm noſtra extemplò terras *Aſtræa* relinquit,
Ritéque diſpoſitos occupat Alma polos.
Neſcit inurbanè Regina aſcendere Cœlos,
Et ſine præmiſſo nuncio adire *Jovem*.

T. *Atherton* A. B. Trin. Coll.

Εἰς τὴν τῆς ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΣΗΣ τελευτὴν
Εἶδος Πινδαρικόν.

Στροφή.

Φιλτάταν νυμφᾶν ἐμὲ θυμὸς ἀνώγει
Πενθέειν ᾠδᾷ κατακλαιόμενον·
Αὐτὰρ ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄπο
Δάκρυ φῶς τε κωλύει, φωνάν τε βαρυστεναχόντων
Στηθέων ἄσθος τ', ὀδυρμός τε δά-
μων καρτερός, μεγάλαι τε βοαί.

Ἀντιστροφή.

Ἦν γὰρ ἁ πασᾶν ἀρετᾶν γε δρέπουσα
Ἄνθος, ἦν καὶ σῶμα φυάν τ' ἀγαθά·
Ἀλλὰ καὶ φιλοξενίαν,
Καὶ Θεῷ σέβας ΜΑΡΙΑ δείκνυτο καλλιπάρηος,
Ὡς τὰ μὲν κάλλιστα περὶς μὶν Θεὸς
Αἰώνιος φιλεῖ ἀγάγεν ἐπάνω.

Ἐπῳ-

Ἐπῳδός.

Μοῖρα δὲ τὰς ἀρετὰς ἐσιδοῖσ' ἐσθλὰς
Ἁγνοτάτας Βασιλίσσας, τὰν δ' ἐρόμαν
Ἀν' οὐρανὸν ποιοῖσα χαμᾶθε θόρεν,
Τὰν ἵν' ὡραίαν Ὀλύμπῳ ἐκφέρῃ.
Ἀλλὰ μὲν τῷ ἌΝΑΚΤΙ χωρέει μένειν
Εὖ κυβερνόωντι λα-
ούς, ἐπεὶ ὅποτ' ἔβλεψεν φέρτερον κτημάτορα·
Ἁ ΜΑΡΙΑ τῶ Ζηνὸς ὑψί-
στω δὲ γυναίτων λαβοῖσα
Ὑπὲρ τιὼω λίποιτο.

Carolus Daubuz A. B. *Coll. Regin.*

TRes olim Inſignes, Muliebri ex Ordine, Fama
Prætulit, & voluit Cætui adeſſe *Jovis*:
Altera Conſiliis, pulchro Altera claruit Ore,
Audiit Imperiis maxima *Juno* ſuis:
Conſiliis, Ore, Imperiis, tribus hiſce MARIA
Clarior, & Cœlis dignior una fuit.

W. G. A. B. *Coll. Regal.* Soc.

SIccine Principibus vulgaria ſtamina Parcæ,
Atque è communi nectunt pendentia filo?
Quos Superi ſibimet ſolis voluere ſecundos,
Supremi quibus impreſſa eſt Rectoris Imago,
Æquâ lege metit, telo proſternit eodem,
Et cum Plebeio conjungit pulvere fatum?
Sic etenim heu! Superis nimiùm dilecta, MARIA,

 Heu!

Heu! terris indulta parùm Regina, cadebas,
Tanquam Sceptra Tibi nunquam geſtanda dediſſet,
Cinxiſſétve Caput ſacro Diademate Cœlum.
Non hoc pollicitus tibimet, poſt tædia belli,
Æſtatémque tuis, Guilielme, laboribus actam,
Noſtra Triumphanti repetebas littora puppe;
Sed poſitâ ut galeâ, & *Martis* terrore remoto,
Conjugis in gremio recreâris pectora, mole
Vexata armorum, & mordacibus anxia curis,
Dulciáque alternæ libares munera pacis.
Ah! ſincera diù quis novit gaudia? triſtis
Auſa lues pulchræ Faciem temerare Mariæ,
Et miſcere ſuum Regali ſanguine virus,
Dividit amplexus, atque Oſcula prima reſolvit.
Quos non tum Divos, quæ non in vota vocabas
Numina? quot forti ſuſpiria corde ciebas?
Cùm teneros artus, & membra fluentia tabo
Exederet morbus, quibus & Venus aurea quondam
Mille pharetratos inter ludebat Amores,
Ferreus urgeret languentes Somnus ocellos.
Tum primùm immotâ toties quam fronte videbas,
Inter & inſtructas acies, atque obvia tela,
Terribilis mors viſa Tibi, tum pallor in ore
Naſſavio primus, nunquam quique omnibus impar
Hoſtibus, haud tanto poteras par eſſe dolori.
Indulgere autem lacrymis, fortiſſime, noli,
Partiri hos tecum luctus, uti gaudia, *Cæſar*,
Anglia tota cupit, non ſic oblita Mariæ,
Quæ miti dum Sceptra Manu geſtaret, & inter
Armorum ſtrepitus, Bellique incendia, volvi
Felices annos, atque aurea ſec'la juberet,
Tempora magnanimæ nobis revocabat *Eliſæ*.

Dum

Dum Auguſtos igitur veneramur carmine Manes,
Invigilent Charites ſparſis ad buſta capillis,
Inverſâque adſtes tu, mœſte *Cupido*, Pharetrâ.
Vos autem, ô Nymphæ, manibus date lilia plenis,
Lilia, quæ niveos mores, animique modeſti
Candorem referant, vitam & ſine labe peractam;
Atque roſas, formæ egregiæ, vultúſque decori;
Ævi etiam nimiùm qui ſint properantis imago.
Diſcitéque ô, vegetæ quaſcúnque in flore juventæ
Lætantes, atro mors invida carpſerit ungue,
Non gemere, at ſortem patientèr ferre ſeveram,
Occidis heu! Princeps, Juvenis, Formoſa Maria,
Nulli immaturum poſthàc plorabile fatum.
Occidis; at ſequeris jamjam convexa Tonantis,
In quocunque igitur ſedem tibi legeris orbe,
Virgine ſeu motâ accipiat vicinia Libræ,
Sive ſuam cedet tibi Caſſiopeia cathedram,
Unde novo totam perluſtres ſidere terram,
Angliacis ſemper rebus præſentior adſis;
Atque eadem cœlo maneat te cura receptam,
Sive tuus rutilis fulgens Gulielmus in armis
Pulvereo trepidos urgebit in æquore Gallos,
Et rapidum hoſtili tardabit ſanguine *Moſam*,
Sive ultrà *Herculeas* tendentur carbaſa metas,
Neptunúmque Indi diſcent horrere *Britannum*,
Ut ſacro invigiles capiti, ut quæcunque peric'la
Immineant nobis, inimica ad caſtra faceſſant.
Nec dedigneris noſtris hæc otia Muſis
Conſervare, tuis ut laudibus uſque vacare
Poſſint, uſque tuo ut reſonent hæ nomine ſylvæ,
Atque Pater totis *Camus* reſpondeat undis.

Geo. May A. M. *Aul. Clar.* Soc.

In

Thyrſis, Mopſus.

Th. AUdin', *Mopſe*, malum, quod jam ſibi *Tityrus* iſtâ
Sub quercu narravit heri dixiſſe *Menalcam*?
Mo. Id mihi jam dixit *Corydon*: atque illicò clauſi
Omne pecus ſtabulis. *Th.* Longè ah! me triſtior iſto
Nuncius affligit; Regina.--- *Mo.* At Dii meliora!
Deceſſit? *Th.* Miſeros paſtores! Mortua liquit
Angliacos campos noſtri ſpes certa peculî.
Mo. Tale quid expectans metui; ſic raucus oberrans
Campos infeſtis turbabat bubo querelis.
Th. Illa pecus noſtrum ſervavit, dentibus agnos
Eripuitque lupi. *Mo.* Sic, concedente MARIA,
Proſtratos calamus nos oblectabat in umbrâ.
Pro quâ jam teneram ſtatuens mactare Saluti
Depuleram cupidus materno lacte Capellam.
Th. Aſt ego Cœlicolis miſtæ mactabo MARIÆ,
Soſpitet *Angligenas*, & dulci pace fruamur.

Ric. Bold Coll. Jeſ. *Commenſ.*

In Obitum Reginæ MARIÆ, *quæ* Decembris 28. *DD.* Innocentium *Feſto obiit, An.* 1694.

NOndum Feſta dies vergentem abſolverat Annum,
Térque arſura fuit tantùm *Titania* Lampas;
Quùm jam immane nefas animis meditata malignis
Fata diù, *Angligenis* vulnus crudele dederunt,

Vulnus

Vulnus acerbum, ingens, nullis medicabile ſec'lis;
Et Mors veſano Reginam ſuſtulit ictu.
Heu! Quàm penè pius nobis, quàm penè, *December*,
Innocuus fueras & diri criminis expers;
Túque adeò exieras totus felicitèr Annus:
Nunc Ambo æternùm *Angliacis* per ſecula Faſtis
Damnandi. Infandis onerabunt Vos quoque diris,
Qui ſibi, vel duris optabunt hoſtibus acres
Dirorúmque iras & non revocabile fulmen.
Nec Natalis erat magis execrandus *Iöbo*;
Nec *Romæ* tam triſte dedit gravis *Allia* nomen,
Aut *Cannæ*, aut *Trebia*, aut veſtra, ô *Thraſymene*, fluenta.
Nec tam devotos dederat *Pictavia Gallis*
Ire dies, *Scluſæ* portúſve, aut *Creſſiacis* oræ;
Quandò *Niger Princeps*, Pater & cum Principe Magnus
Franciacos Anglo decerpſit milite Flores,
Tertius *Edvardus*, famâ ſuper æthera notus.
Ingens ille Dies, Damnum, nullique ſilendum
Dicendúmve ævo, peperit populóque *Britanno*,
Chriſtiadúmque Gregi, ſeriſque Nepotibus ipſis;
Quo Mors veſano Reginam ſuſtulit ictu.
Scilicet haud majus, magis aut memorabile, Damnum,
Fecit *Idumæus* ſimili feritate Tyrannus;
Qùm *Chriſti* incertus Puerûm tot millia letho
Hâc ipſâ *Inſontûm* dimiſit Luce nefandâ.
Illi etenim Pueri, licèt ipſo in limine Vitæ
Occiſi, (ah! durum) numeróque haud millia pauca,
Primitiæque adeò per ſecula longa ferantur
Martyrii, ſibi non tantum pro ſanguine tanto
Aut Meriti aut Pretii poſcunt (licèt omnibus ingens
Laurea ſuccreſcátque & Laudis Adorea magnæ)
Quantum jure ſibi Pretiique & ſanguinis una

Vendi-

Vendicet, innumeris Populis magè digna, Maria.
Námque illa haud Inſons tantùm, quia Fraudibus uti
Neſciît, aut Vires nequiit proferre potentes:
Arte Animi valuit, quantum *Ars* ſolet ipſa valere;
Viribus & manuum, quantum ſuprema Poteſtas
Excellit Regum: Nec erat tamen Hæc minùs Inſons,
Nec ſatis eſt olli viſum, quòd degeret Inſons,
Quòd Nive Candidior; Quæ duræ tempore Mortis
(Cœleſtûm Lacrymæ) fœcundo defluit imbre;
Atque etiamnum operit candenti vellere terras:
Pluribus Illa quidem Virtutum ſplendida Gemmis
Enituit Regina decens; quàm Floribus Horti,
Quàm Foliis Æſtas, quàm Fluctibus Æthera ſurgunt.
Et tamen Hanc, ah! Dure Dies! Ah! Lethifer Annus!
Hanc Mors veſano Reginam ſuſtulit ictu.

Joſua Barnes S. T. B. *Emman.* Coll. Socius
maximè Senior.

Ad REGEM.

FLevimus: ô utinam noſtris laſſata querelis
Leniret luctus Muſa, Gul'elme, Tuos.
Ut dũ Tu magnos Magnus meditere Triũphos,
Plectro eat in celſos nobiliore modos.
Hæc peragenda manent extinctæ Juſta Mariæ,
Funere ut è tanto *Gallia* victa gemat.

Tho. Browne Procan.

Sur la Mort de nôtre Auguſte Reine MARIE, *qui mourut a la Noel le Jour même des Innocens.*

Stances Irregulieres.

HEureux & ſacré Jour, qui mets devant nos yeux
un Sauveur incarné pour nous donner la vie,
que tu rejouirois ces lieux
ſi nous donnant un Dieu, tu n'enlevois MARIE.
tems melé de plaiſirs, & de vives douleurs,
contraires paſſions, dont nôtre ame eſt la proye,
un Dieu naiſſant nous ordonne la Joye,
une Reine aux abois nous arrache des pleurs.

Inexorable Mort, dont l'aveugle Rigueur
ſervit en pareil Jour, a contenter la rage
d'un Tyran rempli de fureur,
par un pitoyable Carnage ;
tu n'oſas attaquer dans cette lâche action
qu'une Innocence Jeune & tendre,
mais aujourd' huy tu peux pretendre,
d'en avoir triomphé dans ſa perfection.

Le Sceptre, et la Couronne, ornemens de nos Rois,
empruntoient leur E'clat de nôtre auguſte Reine :
nous vivions heureux ſous ſes loix,
nous luy obeiſſions ſans peine.

rien n'auroit adouci nôtre Juſte douleur,
et arreſté les pleurs, que ſa mort nous inſpire,
ſi le ciel n'eut daigné conſoler cet Empire
par la venue d'un Sauveur.

Puis donc qu'un Dieu naiſſant vient eſſuier nos larmes,
cedons a cette Joye, et detournons nos yeux
ſur Guillaume Victorieux,
on doit tout eſperer du ſuccés de ſes armes,
gloire, treſors, proſperité;
et je me ſens inſpirer par ma veine,
qu'il doit remettre un Jour l' Europe en liberté,
et cueillir des lauriers ſur les bords de la Seine,

Grand Roy qui ſi ſouvent as affronté la Mort,
ton exemple nous doit apprendre,
a te voir ſi touché de ſon funeſte ſort,
qu'on peut eſtre Heros, et avoir l'ame tendre.
arreſte tes ſoupirs, ſurmonte ta douleur;
elle n'a paſſé l'onde noire,
qu'afin que tu eu euſſes la Gloire,
de faire tous nos ſoins, & tout nôtre bonheur.

Digne d'un plus beau ſort elle a quitté ce Monde;
Juſte ſujet de Joye et de Douleur;
un Empire auſſi grand que ſont ta terre et l'onde;
n'eſt rien au prix de ſon bonheur.
ne la pleurons donc plus, nous ternirions ſa gloire;
ſon ſort merite des Autels,
car qui vit dans le Ciel, dans nos cœurs,dans l'hiſtoire,
eſt mis apres ſa mort au rang des Immortels.

G. R. Coll. Chriſt. A. M.

On

On the Untimely DEATH OF THE QUEEN.

'TIS *own'd: No juſter Cauſe was ever given,*
No greater Sign of an incenſed Heaven ;
No Theme ſo ſad, no Judgement ſo ſevere,
Nor Fate ſo inconſolable, as here :
Yet thou, ô Muſe, whoſe ſweet Nepenthean *tongue*
Can charm the Pangs of Death with Deathleſs Song,
Can ſtinging Plagues with eaſie thoughts beguile,
Make Flames and Torments objects of a ſmile ;
Muſt now attempt to ſtop theſe Flouds of Grief,
To mitigate theſe Woes with kind relief,
To eaſe our boundleſs Sorrows, cheer our Pain,
To clear the Clouds and bring back Day again ;
Attempt, what ne'r could be preſum'd before,
Great Cæſar'*s languiſh'd Comforts to reſtore.*
Frail *are our Joyes, and* Impotent *our Grief ;*
Thoſe will not hold, and this yields no relief.
Vaſt Excellence *but rarely doth appear,*
And when She comes, diſdains to ſettle here.
She ſtays? Her Worth is hardly ever known.
She's underſtood? Why? Then ſhe's quickly gone.

Then Floods of Tears and Storms of Sighs are vain:
The Bliſsfull ſtreams will ne'r flow back again.
The Heavenly Gift We know not how to prize,
Or view her Graces with undazled Eyes;
But when to Native Regions ſhe's retir'd,
We ſad'y find, how vainly ſhe's deſir'd.
Cimmerians, *when to their long Night conſign'd,*
Bemoan the Loſs of Day, who left them Blind;
Yet, when ſix Signs the Sun has paſſed o're,
Himſelf and Bliſs he doth to them reſtore.
Our Bliſs and Light now both together wain;
Ah! Bliſs and Light ne'r to return again.
Great Britain, *now her Light no more is ſeen,*
Laments in Black the Abſence of her Queen:
A Queen, whoſe Vertuous Splendours were ſo Bright,
They quite Eclipſe the Rays of Phœbu's *Light,*
Rays, far too weak to vye with Hers; for how
Muſt not the Sun himſelf to Vertue bow?
Her Zeal, Her Senſe, Her Piety ſo great,
Her Lowly Soul joyn'd with ſo High a State,
Her Affable and yet Majeſtick Mind,
Her Heart to Generous Acts ſo well inclin'd,
Theſe and Ten Thouſand more bright Rays of Worth,
Her Heavenly Form more gratefully ſet forth.
Her Conjugal *and Her* Maternal *Love*
Between Her Husband *and her* People *ſtrove*
With Equal *Vigour; And they* Both *again*
Equally *Lov'd Her* Perſon *and Her* Reign,
Only Her Love to Heaven did both Exceed;
And Heaven at laſt has gain'd the Point indeed.
We can't Repine, that She doth thither goe;
Thô What to Her *proves* Bliſs, *to* Us *yields* Woe.

Her

Her Gain *is our irreparable* Loſs;
And in Her Glory *We have found a* Croſs.
Her Mortal *Crown had gladded ſtill our Eyes,*
Thô well We knew, it could not Her ſuffice.
So, at Her APOTHEΩSIS *We ſmile ;*
But at Her Death Tears overflow our Iſle.
That Heaven enjoys Her, We muſt be Content :
Yet Miſſing Her, how can We but Lament ?
Such is thy Sorrow, CÆSAR, *ſuch thy Caſe ;*
Pious Deſpair *well-qualify'd with* Grace:
A Grief, *to Thee, beyond the Plagues of War ;*
Yet ſuch, as thô not Courage, Faith *may Bear.*
No Loſs could ever equal this of Thine,
So ſoon to Looſe a Partner ſo Divine ;
Yet Gain may be extracted, ev'n from hence ;
If She's Reſign'd to Heaven with Patience.
Thus We may Comfort *find, when* God doth chide,
For by Submiſſion Suffering's Sanctify'd.
Remember, Who *has taken Her away ;*
And Cheerfully His Sovereign Will Obey.
Preſerve his Worſhip, and by Law uphold
The Honour of his SON now growing Old.
This long will fix thy Throne : This will afford
A Mighty Harveſt to thy Conquering ſword ;
And This alone, after a Late Remove,
Will ſeat Thee on a better Throne above.

Joſhua Barnes, *Bachelour in Divinity, Senior Fellow of* Emmanuel *College.*

To

To the KING.

PErmit, Great Sir, *a Loyal Muſe to ſhed*
An artleſs tear upon the Royal Dead:
For Whom our grief to ſuch a height doth riſe,
We fly from Comfort, *and all Joy deſpiſe.*
This thought can only mitigate our pain,
That You, the living Half of Her, remain:
You born to ſuccour, and to ſend Relief
To Nations wearied and oppreſs'd with Grief.
'Tis Kindneſs then and Juſtice too to ſpare
That Life, in which all Europe *claims a ſhare.*
Since She is gone, who bore a tender part
In all the Cares, that touch'd Your Royal Heart;
What we have loſt in Her, in You we find,
Thoſe Vertues, which adorn'd her heav'nly Mind:
The Goodneſs, Candour, Prudence and the reſt,
That fill'd the Treaſure of her Princely Breaſt,
Now She's withdrawn, in You appear more bright,
And fear no Rivals to eclipſe their Light.
As when the Sun appears and gilds the Skie,
The leſſer Stars all vaniſh from our eye:
So when Her Piety is brought to light,
We ſhrink and tremble at the dazling ſight:
Our twinkling Tapers loſe their languid beams;
As ſhallow Brooks are loſt in deeper Streams.
Such were the Rare Endowments of her Mind;
She was the Phœnix *of all Womankind;*
Only this Juſt exception we may bring,
None Such will after from Her Aſhes ſpring.

Where

Where all's Sublime, Illuſtrious, and Divine;
Where Great and Good with equal Luſtre ſhine;
'Tis to diminiſh what we aim to Praiſe,
When we to ſingle Vertues Trophies raiſe.
When Death with all his terrors did appear,
And ev'ry face betray'd unuſual fear;
She only Fearleſs, and Undaunted lay,
Waiting th' Approach of Everlaſting Day;
For thô She Rul'd, She knew how to Obey.
Above the reach of Envy and of Rage,
And all the Crimes of this ungratefull Age,
She truly lives now free'd from grief and pain,
And wou'd not live this Dying Life again.
This thought Her mournfull Story may ſupply;
The Beſt of Conſorts, *Beſt of* Queens *muſt die.*

Tho. Walker *B.D. Fellow of* Sid. Suſſ. Coll.

On Her *Majeſties* Death on *Innocents* Day.

AH, Cruel Day! muſt We for ever grieve
The Fatal ſtroke, which thou art proud to give,
In the dark diſtance of revolving Years,
Has't thou forgot the mournfull Rachels *tears?*
In thee were crowds of harmleſs Infants ſlain,
And does thy hate to Innocence remain?
That ſince, through time, thou art become more bold,
Thou ſtrik'ſt at Vertue, when grown ſtrong and old:

Ah!

Ah! Thou haſt giv'n too ſure a Blow: She's gone,
She's dead, whoſe Vertues did adorn the Throne:
MARIA *'s Dead,* MARIA *is no more,*
Weep, Britain, *weep,* MARIA*'s Death deplore,*
Lament her Death, who was divinely Fair,
And Good, as her own Guardian Angels were;
All Female Worth was center'd in her Breaſt,
Not one Rough Paſſion did her Soul moleſt.
But why her Vertues do I ſtrive to dreſs
In Verſe? which can, at beſt, but make 'em leſs:
Not Fame's loud Trumpet can her Actions praiſe,
Or teach the World what our MARIA *was.*
We can no Simile, no Inſtance bring,
But the Great Perſon of our Living King:
Only in Him is ſuch high Vertue ſeen,
Only by Him we can deſcribe the Queen,
All WILLIAMS *Words, and Actions nicely view,*
Then think, His Soul inform'd her Body too.

John Sharp *of* Chriſt Coll. *Eldeſt Son to his Grace*
John *Lord Arch-Biſhop of* York.

When Fatal Stars are in Conjunction found,
And Plagues and Death diſtributed around,
The bleating Flock before the Maſter dyes;
But Man at laſt compleats the Sacrifice,
And in one heap of ſtrange Confuſion fall
The ſervile Beaſt and Mighty Lord of All.
Thus MARY *fell the laſt of all the Fair,*
And Royal Slaughter crown'd the Peſtilential Year.

While

While She Example from her Hero took,
And with a matchleſs Courage bore the ſhock,
Revolving ſome great Action in her thought,
And try'd to die, as Conqu'ring WILLIAM *fought,*
WILLIAM ! *Who for his Country does expoſe*
That Life his Subjects only fear to loſe ;
And through the Yearly Rage of War extends
The thread of Fate, on which the World depends.
But ah ! where's now the Royal Charmer gone,
That through the Ocean call'd the dusky Warriour home ;
That ſmooth'd the dangers of the rugged Seas,
And paid his Toils with all the ſweets of Peace ;
That to his Valour gave a double Flame,
And wing'd him in the Noble Chaſe of Fame ?
Ah cruel Heav'ns ! are You ungratefull too,
And thus reward the Care He takes for You ?
Methinks thoſe Beings, that from Gods derive
Their own high Blood, Eternally ſhou'd Live,
And in a laſting Series beſtow
Their kindly Influence on Us below :
Then WILLIAM *ſtill and* England *had enjoy'd*
The greateſt Princeſs, and the Nobleſt Bride,
Born in Conjunction to adorn the Throne,
The Partner of his Counſels and his Crown ;
Whilſt He, diſpoſing of their Princes Fates,
The Riſe of Kingdoms and the Fall relates ;
And in her Boſom ſafe repos'd thoſe Cares
Europe *expects, and trembling* Gallia *fears.*
But Angels never long inhabit here,
They do the Will of Jove, *and diſappear ;*
Aſſume a Body, and deſcending down
To bleſs a Nation and oblige a Crown,

But do the Pious Work, and upward tend
With ſpeedy Wings and to their Heav'n aſcend.
Such was Good Mary, *whom too haſty Fate*
Seems not to ſtrike with Death, but to Tranſlate,
And to Her early Vertues ſooner give
The Bliſsfull Seat, where Others late arrive.
For ſurely ſome Diviner Being fell,
When Heav'n proclaim'd it by a Miracle,
And Grief Eclips'd the Glorious Prince's *brow*
That guides the World and Governs all below :
One Univerſal Trembling Nature took,
And with the Vaſt Convulſion William *ſhook,*
Cruſh'd with the Blow, yet willing to ſurvive
In Pitty of his Albion, *tries to Live.*
And, ô Dread Sir, *forgive the Muſes Care,*
If in Your Grief We claim a Subjects ſhare ;
And with our Pious Tears approach her Herſe,
Whoſe Heav'nly Nuptials we admir'd in Verſe.
Thus when black Clouds the Lab'ring Sun invade,
And o're his Viſage ſpread a Mournfull Shade,
Eaſterns *behold with Sorrow and ſurpriſe*
Whom They Ador'd before with Sacrifice.

William Brown A. B. *of Trinity College.*

THE ways of Providence are juſt, but wear
Sometimes a dreſs that makes 'em look ſevere ;
Lightning from Heav'n ſtrikes Temples where we pray,
And God's lov'd Palaces in aſhes lay.
Malignant Stars ſhed venome from the sky,
And Tyrants live while Pious Princes dy.

But

But when we make reflections on our Sin,
It ſoon unriddles all the doubtfull Scene.
Thô Wicked Men grow by ſuch Judgements worſe,
And what was meant a Favour turns a Curſe:
For ſuch their malice is, no ſence they ſhow
Of their Great Loſs, to whom their Lives they owe.

Yet Noble Hearts are by Compaſſion known,
Such make the Suff'rings of Mankind their own:
Something there is which will their grief command,
Something their Generous Tempers can't withſtand,
Something which to the Worſt of Men they pay,
As Heav'n takes care of thoſe who diſobey.
But for a Dear, Good, Loving, Sovereign's Fate,
Ev'n they themſelves can't their own pangs relate:
For in their Souls ſtrange Agonies they have,
As Children at a tender Parents Grave,
And in one bitter drop contracted ſhare
A Quinteſſence, like a whole Nations Care.

The Hebrew King that did in Love excell,
That lov'd his God, his friend, his People well;
Curſt the ſad Mount where Saul *in Battel fell:*
Where Valiant Saul *and Faithfull* Jonathan,
By the unequal chance of War were ſlain:
And wiſht the dew might ne'r fall kindly there,
Nor Heav'n refreſh with one moiſt pitying tear
The cruel Parched Soil; wiſht he cou'd give
His life in change that Jonathan *might live.*
Such was He after Gods own heart.--Nor leſs
Do's our Great Prince his Bravery expreſs
In War; nor leſs his Piety in Peace:

Which yet He do's not by bare wiſhes prove,
But ſhows too ſad experience of his Love;
He who in Battel never turn'd aſide,
For thouſand Deaths that there in Triumph ride,
Finds his Heart faint in this unequal ſtrife,
So much his Love is dearer than his Life.

And who ſhall now the Rapid ſorrow ſtay
That forc't ſo great a Courage to give way?
Who ever owns a tender loving Heart,
Can't without grief Think what it is to part;
Thô ſure with Ecſtaſie to meet again,
With joys that ſpread Oblivion o're the pain:
With joys that ſweetly recompenſe the wrong,
And crown the Martyr that has ſuffer'd long.
But ſo to part as never to return,
This is too Great, too Juſt a Cauſe to Mourn.
Something like Death our Hero felt before,
Or rather ſomething that He dreaded more,
When e're He left his Love and the ſad English *ſhore:*
But all cou'd not ward off this ſad ſurprize,
The Valiant muſt fear Death when Mary *dies.*
All Comforters appear as Vain as they,
Who bid us caſt our buſie cares away;
Tell us that Death is nothing but the fright,
And what in ſleep we ſuffer ev'ry night,
For ſenſe do's all their Pedantry defie,
And they who ſleep ſo eaſie dare not die.

But our bleſt Queen, our Saint, ſo Good and Kind,
Foreſaw the Sorrow She ſhou'd leave behind;
And therefore She in Pity led the way,
And taught us needfull Patience for ſo ſad a day:

A

A Leſſon which did much the harder ſhow,
Cauſe to be learnt at once and practis'd too.
Sure Heav'n it ſelf to Govern made Her ſit,
That taught Her firſt ſo gently to ſubmit:
That thoſe who envy'd much Her living breath,
Envy'd much more the Glory of Her Death.

Part of the ſuff'rings which did Her aſſail,
Might make a manly Strength and Courage fail;
The cruel Tyranny of the Diſeaſe
That often ſhifted form and Properties,
And ſtorm'd the Works of Life with various Batteries.
But above all the thing which toucht Her near,
Was Her Great Conſorts ſympathizing care.
Yet She bore this, and more, and with a mind
As unconcern'd, as Saints that leave behind
The thoughts of Earth, and wing'd with rapture haſt
In Heav'nly Viſions wondrous joys to taſt;
Which God do's oft Indulgently beſtow,
To make 'em gladly drink the bitter Cup below.

Thô one Diſeaſe had been enough to prove
A Vulgar Patience or Imperfect Love,
On Her Great Soul Heav'n powr'd compounded Fates,
To teach Submiſſion to Inferiour States.
Such were her ſuff'rings, She ſuch Temper ſhow'd,
Meer Nature ſure did ne're ſuſtain the load.
Perhaps we ſhou'd not err, if we ſhou'd ſay
Some Angel ſtood and made the Pangs give way:
Some Angel who to recompence did ſtrive,
Her Charity to others when alive.

For

For She was Good and Bounteous ev'ry where,
Like Heav'n that ſhow'rs down plenty all the year:
Yet She to hide as much her Bounty try'd,
As others ſtrive their greateſt Faults to hide:
As unobſerv'd, as Nature does prepare
For life, when we in ſleep unthoughtfull are.
On diſtant People did her Bleſſings fall,
But O She was Her Self the Greateſt of 'em all!

And where are now our Hopes and Wiſhes fled,
And who ſhall after ſuch a Queen ſucceed?
To ſhine like a pale Tapers weakly ray,
Invented to ſupply the want of Day.
Or if new Judgments ſhould from Heav'n be ſent,
Where ſhall We now find ſorrow to lament?
This Accident hath laviſht all our ſtore,
And Heav'n muſt ſtay till we are fit for more.

Hail Happy Queen! that art no longer here,
To grieve for what we Love, and what we Fear.
While we like Centinels muſt ſtand our ground,
Whatever Dangers threaten us around;
Whatever Ruin's burſting o're our head,
Or undermines the places where we tread:
Till Fate at laſt indulges a Releaſe,
We live to hope, but die to find our Peace.

Hail Bleſſed Queen! and if You ſtill can know
Or hear your Subjects wiſhes here below;
If from the happier Kingdom there You find
You can look back on This You left behind:

If

If You have Liberty in our Affairs,
And no new Change your former Love impairs:
O let Your watchfull Care ſtill keep our Iſle,
Still kindly on your Fav'rite Nation ſmile:
Always in danger near Your Hero wait,
And by ſecuring Him ſecure our State.

P. Save M. A. *Fellow of* Trin. Coll.

I.

W*Ould but the* Delphian *God my Soul inſpire*
With a Poetick, Tragick Fire,
Tragick, as is the Subject that does it require,
My Muſe as free, and unconfin'd
As are my Tears, as was Her generous Mind,
Shou'd grace the Royal Herſe,
With never fading noble Sophoclean *Verſe,*
Noble, as is the Theme, which I rehearſe.
But thô the God to me denies
That glorious Prize,
And I to th' ſhrine of Poetry
Did ne're profeſs my ſelf a Votary;
Yet when ſuch mournfull Themes command I'll come
To my dead Sovereign's Tomb,
Not plead unskilfull Modeſty, but bring,
Among the reſt, my Hearty Offering.

II.

But ſtay, bold Muſe, no farther enter in,
Venture not on Her great Encomiums, who
So far above your Praiſe is ſet,

That

That vent'ring on, you Sacrilegious grow,
And ſtriving to avoid a ſin,
A greater do commit
Too great for Homer's *lofty ſtrain,*
Too great for Virgil *are they : how much then*
Out of the Shallow reach of thy Unlearned Pen.
Far above all the Praiſe that Humane Art
Could ere invent, or Muſe to Man impart,
Her Actions were, and by them She
Did Living write Her own true Elogy.

III.

Thô then, too juſtly, I deſpair
Worthy her Deeds to celebrate her Fame,
And with Reſpect due to her Glorious Name,
Her Sacred Aſhes to profane I fear :
Yet may I be allow'd my Sorrows to expreſs,
And force my Muſe,
Thô in a rude unſeemly Dreſs,
To tell her ſad reſentments of the too unhappy News :
For what ſo ſordid Soul is there that hears
A Nations Loſs, a Prince's Death, and don't diſſolve in (Tears?
Sorrow now reigneth unconfin'd,
Sorrow the conquering paſſion of the Mind.

IV.

Why did the Heavens treacherouſly ſmile
On the deluded Iſle :
And no unuſual Star appear,
Such as the Deaths of Princes do attend,
Or the Deſtruction of ſome mighty Land?
To tell the deadly Fate of the ſucceding Year,
Thô we'de been troubled with continual fear,

Yet

Yet long expecting would have eas'd the Pain:
Now we the mighty Torrent cannot bear,
But ſtrive againſt the conq'ring Stream in vain:
Now overwhelm'd in ſudden Grief we lie,
Weeping the Churches Loſs, the Nations Miſery.

V.

Thus the Avoucher of our Liberty,
The Pattern of true Piety,
Belov'd, and Wept of all,
Thus did the Pious Edward *fall;*
Thus fell the Good, the Maiden Queen,
Who whilſt they liv'd, had been
Protectors of our Infant Cauſe,
Defenders of our Faith, and Patrons of our Laws.
Not leſs Belov'd, not leſs Bewail'd of all,
Than either of theſe Monarchs, did MARIA *fall.*
As Great as either our MARIA *was,*
As great a Mother of our Church, Defender of our Laws.

John Hoadly *of* Cath. *Hall.*

HOW *Dead! and no preſaging Star to ſhow,*
Or give Us warning of the fatal Blow.
No threatning Meteor to inform Mankind
Of th' unexperienc'd Ills were ſtill behind.
Then might our boding Fears of thoſe to come
Have render'd Us prepar'd to take our doom.
The thoughts of what our Crimes deſerv'd to have,
Had arm'd our minds againſt the Terrors of the Grave:
Or taught us ſo much Patience in Diſtreſs,
As might elude, or made our Suff'rings leſs.

But now alas! as if Heav'n did intend
The utmoſt Efforts of its rage to ſpend;
The Churches Atlas *firſt does yield to Fate,*
And then the Grand Supportreſs of the State.
O Church and State, how near are You ally'd,
E're one was ſcarce enterr'd the other dy'd.
Hail Thou, Bleſt Saint, for ſo I dare Thee name,
For after death ſure none can blaſt thy Fame.
Hail Thou, who from thy Pulpit cou'dſt command
Legions of Vices to depart our Land.
Who didſt Religion with ſuch Reaſon joyn,
As made ev'n Atheiſts own the Word Divine.
And with a tongue ſo charming Vertue praiſe,
As in the minds of Libertines cou'd raiſe
A ſenſe of Good, and force 'em to confeſs
Their ſtubborn Paſſions to thy Eloquence gave place.
And thô thy Words like their's of old inſpir'd,
Whole multitudes with true Devotion fir'd,
And in ſuch pleaſing numbers did diſpenſe
To liſt'ning Crowds ſuch Sacred influence,
As made the hearer ſtrait the Saint commence.
Yet may thy Life be ſaid to convert more,
Than all thy pow'rfull Sermons did before.
A life ſo Good, ſo ev'ry way Compleat,
So truly Wiſe, and ſo ſublimely Great,
So like the Doctrine you taught other men,
It ſeem'd but the fair Tranſcript of your Pen.
O that it might the ſelf-ſame Fate have met
As the Immortal Off-ſpring of your Wit;
Or that my Muſe cou'd like thy ſtile indite,
Flow with that Grace, or with that Art cou'd write,
Profound yet clear, without o'reflowing full,
Eaſie yet not flat, Grave yet natural;

Then

Then wou'd it prove, and then wou'd only be
Worthy to write, Great Tillotſon, *of Thee.*
Pardon, Bleſt Queen, if I deferr'd too long,
'Twas thy own Saint-like Biſhop claim'd my Song,
Whom with the ſame attention Thou haſt heard,
As the firſt Saints *did their departing Lord ;*
And with the ſelf-ſame vig'rous Zeal as they
Didſt firm obedience to his Doctrine pay.
He taught the true and only way to Bliſs,
And You in ev'ry action did expreſs
His Doctrine to the Life, and plainly ſhow
His Heav'nly Rules might practic'd be below.
And had Kind Providence prolong'd her ſtay,
(But Angels only viſit and away)
We might have hop'd her bright Example wou'd
Have wrought the Stubborn Nation into Good.
Or forc't at leaſt her wondring Sex to be
As pious, faithfull, and devout, as She.
But we ſubmit, and from Her ſickneſs learn
How all our ſad afflictions must be born.
Others Enthron'd and plac'd in Publick view,
Do with their Stations change their Nature too.
They're ſtun'd and dazled with their glorious Fate,
And like the Stars thrô height appear leſs great.
The humble, juſt, mild Subject but before,
Does often Tyrant turn when arm'd with pow'r.
So dangerous it is to truſt Mankind
With pow'r of doing Ill, unleſs Confin'd.
But You, Bleſt Queen, as if deſign'd to be
Th' Unerring Pattern of Humanity,
Did always act the ſelf-ſame vertuous Part,
Great without Pride, and Lovely without Art :

Thrô ev'ry Stage of Life were clearly ſeen
The happy Omens of the Future Queen.
No ſudden Paſſions did thy Reaſon blind,
Nor latent ſeed of Vice pollute thy Mind.
In the ſame Orb of vertue did You move,
Conſtant as Planets to their Spheres above.
Thy Soul all Truth, and ſo from Vices free,
As if not out of Choice, but of Neceſſity.
So fixt and to thy Kingdoms Int'reſt True,
Its Laws were not leſs mutable than You.
So tender of thy Subjects in diſtreſs,
That to enlarge Thy Pow'r was to enhaunce their Bliſs.
Thus Guardian Angels o're their Charge preſide,
Thus they the Vertuous aid, and thus the Erring guide.
Such is their Pious Care of us below;
Nay to thy Goodneſs more, than unto Theirs we owe.
The Bleſſings of thy Reign ſhall never end,
But unto diſtant Ages ſhall deſcend.
Succeeding Kings ſhall learn to Rule by Thee,
And in ſo doing bleſs our late Poſterity.

Will. Ruſſell *Trin.* Coll. A. M.

WE drop a tear at every Vulgar Herſe,
And tell our Sorrow to the World in Verſe:
But when the Beſt of Queens mixes with clay,
The Univerſal frame ſhou'd melt away
Nature her ſelf muſt put on Mourning dreß,
And all its Works the Mighty Grief expreſs.
See, ſee the Beauteous Charmer *yields Her breath,*
Smiling on Fate, and Lovely ev'n in Death.

No

No Rebel paſſion ſway'd Her calmer Breaſt,
Peace there was entertain'd, a Nobler Gueſt.
Her even temper'd Soul was ſtill the ſame,
And prov'd its Sacred Riſe from whence it came.
No croſſing Chance cou'd ſour Her to a frown,
Nor all the Grandeur that attends a Crown
Hinder the Publick Good, make Her neglect Her Own.
Thô artleſs Majeſty Her Soul did Grace,
Yet condeſcending Meekneſs found a place.
Strict Juſtice *with contending* Mercy *ſtrove,*
But Mercy *ſtill prevail'd, and Her tranſcendent* Love.
So when the Fatal Rod from Heav'n is ſent,
The Gentle ſtripe, that warns Us *to repent,*
Has more of Mercy *then of* Puniſhment.
Wiſely She kept the Factious *crowd in aw,*
And Rul'd Her Subjects with Impartial Law.
The Gods that ſent Her envy'd Mortal Race,
Surpriz'd to ſee ſuch Charms in humane Face;
"*For how (cry'd they) can Men new joys receive,*
"*Since they have gain'd the Beſt that We can give?*
So Heaven refus'd Her Mortal part to ſave,
And ſnatcht in haſte the Bleſſing which it gave.
Mount up, Great Queen, *aſcend thy Native Skies,*
Whilſt we ſtill pay the Tribute of our Eyes.
Caſt down a Beam of Kindneſs as You move,
And mix with Quires of Glorious Saints above.
So when Diana *came in publick ſight,*
She laid aſide Her dazling Rays of Light;
Till tyr'd to hear the Rural Nymphs debate,
She Reaſſum'd the Deity and Her Immortal State.

Fran. Robbins *A. M.* Fellow of St John's College.

To

To his *MAJESTY* in Tears.

IN Vulgar Souls weak paſſions We deſcry,
They Love, they Hate, Admire, or Laugh, or Sigh,
Are Angry, Pleas'd, and All they ſcarce know why.
The Hero-make is of a Nobler Turn,
Great is the cauſe when Cæſar *deigns to mourn;*
No meaner Grief could MARY's *Ghoſt ſuffice,*
Nor ought but WILLIAM *grace her Obſequies;*
And She alone Your *Virgin-tears can move,*
As only She could firſt ſubject Your Love:
Thus Empires Riſe and Fall, and Mighty'ſt Things
Are the concern of Providence *and* Kings.
This to Her ſacred Memory was due,
But Kings to Subjects owe ſome Tribute too;
And now ſince Heav'n uſurps Your Private Care,
The Publique juſtly claims a double ſhare;
This can alone Her Envious Fate repair.
May Generous Grief a Generous Heat inſpire,
And to redreſs Your wonted Courage Fire;
To Mightier Actions all Your Thoughts engage;
And aid ſound Wiſdom with Heroique Rage.
And thus (for would We juſt reſemblance uſe
Above ſtrict Truth We muſt a Hero chooſe,
A Hero above All but You and Homer's *Muſe)*
Stern Thetis *ſon, whoſe Valour's ſtubborn bent,*
By nought but Love and Friendſhip would relent,
When Rage, Deſpair, and Love to madneſs wrought,
More then Achilles *for* Achilles *fought;*

When

When Grief tranſports Him for his Dying Friend,
Not All the Gods that Rais'd can Troy *defend:*
Your Ominous Tears ſhall like Succeſs attend.
And thus when Kings, as when Omnipotence
Is ſaid to grieve, 'tis not in common ſence.
And Grief in Both is but a loud Alarm
By which You'r rouz'd Misfortune to diſarm:
In You, Great Sir, *may We Our Queen regain,*
And many Mary's *in one* Cæſar *reign.*

W. Turbill A. B. of St Pet. Coll.

I.

ALL *we can ſee that's excellent and fair*
We find too ſubject to decay,
And yet we rate not Bleſſings while they're here,
Nor rightly grieve when they are ſnatcht away:
We murmur even while they flow,
But when the Rod is ſhook Impatient Rebels grow.
Such peeviſh Things are We! but Heav'n is kind
And leaves us more than we deſerve behind,
And leaves us ways our ſorrow to expreſs,
Balm the pain to mitigate,
And ſoften ev'ry ſtroke of Fate;
And learns us many Vertues in diſtreſs;
And crowns our Pious Grief that ſwells not to exceſs.
But O the Leſſon's hard to learn!
Becauſe the nature of our Love is ſuch
As cenſures much a cold Concern,
But never thinks that it can love too much:

Till

Till ſome ſad Accident prevail,
And ſhows the nobleſt Temper where 'tis apt to fail.

II.

In this one Point our Mighty Hero's mind
Did a well-natur'd Tenderneſs betray,
He Lov'd too much and was too Kind;
If thoſe be Faults in our ungratefull Age,
When Malice does the World engage,
And Goodneſs haſtens to decay:
Sure to offend, and in ſuch Gen'rous ways,
Seems not to claim our Pity but our Praiſe.
Beſides compar'd to His, our Troubles are
Like thoſe ſhown on a Theatre;
Where a deep Tragedy may ſometimes riſe
So high, to work the ſorrow to the Eyes;
But yet the Hero's ſecret Grief they ſhew
No more, than the mock Prince is like the True.
For ſomething we in ſorrow find,
Proportion'd to the mighty Sufferer's Mind:
Which Paint and Poetry pretend to ſhow,
But only thoſe who feel it truly know.

III.

Yet if wee'd gueſs our Princes Care,
We from our own may faint Ideas make,
How were we vext with hope and fear!
And how at laſt did we the Fatal rumour take!
How ſwiftly did the Judgment ſpread,
In ev'ry place 'twas heard, and in each Look 'twas read,
Sad was the Egyptian *Cry,*
When the deſtroying Angels hand,
Smote the Firſt-born throughout the land:
And when the Beſt of all her Sex did die.

So

So univerſally did We complain,
As if in every Houſe there Some body were ſlain.
Thus far our Paſſion went ; but well
May WILLIAMS *larger Heart our narrow Love excell.*
A Common Judge can't without pity ſee
A Roman *Structure ſinking now in Age,*
And ruin'd by the fatal Rage
Of Goths *and* Vandals *that deſtroy'd all* Italy ;
But a great Artiſt that does throughly know
The ſtrength, and skill, and Symmetry
Beſides Ten thouſand Beauties more,
Which art can ne're ſufficiently deplore,
Finds his heart riſe againſt the cruel Foe,
And curſes their dull Rage and rude Barbarity.

IV.

But O She was too Good to ſtay,
And We too wicked to deſerve her Reign ;
Heav'n has been pleas'd to take our Joys away,
And leave us the ſad Comfort to complain.
Where ſhall we now ſufficient Vertue find
To trace the glorious Steps She left behind?
Who ſhall her Condeſcenſion imitate ?
And who her Skill to Rule the State ?
And who ſo ſweetly mercy can Diſpenſe,
And who can match her Life and ſpotleſs Innocence ?
Who ſhall her artfull Hands expreſs,
But who, O who her lovely Patience in diſtreſs ?
They who now own one ſingle Grace
Of thoſe She had United may for Beauties paſs :
Ah Noble Queen thy Vertue like a Star
Shines from on High our Guide, our Wonder from afar!

Like Men aſtoniſht with ſome cruel Blow
At firſt We wanted Senſe the Hurt to know;
But now our mighty Loſs we daily find
Scarcely to be repair'd, thô WILLIAM *'s ſtill behind.*

Tho. Hayward *Fellow Commoner of* Trinity Coll.

I.

P*Enurious Heav'n, 't had been more kind to ſave,*
Then thus to ſnatch the Treaſure which you gave:
Yet ſince your firm immutable decree
Had doom'd the fall of Majeſty;
Why did not thrô the flaming skies
Some threatning bearded Comet riſe?
Heav'n had been kind to ſhew our State
The ſignal of approaching Fate;
Degrees would make the loſs familiar grow,
Prevent the fatal ſtroke of a too ſudden blow.
Why did not Nature's frame appear
Full of horrour and of fear
To ſhew the dreadfull Hour was near.
The Gods the blackeſt Mourning ſhould have worn,
The mighty ruin to adorn:
Our ſorrow would have met relief,
To ſee Heav'ns ſympathizing grief.
Did they the melancholy Hero view,
How ſorrow ſat triumphant on his brow,
How charming ev'n his Mourning did appear,
They proudly would affect the lovely dreſs to wear.

Par-

II.

Pardon, ô Heav'n, my too officious Zeal,
Which my daring thoughts reveal,
O then let this acknowledgement ſuffice,
(For who with ſuch a load oppreſt
Is with a prudent calmneſs bleſt ?)
He mourns but dully who in grief is wiſe.
Injuſtly I for Comets call,
Injuſtly ask the thunder from above,
Thoſe prodigies would ill become Her fall,
And rather terrour then compaſſion move.
Serene ſhould be
The ſignal day,
Serene as in the Month of May,
To make her Life and Death agree.
Storms may indeed a Tyrant's death attend,
Tumultuous is his Life, tumultuous is his End ;
But when a Saint like Her ſhall die,
Let every Tempeſt ceaſe
Let Nature in a pleaſing ſilence lye,
And through the Univerſal Frame be peace ;
Let Heav'n the jarring Elements controul,
And all things ſeem
As gentle as her Life, as calm as her departing Soul.

III.

How vain are Pleaſures, yet how quickly gone!
How ſoon alas the gawdy Scene is done !
Who would believe the Gods decreed
So bright a Sacrifice to bleed ?
Who that had ſeen Her glorious State,
Where She appear'd ſo Brave ſo Great,
(She ſeem'd almoſt above the reach of Fate)

Would e're have thought a funeral Pomp that Triumph would ſucceed.
Heavens! I remember when amongſt the Crowd
The glorious ſight I view'd,
When to the wondring Shore,
The gentle Winds our Guardian Angel bore,
How did there o're the ſilent Main
A ſudden pleaſing Calmneſs reign!
(Whilſt every Wave appear'd as ſmooth as thoſe
From which Love's beauteous Deity firſt roſe)
Oh! how Majeſtick was her Mein,
Worthy Great Naſſau's *Wife and* Albion's *Queen!*
How did She with a comely Grace
Diffuſe her ſpreading Glories round the place!
Ev'n ſo tumultuous were the People's joys,
Their Hearts could not their Voice command,
But with the pleaſing ſight o'rewhelm'd, ſtood ſpeechleſs on (the Sand.
So when from Sinai Moſes *did deſcend*
Iſraels *long ſtained Honour to defend;*
By Gods peculiar Meſſage ſent
To break their Idols, and their Shame prevent,
The Elders meet Him on the way
And to their Saviour homage pay;
Whilſt round his Head
Diſtended beams of Light and heavenly Glories play'd.

IV.

But ſtay my Soul, ô whither would'ſt thou fly?
O paſs the pleaſing Image by;
Still on our former Joys to dwell,
Does onely ſhew the Heav'n from whence we fell.
Oh! had the Gods, propitious to our Prayer,
(And ſure no Prayers more pious ever were)

Vouch-

Vouchſaf'd to ſmile
With an eternal Summer on our Iſle.
Oh hadſt Thou liv'd,
We might the envying World with pity view,
And their ſad State deplore becauſe not bleſt with you:
Where Piety and Greatneſs joyn'd in One
Claim'd our juſt Homage, and ſecur'd thy Throne.
Religion was thy Care, and thy mild Sway
Made Kingdoms think it Freedom to obey.
Like a tall Pine You ſtood
And gave kind Shelter to the Wood,
Under thy boughs ſecurely laid,
In peace we liv'd, and bleſt the Friendly Shade.
But now alaſs the Shelter's gone,
And all
The Foreſt feels the fatal Fall;
And ev'n the Lion's ſelf does the great Loſs bemoan.

V.

But yet Thou did'ſt not unattended go,
No; Heav'n deſign'd to ſignalize thy Fate,
To ſtrike at once the Church and State,
And by the Double Loſs ſet of the Scene of Woe.
How did we, Heav'n! thy anger move,
To pull ſuch ripen'd Vengeance from above?
Great ſure our ſins, and loudly do they call
For which the Prieſt and Prince muſt fall;
Which none
But Two ſuch mighty Victims could attone.

VI.

But thô our Crimes call down your heavieſt Curſe,
And ſure your Vengeance had not worſe,

It

It were more juſt that We had felt
The Puniſhment, ſince ours the Guilt.
Why did not all our Death's ſuffice?
Why did you thro the King the people's ſins chaſtiſe?
Did he for this his ſuccour lend
Religion's long loſt honour to defend?
Did he our Land with pity ſee,
Reſtore the bleeding Church, and Nation free?
Who will not Juſtice's cauſe neglect?
Who will oppreſſed Innocence protect?
If this be all his Valour gains,
If thus you ſhall reward your Conquering Champion's pains.

VII.

Perhaps you might his Acts with wonder ſee
Reſolv'd again his conſtancy to try,
Deſign'd to add one Labour more,
Which vanquiſh'd might the wondrous task compleat,
And make his life appear miraculouſly Great.
Heav'n! thou haſt touch'd the tend'reſt part,
And found the only paſſage to his heart.
A while immov'd the Heroe ſtood,
A while oppos'd the growing flood,
A while His ſinking ſpirits ſtaid,
Summon'd His long try'd Valour to his aid:
In vain. His ſwelling paſſions riſe,
And force a paſſage thro His weeping Eyes;
So great a weight no force could have withſtood,
Alcides *ſelf had ſunk beneath the preſſing load.*

VIII.

He whom the fierceſt Power could never move,
Is vanquiſh'd by the tend'reſt paſſion Love.
He who a thouſand Deaths in thouſand ſhapes had ſeen,

Could

Could unconcern'dly on 'em gaze,
And view the Tyrant's diſmal face,
With trembling pangs beholds His dying Queen.
So Mars *in midſt of dangers boldly ſtood,*
And laugh'd at wounds thô cover'd o're with blood;
But when to Heav'n returning big with ſpoils,
To reap the noble Harveſt of his toils,
He ſaw His lovely Goddeſs bleed,
Anger and Grief by turns ſucceed,
He curſt the Fatal Spear,
And thought the Danger not beneath His Fear.
In vain diſdain'd at firſt to ſhew
The tokens of effeminate woe;
In vain collected all His ſoul,
Th' attempt too feeble prov'd th' unruly paſſion to controul.

IX.

Mourn not, brave Prince! ſince Death's the door to bliſs;
Let not our ſorrow ſtain Her happineſs;
It was Her Innocence
That took Her thus untimely hence:
Whilſt we remain,
To drudge a wretched life, and drag a toilſome chain.
Methinks I ſee Her riſe,
Towring to Her Native Skies;
See the officious Angels wait,
And Her Great Anceſtours attending at the Gate.
There She their loud applauſes do's receive,
But above all
Eliza *do's the greateſt welcome give.*

Bleſt Souls! *Vouchſafe ſome interval to ſpare*
For Us the humble Objects of your care;

Attend

Attend our darling Monarch's Fate,
Avert each threatning blow,
Be ye kind Guardians of our State,
And Heav'n revenge on Heav'n and WILLIAM'*s foe.*
Like Two bright ſtars for ever ſmile,
With a kind influence on our Iſle:
Then when the gathering clouds appear,
And threatning tempeſts ſhew ſome danger near,
Look then with pity down,
'Tis Godlike to preſerve a crown,
And be in Heav'n as once on Earth ſupporters of our Throne.

Bart. Stote *of Trinity College.*

S*AD was the Day, and gloomy all the Air,*
When on a Rock the Fair Britannia *ſate,*
(The Rock too, like her Self, was Fair)
And liſtned to the Meſſengers of Fame.
The ſwift-wing'd Winds, too plainly now articulate:
She ſate and liſtned, whilſt they ſigh'd and ſaid---
MARY---*at which Auſpicious much lov'd Name*
Gently She rear'd her thoughtfull Head;
But---oh alas! ſaid they---the Matchleſs MARY*'s dead.*
Soon as that diſmal and ſurprizing Sound
Pierc'd her aſtoniſh'd Ear,
The Guardian Nymph, doubtfull to wiſh, or fear,
Wiſh'd, what ſhe fear'd, that ſhe was Mortal too,
Impatient to ſuſtain ſuch mighty Woe.
Then up ſhe roſe, and with a furious leap
Amain ſhe plung'd into the briny Deep,

And

And made it deeper ſtill, and ſalter with her Eyes;
Whence as the unexpected Billows riſe,
" The wond'ring Sea-nymphs all around her joyn
" To ſwell the Floud with Tributary Brine.

II.

They wept, and ſtill the Torrent roſe
So high, ſo faſt no Words could interpoſe;
And Words alas! had been but ſmall relief
In this tempeſtuous ſea of Grief:
But after many throbs and throes
The blew-ey'd Nymph, unable now to hold,
Burſt into words, but mingled ſtill with Tears;
And in ſad broken Accents told
Her mournfull Loſs, her Sorrows, and her Fears.
Unhappy Iſle, ſaid ſhe, my hopeleſs Care,
How do thy ſully'd Glories fade!
How is thy Beauty loſt, thy Strength decay'd!
And all thy ſtouteſt Warriours diſmay'd!
How heavy, and how helpleſs thy Deſpair!
How does thy Sceptre reel, thy Mitre ſhake!
Thy Young Men ſtart, thy Old Men quake!
Thy Matrons moan, thy Virgins faint!
And tender Infants with their boding Cries
Foretell thy Future Miſeries,
And of the Preſent make inſenſible Complaint!
And well they may-- For all thy ſprightly Health,
Thy Safety, Honour, and thy beauteous Pride,
Thy boaſted Vigour, and thy far-fetch'd Wealth,
All, All with the Illuſtrious MARY *dy'd.*
For She was all to Thee, and more
Than Heaven it ſelf now ſeems to have in ſtore,
Or than its Bounty e're beſtow'd before.

'Twas She. Whoſe Goodneſs aggrandiz'd the Throne,
Whoſe Vertues gave freſh luſtre to the Crown,
And outſhone all the Jewels that She wore.
"*She ſaid and wept, whilſt all the Sea-nymphs joyn*
"*To ſwell the liſt'ning Floud with tributary Brine.*

III.

But oh! how ſoon is She expir'd!
She, whom each Grace and every Gift adorn'd;
Believ't, for I'm no flatt'ring Poet hir'd,
Nor mercenary Tongue ſuborn'd
A pompous Altar to her Name to raiſe,
And load it with the Frankincenſe of Praiſe:
I only tell what Fame already knows,
The Wonder of her Friends, and Envy of her Foes;
Her pious Ardour, and her flaming Love,
And all that She is acting o're above.
Her court'ous Mein, and humble Majeſty,
Humble t' approach, but potent to command,
And govern with a Mild, but juſt and prudent Hand:
Her chaſt Affection, and her Conſtancy,
The noble Greatneſs of her Princely Mind,
Her Thoughts ſtill gen'rous, and her Heart ſtill kind,
Kind to forgive, and Bounteous to beſtow:
And all the Vertues that She practis'd here below.
"*She paus'd and wept, whilſt all the Sea-nymphs joyn*
"*To ſwell the liſt'ning Floud with tributary Brine.*

IV.

Then She went on-----
Methinks I ſee (for 'twas a Charming ſight)
I ſee Her at the footſtool of that Throne,
Which was the ſole Supporter of her Own,

Paying

Paying juſt Homage to the One Supreme.
But hold --This is an Angel's Theme,
For they, and onely they can tell
With what Seraphick heat and light,
What wondrous Raptures, what exalted Zeal,
Her Soul unfetter'd took its lofty Flight
Up to that Heav'n where She aſpir'd to dwell.
Her ſecret Motions were, 'tis true, unſeen,
But yet in all the publick Part
No pageantry betray'd it ſelf, no Art,
Nothing that look'd like Mask or Scene;
She acted all the Chriſtian by heart
In all She did, and all that She appear'd.
Sweetly She check'd, and ſilently She taught
Both what we us'd to do, and what we ought.
For She ſincerely lov'd the God She fear'd,
And breath'd the Pray'rs, and liv'd the Precepts that She (heard.
" *Again She wept, whilſt all the Sea-nymphs joyn*
" *To ſwell the liſt'ning Floud with tributary Brine.*

V.

Devoutly thus She liv'd, whilſt here below,
No pious Bigot, no implicite Slave:
But Judgment choſe what Education gave,
And She was Good becauſe ſhe wou'd be ſo.
With equal pace her Zeal and Knowledge mov'd,
She knew the Theory, and the Practice lov'd,
She lov'd it in her Self and others too:
For ſure this Church ne're loſt a Faſter Friend;
But Friend is too remote and cold a Name,
Unworthy of Her Faith, unequal to Her Flame;
For She--(Oh! where ſhall we Her ſecond find
Or to adorn or to defend?)

Was paſt expreſſion, and Example kind,
And with a ſweet inimitable air
Expreſs'd at once (what is but rarely joyn'd)
The Daughter's Duty, and the Mother's Care.
Mourn then, diſtreſſed Church, and fear,
Fear for thy ſelf, and mourn for Her;
Firm thô thou art as thy great Founder's Rock,
Fair as the Eyes of th' Emblematick Dove,
All fair and ſpotleſs as is Love,
Yet mourn and fear (for dangerous is the ſhock)
And think thy Altars all prophan'd and ſpoyl'd,
Thy beauty quite defac'd, thy purity defil'd,
Thy Innocence condemn'd,
Thy ſober Rites contemn'd,
And all, like Anarchy, diſtracted now, and wild:
Far be the Omen! Falſe theſe ſad alarms!
And lo! I ſee th' auſpicious Heavens nod,
Charg'd with the favour of a ſparing God;
So mighty, ſo reſiſtleſs are the charms
Of conſecrated Tears, and pious WILLIAM'*s arms.*
'But ſtill She wept whilſt all the Sea-Nymphs joyn
'To ſwell the liſt'ning Floud with tributary Brine.

VI.

Ceaſe then, ſaid She, ſurceaſe thy penſive fears,
Since Thou art doubly fortify'd
With ſacred Arms, and ſacred Tears,
With Arms and Tears, both hallow'd by thy Pray'rs:
Thy God, Thy King will ſtill for thee provide,
That Godlike King whom Vertuous MARY *lov'd,*
(Belov'd by Him with Equal Flames)
And yet She zealouſly obey'd Him too,
To ſet a Pattern to the ſtately Dames,

And

And by her bright Example ſhew,
That all Obedience is but Love improv'd,
The ſelf ſame thing diſtinguiſh'd ill by names.
Nor was't the glitt'ring Title to a Crown,
Nor equal Tenure in the Throne,
Nor Luſt of Empire, nor the Pride of Life
Could make Her in the Queen forget the Wife.
No---Her Majeſtick Greatneſs ſtrove
To hide it ſelf in Loyalty and Love;
Witneſs thoſe uncommanded weeping Eyes,
Thoſe ardent Wiſhes, and thoſe tender ſighs,
The Soul's ſoft torturing agonies,
With which She parted from her deareſt Lord,
When Honour Him to Danger call'd,
To carve out Europe's *Fortune with His Sword,*
And teach the faithleſs Lewis *how to keep his Word.*
How then oh! how was She appall'd!
She whom the King of Terrours could not fright
Thô arm'd with all the complicated ſpite
Of a malign diſtemper ſent,
As Fate's ne're failing Inſtrument:
She--who ſo calmly could reſign Her Breath,
And bravely ſhew that Love is ſtronger much than Death.
'*But here again with waſting ſorrow ſpent*
'*The Sea-Nymph wept, whilſt all her Fellows joyn*
'*To ſwell the liſt'ning Floud with tributary Brine.*

VII.

Yet grant me, Rev'rend Father of the Main,
Grant me, She ſaid, this laſt and dolefull ſtrain---
Calmly She dy'd---but calmly to ſtand by,
And ſee Her haſtning Death with ſtedfaſt Eye;

This

This prov'd Great WILLIAM'*s Courage more*
Than all that He had ſeen or ſuffer'd e're before.
Fearleſs a while the Heroe ſtood,
(Familiar, as He was, with Arms and Bloud)
But yet at length He fear'd---
He fear'd at length, when all the reſt deſpair'd.
And then amazing ſorrow too,
Came, and inſulted o're a yielding Foe,
And proudly bad Him quit his Arms, and go
To the fam'd Sons of Art for aid;
But the fam'd Sons of Art were all themſelves diſmay'd.
Then grizly Death prepar'd his Envious Dart,
And laid in ambuſcade to ſtrike His Heart,
And by ſurprize ſeiz'd that important Life,
Thô baffl'd oft before in the unequal ſtrife.
But Barb'rous Grief was now confederate,
And vilely ſtoop'd to do the work of Fate.
And oh! how near the treach'rous work was done,
When, all His active Spirits gone,
The vital flame lay ſtifl'd in a ſwoon!
Surprizing this, and very rare to find
Such tender paſſions in ſo Brave a Mind;
'Tis in this Mould the Perfect Hero's caſt
Of ſteely temper that's not form'd in haſt:
Such is the Sword that England's *Rights defends,*
Too tough to break, thô plyantly it bends.

But rouze, Heroick WILLIAM, *rouze,*
Thy Honour, and our Safety are at ſtake,
'Tis time the ſlumbring Lion wake,
And Nobly reaſſert the Cauſe He do's eſpouſe.
Behold! Three Kingdoms dark'ned by the ſhade

Which

Which all around thy Sorrows caſt ;
And longer if the ſad Eclipſe ſhould laſt.
What common Mortal would not be afraid,
Thô little skill'd in the Diviner's trade?
But ſuperſtitious brain-ſick jealouſy,
What brooding Dangers will it not deſcry,
If hearty Malice once directs the Eye?
Suffer not then uſurping Grief
Still to poſſeß thy Royal Heart,
'Tis time now to be patient of relief,
And let the faithfull Senate bear their part:
The City, and the echoing Country too
Strive to divide thy Princely Woe,
And ſtop the triumphs of the grinning Foe.
But let them grin--for they ſhall onely triumph ſo.
The King revives, and all our miſty Fears
Are gone, and lo! a wond'rous chain of Years
I ſee them all with comely Order riſe,
And fix the period of our Miſeries:
'Tis fix'd; and boldly now we ſhall advance,
In conquering Himſelf he conquers more than France.
“*She ſaid, but wept no more--no more the Sea-nymphs joyn*
“*To ſwell the wond'ring Floud with tributary Brine.*

Rob. Moſs *Fellow of* C. C. C.

O Albion *mourn! And let not the leaſt Smile*
Be on the Face of this unhappy Iſle.
Weep all ye Rocks, and let your Fountains flow,
Sobbing *and* Murm'ring, *o're the Plains below.*

Let

Let the laborious Hinds leave Tillage now,
And free the Heifer from the uſeleſs Plough:
No longer let th' Advent'rous Merchant *roam,*
Round the wide World, to bring rich Treaſures home:
Let Both the Indies *keep their precious Store;*
We have no longer uſe for Gums *or* Oar:
She, to enrich whoſe Altars *they were drain'd,*
Is now no more!
The Gentle Venus *of our Iſle is gone,*
By Subject's Crimes forc'd from her Earthly Throne;
In haſte She went, and left our Mars *alone.*
So, when of old, the World Licentious *grew,*
And nought but Vice with Paſſion did perſue,
Aſtræa *took her much-lamented Flight*
To purer Regions of Eternal Light.
Great was Their Loſs; but Greater We ſuſtain;
For in our Goddeſs *did All Vertues reign.*
Then let our Sorrow Univerſal be,
And Thou, my Muſe, in Dolefull Elegy
(If Sobbing *will permit thy Verſe to flow)*
Tell the ſad Story of our preſent Woe.
How Unexpected and how ſoon She fell!
The Pride of Earth, her Sexes Miracle:
Sure ſo Divine a Soul ne're yet came down
To wear a Veil of Fleſh, and Mortal Crown:
Such was the Form of Eve, *e're Envious ſin*
Soil'd the Fair Frame, and tainted all Within.
The Cyprian *Dame for Beauty was renown'd,*
And Wiſe Minerva *was with Knowledge crown'd;*
But Both Perfections in our Deity
United, made a full Divinity.

To

To the Grave Senate *She could Counſel give,*
Which with Aſtoniſhment they did receive:
Well was She skill'd in Depths of Policie,
Could the great Ills in Government foreſee.
Her Crown ſhe wore with no Affected State;
Nor did Her Great Perfections Pride create:
She'd Condeſcend, yet loſe no Majeſty,
And be Majeſtick with Humility;
Familiar, yet not Fond; free of Acceſs,
But yet not Mean for all her Eaſineſs.
Such different Notes, when they in One agree,
Muſt needs produce Amazing Harmony.
'Tis well we know not how our Loſs to rate;
Oh! We ſhould ſink beneath our Weighty Fate.
He whom the Terrours of a bloody Fight,
Nor all the ghaſtly Forms of Death can fright,
Nor the loud Cannon's Roar can terrifie,
Falls from the Grandeur of His Majeſty.
Tears from his ſwelling Eyes profuſely flow,
And the Great Conquerour lies Proſtrate low,
To ſee his Conſort raviſh'd from his Arms,
And Death triumphing o're her beautuous Charms.
Thus have I ſeen a well-grown Oak contend
With all the boiſt'rous Storms the North cou'd ſend,
And with its ſtubborn ſtedfaſt Trunk outbrave
The Fury of the Winds, when moſt they'd rave;
At laſt a pointed Bolt the Thund'rer *darts,*
At which its groaning Body 'ſunder parts,
Unable to reſiſt the mighty Wound
It's Airy Top is level'd with the Ground.
See Phœbus *now (as once for* Phaeton)
Has mask'd his Face, and put deep Mourning on;

 Dark

Dark Clouds his ſable Chariot do ſurround,
And the dull Steeds ſtalk o're the Melancholy Round.
Night with her Sooty wings o'recomes the Day;
Triumphant Sorrow drives each Joy away:
All Nature groans! The hollow Winds do ſigh,
As thô the Final Scene were drawing nigh.
And ſure it is. ---For now the Life of All
Is gone. All that we Good or Lovely call.
Then welcom Chaos *and Eternal Night!*
For who would now behold th' Ungratefull Light?
It yields no pleaſing Object, no Delight.
But Hark! ---Sure 'tis her Charming Voice I hear!
Or is't my Fancy, that deludes my Ear?
No; 'tis the ſame; there's Muſick in the ſound,
Such as of Old the watchfull Shepherds found,
When Angels ſang the Birth of that Great King,
That did Redemption to Loſt Mankind bring:
Joy it proclaims throughout each Britiſh *Plain,*
And bids us hope for Sun-ſhine days again.
Look down, Bleſs'd Saint, with Pity then look down,
And eaſe the Burden of thy Partners Crown:
Do Thou who did'ſt on Earth our Princeſs reign,
Our Guardian Angel ſtill above remain:
Shed on this Land thy Kinder Influence;
And guide us through theſe Miſts of Providence,
In which we ſtray, unable to foreſee
The Dark Reſolves of Sullen Deſtiny.

Ambr, Phillips *of St.* Johns *College.*

Dead

Dead night the world in dusky clouds had dreſt,
When gentle ſlumber charm'd each weary breaſt
And lull'd their cares aſleep with ſoothing reſt;
I ſlumber'd too, till ruder Dreams began
With wild Ideas *to diſturb my brain.*
A thouſand antick ſhapes did round me play,
Cloath'd in ſad Figures and prepar'd the way.
Then the pale Genius *of our Iſle drew nigh,*
Death in her gate, and Horrour in her eye,
Her Robes were tore and ſoil'd, looſe flew her hair,
And in her meager face ſat cold deſpair.
Her wonted grace and gay deſires were fled,
A wither'd Cypreſs droopt around her head,
She ſtopt, and ghaſtly ſtar'd, and cry'd She's dead.
Then ſhriekt, and down She fell to ſhapeleſs air,
And left me waking into freſher care.
I felt the black effects before I knew
The diſmal cauſe to which thoſe throbs were due.
As when ſome ſtately pine unmov'd has ſtood,
The glory and protection of the wood;
Under whoſe ſhade the flocks ſupinely lay,
And heard the harmleſs ſtorms around them play,
By ſome rude blaſt is ſtretch't along the ground,
The ſhatter'd Earth and conſcious Rocks reſound,
The tottering Wood do's ſympathize, and all
As once they ſhar'd her ſhelter, feel her fall.
But the ſad news our doubts too ſoon did clear,
And left not the poor Happineſs to fear.
Born by a fatal wind the ſudden Fame
Like Light'ning flaſh'd, and blaſted where it came.

 From

From the harſh ſound my frighted ſenſes fled,
And durst not, would not hear, MARIA'S Dead.
She's Dead *whom once my Muſe prepar'd to ſing,*
Try'd little flights, and impt her tender wing.
The Beaſts from every part were heard to groan,
And Woods and Rocks return the Savage moan.
The day it ſelf in cloudy mourning clad
Wept dewy tears, and was exceeding ſad.
The grieving winds their plaints in murmurs tell,
And Natures ſelf did ſicken as She *fell.*
The Mournfull Nine indulg'd their pious cares,
And Helicon *ran muddy with their tears.*
They loſt the eaſie ſhrillings of their ſong,
And flow'd, as Grief, Deſpair, and Rage did hurry them (along.
Nor could our Iſle the Mighty Grief confine,
Her Fame which Rival to the Sun do's ſhine,
Makes other Countreys in the Grief combine.
But Belgia *moſt doth her ſad loſs deplore,*
For She a Siſter's portion with us bore.
'Twas there, when England's *better Genius led*
The bluſhing Virgin to Her Naſſau's *bed;*
Whilſt He thrô rowls of ſmoke and Seas of blood
Purſu'd His Glory, and His Countreys Good;
She midſt Her Nymphs in ſome belov'd retreat
Forſook the guilded Troubles of the Great,
Laid by Her State, and o're the Happy Plain
Lov'd and Ador'd, and more then Queen did Reign.
So with the Beauteous Daughters of the Grove,
The Fair Diana's *pleas'd ſometimes to rove;*
In ſome chaſte lonely ſhade unbends Her mind,
Plays with the Streams, and courts the wanton Wind.

Nor

Nor leſs a Goddeſs, nor is Heav'n leſs there,
Then when Triumphantly She mounts the air;
Supplying thence Apollo's *abſent light,*
Guilds o're the riſing Clouds, and rules the Night.
So having timely rais'd our ſinking State,
(Her Hero abſent to improve His Fate)
She bore alone the Nation's pond'rous weight.
With no additions to Her Fortune bleſt,
Only in Danger, and in Care increaſt.
Thus bright MARIA's *golden Reign began,*
The Blooming Years in a Bleſt Series ran;
Propitious Heaven ſeem'd once again to ſmile,
And with returning favours crown'd our Iſle;
When Envious Fate did ſuddenly deſtroy
Our budding Hopes, and daſht th' Imperfect joy.

Ah! how uneven is the ſtream of Life,
With ebbs of ſickly joys and Flows of grief;
Where cares are ſtill beginning, never done,
Woe urges woe, and new Deſpairs preſs on.
Here while She reign'd in what a temper'd mean
With humble goodneſs She allay'd the Queen,
Poiſing th' uneven ſcales! be witneſs you
Whoſe lives to injur'd Innocence were due.
You who the Manna *with the* Jews *did blame,*
Thô by an Angel's hand, from Heav'n it came;
Yet She like Heav'n forgiving, always kind;
Shews She could pardon where You durſt offend,
And Juſtice only to Your faults was blind.
For thô Her Love to One alone was bound,
Yet all Mankind Her general Goodneſs found;

Like

Like a fair brook which to the Sea do's glide,
And meets with equal ſtreams the ſwelling Tide;
Yet little rills on every ſide do play,
And Greens and ſpringing Flowers attend their way.
But moſt the baniſht Poor Her favour ſhares,
Their ſhatter'd Fortunes gladly She repairs;
Secure on Her, as Providence they lay;
Sure of Her Bounty as approaching day.
What the Tree was, and how Her ſoul did ſhine,
There's none dare queſtion where the Fruit's Divine.
Thus ripe for Heav'n, and a far ſurer Throne,
She felt the welcome warning to be gone;
Her Mourning Court encompaſs'd round the bed,
With ſilent Tears, and look't already dead;
Some call on Heav'n, ſome curſe it's harſh decree,
Whilſt She unmov'd approaching Fate do's ſee.
Fixt on the Manſions where She was to go,
Chid their fond Tears, and ſoftly huſht their woe.
Down by Her ſide Her drooping Hero lay,
Oppreſt by Fate; and flung His Wreaths away;
Death dreſt in all it's horrour, brow to brow,
Oft had he ſeen, but never fear'd till now.
But when She dy'd, no bounds His grief contain'd,
His Soul grew wild, and laviſh fury reign'd.
Thrice did His Lab'ring Heart in ſwoonings try,
To call Her back, or with Her break, and dy.
Ah! Royal Sir, *ſnatch not your ſelf away,*
We've cauſe enough to curſe the Fatal Day;
You are the only light we've left behind,
For our ſakes deign to live, let not us find (*ſign'd.*
Our ſelves more wretched ſtill, then angry Heaven de-

Char. Whitworth Trin. Coll.

To

To the KING on the Death of the QUEEN.

DRead Sir! If your juſt Grief no bounds receives
For England's *Loſs, for which all* England *grieves,*
If You'd confine to Your own Royal Breaſt
The Publick anguiſh for the Queen *expreſt,*
Our Sorrows then which to the Queen *are due*
Muſt flow in Loyal Pity all for You.
But ſince the Queen, *whoſe Fate we here bemoan,*
More Sorrow claims than of one Heart alone,
This mournfull Debt of Tributary Grief
Let Subjects pay, and give the Crown Relief.
See with what Zeal officious Throngs reſort,
Condoling Trains of Mourners fill the Court,
Deſiring that You'd of Your Self beware,
Nor yield too large Indulgence to your Care.
Let not thoſe Virtues which ſhould Empire ſway
Forget themſelves, and turn their Paſſion's Prey.
For You, Great Sir, *muſt other Glories raiſe*
Then what ſpring from Your Royal Conſort's *Praiſe.*
To Her Your Majeſty has bravely prov'd,
Beyond all force of Paſſion, how You lov'd:
Witneſs that falling Agony of Death
Which for a while withdrew your Royal Breath,
And lay'd your Life it ſelf expiring by,
Rather than ſee ſo Dear a Princeſs dye.
In this laſt ruſhing mighty Pang there ſtrove
The finiſht Pattern of Heroick Love.
Now having paid a Sovereign's Noble part
Thus to the Darling Sovereign *of your Heart,*

Your

Your inbred Courage ſhould again take wing,
Let not the Husband *overſway the* King:
Let not her Majeſty *poſſeſs Your Mind*
More than Three Kingdom's Safety left behind.
Protect Your Nations from preſaging Ill,
Protect Your Self, and nothing hurts us ſtill.
This was the Charge of Royal MARY's *Breaſt*
With Princely Virtue, Honour, Love poſſeſt:
She fir'd your Heart your Enemies to meet,
To lay returning Trophies at Her Feet.
Go on, let freſh Renown afford Relief,
On conquer'd Nations execute your Grief.
May, Sir, Queen MARY *in your Heart ſurvive,*
And France *yet feel her better Part's alive.*
Thus Kings ſhould mourn; Not more lament the Fates
Of Darling Queens, *then ſtill defend their* States.
Let it ſuffice that Fame ſhall boaſt her Love,
Whoſe Death could thus Great WILLIAM'*s ſorrows move.*
Whilſt We, Her Subjects, come to mourn Her here,
And bleſs thoſe Days when We her Subjects were.
A Queen (on whom fond Heav'n did ſtill diſpence
The Bleſſings of its own choice Influence)
By the quick ſtroke of England's *haſty Fate*
Torn from the Glories of our envi'd State.
But thô our Iſle was never threatn'd more
With all the Tempeſts it e're felt before,
Yet whilſt, Dread Sir, You with your Conqu'ring Hand
Diſperſe our Dangers, and our Hearts command,
Our Loſs may now ſecurely joyn our Tears.
At once We grieve, and baniſh all our Fears.

Ja. Brabourn M. A. *Fellow of Trin.* Coll.

To

To the QUEEN.

SInce all muſt ſomething give t' adorn Thy Herſe,
My Tax will eaſier be in Tears than Verſe.
Thoſe are free Subſidies, which Nature pays ;
This is a Levy which forc't Art does raiſe.
But he that can with Juſtice underſtand
The Life, the Hopes Thou gav'ſt our Church and Land,
Thy laſting Fame and Bliſs, muſt needs confeſs,
Though none deſerves Both more, none needs them leſs.

Hen Lee *Coll. Chriſt.*

OF all the Happineſs of humane State
How few the Bleſſings, yet how ſhort the Date !
Hence in the Great Deceas'd we've lately loſt
The Beſt of Princes Britain *e're could boaſt,*
But One, to whom She gave a Birth before,
One grac'd with equal Vertues, not with More :
Nor more deſerving, but an Happier Queen,
She bleſt her Subjects by a longer Reign ;
Whilſt with her Tears her Vertues juſt encreaſe
Made bright her Throne, and crown'd her Days with Peace.
This Late Aſſerter of her Country's Cauſe,
And kind Defender of our Faith and Laws,
E're we cou'd Her, or She enjoy her Own,
(She was the Sum of all our Hopes) is gone ;
By too malignant, cruel Fate oppreſt
Has left us Wretched, thô deſign'd us Bleſt.

For the deſire of Unknown Happineſs
Is a ſmall Pain, the greateſt Torment is
Once to enjoy, and after want the Bliſs.
The Gods in Good Maria *gave a Taſte*
Of Heav'nly Joys, then ſnatch'd them back in haſte.
Such Joys were much too Exquiſite to laſt.
When all around Her riſing Glories ſpread,
And flouriſh'd moſt, She then declin'd her Head;
And from her Prime, like tender fading Flow'rs,
That ſweetly blooming deckt her Princely Bow'rs,
Sunk to her Earth: what Nature does create
The Fineſt, always ſooneſt yields to Fate.
This was a perfect Piece, where Nature ſtrove
To prove her Pow'r in Beauty, Grace, and Love.
Where all the Vertues of each Sex combin'd,
To make her fit for Empire: Meekneſs joyn'd
With Manly Majeſty, a vigorous Soul
By gentle Beauty ſoftn'd, through the whole
So juſt and ſo well Temper'd did appear,
As She could Awfull look yet not Severe,
And rather won by Love, than forc'd by Fear.
In Her alone was found ſuch Royal worth,
As Subjects pray for at their Princes Birth.
How ſweet her Charms, what ſaving Looks ſhe wore
When late She landed on our Troubled Shore,
And bleſs'd the Nations She had grac'd before.
With what Officious haſte the People met
The Guardian Goddeſs of their ſinking State!
Whoſe bright Approach diſpers'd their doubtfull Fears,
Refreſh'd their fainting Souls, and baniſh'd all their Cares.
Yet as in ſtately Pomp the Princeſs paſt,
And won her Way through yielding Crowds, She caſt

Flames

Flames from her Eyes, controul'd Her gracious Will,
And where She kindly meant to ſave, would kill.
So the Sun ſcorches, when he ſhines too near,
And warmly courts us in a brighter Sphere.
From thoſe Auſpicious Smiles, that Lovely Grace,
Divinely Good, reſplendent in her Face,
Of laſting Bliß we happy Omens took,
And thought our Fortunes lodg'd within her Look.
Thus was her Riſe adorn'd : but yet how ſoon
Vain hopes! are all her ſhort-liv'd Glories gone,
And ſett e're the Meridian of her Sun!
In Her what mighty Bleſſings have we loſt!
In Her what hopes of Happineß are croſt!
For ever let us mourn Her ſudden Fall,
Yet never wonder at Her peacefull call ;
That no Prodigious Births preſag d her Doom,
And made us Dread this worſt of Ills to come :
The milder Heav'ns did more our Good deſign
By no ill Omens to diſturb her Reign.
Had we foreſeen theſe Clouds that overcaſt
Her coming Glories, we had leß the paſt
Enjoy'd ; and fear of future Miſery
Had r b'd us of the ſhort Felicity.
We now alas! by ſad Experience know
No Good is great and laſting here below.
This longing Soul thence took her Flight to prove
Th' eternal Joys of thoſe that dwell Above.
Whilſt each amaz'd, with grief and horror ſtruck,
Behold Her mount with wonder in his Look:
The Saints Elect ſo view'd Divinity
Riſe by its force, and tow'r to't's native Sky.

 Above

Above the Reſt the Noble Warriour ſtood,
And once ſhed Tears, more precious than his Blood;
This oft to th' Publick Good the King *had loſt,*
So dear the Freedom of the People coſt;
Theſe from the fatal Wound, the deeper Smart
Of Raviſh'd Love, and anguiſh of his Heart
Proceed, diſtracted from its better part.
That could alone in Fight remove his Fears
(His nightly Viſions, and his dayly Prayers)
Could eaſe his Labours, and reward his Cares.
Great was his Grief, and at no vulgar Rate
Our Heroe mourn'd this more than common Fate;
Yet as his Paſſion ſwell'd could Rage controul
By reaſon; whilſt within his Royal Soul
Collected, bore above the Fatal ſtroke
And like a God receiv'd this Univerſal Shock.

H. James *of* Trinity College.

T*Hat thus, bleſt Princeſs, we lament thy Fall,*
Thus Mourn thy Mighty Funeral,
Think not we preſume to raiſe,
Laſting Monuments of Praiſe,
Thy Praiſe as far tranſcends our Song,
As thoſe glad Quires Thou dwell'ſt among,
In Heav'nly Notes, and Hymns Divine outgo
The meaner Muſick of the Spheres below.
But as when David's *Lyre in ſounds,*
That both could give, and cure wounds,
To Saul's *affliction lent relief,*
And ſolac'd with ſoft Harmony His grief:

In

In unequal numbers ſo
As our Paſſions ebb and flow,
Whilſt we pay Tribute to thy Royal Herſe,
We vent our ſwelling grief, and eaſe our Thoughts with
(verſe.

II.

O were my Thoughts rais'd equal to my Theme,
Or this would them
Kindly inſpire! I'de then rehearſe
Immortal Merit in Immortal Verſe.
I'de tell the wond'ring World much more,
Then e're it knew before,
The wond'ring World I'de tell
How Great Maria *ſtood, and yet how Good She fell.*
In lofty Verſe my numbers flow,
The lofty Verſe is for my Theme too low,
When down the Tide of thought I roul,
Words were not made t'expreſs the ſent'ments of my Soul.

III.

How Glorious in Her Eaſt broke forth
The riſing Luſtre of Her Worth!
When all around the Beauteous Goddeſs play'd
With chearfull Light, and in Her Beams diſplay'd
A Brighter Day than e're had ſhone
Beneath the Region of the Sun,
Brighter than Phœbus *in His fulleſt noon.*
'Twas then our Engliſh *Genius broke*
Once more Her Chains and Heavy Yoke,
And riſing from the Oozy Bed
Reviv'd and ſhook Her awfull Head,
And bleſt the Happy Hour,
But bleſt it more,

'Cauſe

'Cauſe it return'd Her own,
To Her Land and to Her Throne, *(run,*
Then bid the Mighty Months henceforth in long Proceſſion
Henceforth we hop'd that on our Iſle,
Eternal Happineſs would ſmile,
Till darker clouds of Fate obſcur'd this Radiant Light,
And ſet our falling Glories in Eternal Night.

IV.

The Gracious Queen of Britain'*s gone,*
That could deſerve a World alone:
The Envious World rejoycing at our Tears
May riſe and triumph in our Cares.
But yet Her better Part's not dead,
Nor all Her Glories quite extinguiſhed.
The Brighter Light She left behind,
Of the juſt Worth, and Vertue of Her mind,
To all a kinder Influence ſhall impart,
And fix Her Empire in our Heart,
Shall ſhine to late Poſterity, and down
To diſtant Ages, with ſucceſſive time ſhall run,
This, this alone ſhall raiſe
MARIA *Monuments of Praiſe,*
Shall reach the Manſions of the Bleſt above,
Where a far more Glorious Queen
Crown'd with juſt Rewards She'll Reign,
And drink Immortal Draughts of inexhauſted Love.

S. Dunſtar Trin. Coll.

PALES

PALES, *a Paſtoral upon the Death of the* QUEEN.

Thyrſis. TELL *me my* Corydon, *my well-lov'd ſwain,*
What mean theſe ſighs, this melancholy ſtrain?
When Cælia *lov'd a brisker Song allur'd the Plain.*
Corydon. *And ſtill ſhe loves.* Thyrſis. *What then can be the Cauſe*
Of drooping thus amidſt the charming Joys?
The conſcious Arbor and the blooming Grove
Should only learn the ſofter notes of Love.
Coryd. *The Notes of love for ever baniſh't be;*
Ah come my Thyrſis, *come and mourn with me.*
Thyr. *I dread the Omen, and methinks I feel*
*A damp within. But tell--*Coryd. *I need not tell,*
For Nature ſpoke aloud, how Pales *fell;*
She fell, and with Her Fall the Foreſt ſhook,
As if the Univerſal Frame had broke,
The Sea Nymphs *ſtarted from their watry beds,*
And in a wild Diſtraction rais'd their heads
Above the ſwelling Surges of the Deep;
*And ſoon beheld their Siſter-*Dryads *weep,*
Whoſe flowing ſtreams of Tears the flouds increaſt;
They joyn'd their Tears, & all a gen'ral grief expreſt.
Not Pan *himſelf ſuſtain'd the ſudden Fate;*
But faintly ſunk beneath the preſſing Weight.
He ſtood indeed collected in the Force
Of his Divinity, and had recourſe
To Reaſon's rules, but what could Reaſon do
When overwhelm'd by ſuch a rowling Tide of woe?

Thyr-

Thyrſis. *Alas the doleſull Story does impart*
A ſecret torture to my bleeding Heart!
Alas our Pales *dead*!---
Oft have I ſeen (but ne're ſhall ſee again)
With longing eyes the Goddeſs of the Plain,
When in her Looks a Thouſand Graces ſtrove:
Not Venus *ſelf, the charming Queen of Love,*
E're ſhone ſo Heav'nly, thô ſhe did diſplay
Her darting Beauties, and immortal Ray.
But ſay my Friend, for thou canſt only tell
How Bright, how Great, how like her Self ſhe fell.
Coryd. *She's gone, and therefore will I mournfull pay*
My laſt ſad Off'rings to the fatal Day.
Thyr. *The Night you mean.* Cor. *'Tis true for now in vain*
We mourn the vaniſht Glory of the Plain:
In vain alas! the Glory loſt we mourn,
Which after ſetting once can ne're return.
But if my ruſtick Muſick had the art,
To reach our Royal Pales's *high Deſert;*
Then Royal Pales's *never-fading Name*
Should tune my Pipe, and be the gratefull Theme
Of ev'ry Hill, each Valley then ſhould ſtrive
To wail her Loſs, and make her Praiſes live.
I would recount the Bleſſings of her Reign, (Swain:
Which was (or might have been) the joy of ev'ry
How ſafe we liv'd and how ſecure from War!
(Thô oft we heard the Thunderbolts from far
Which Pan *engag'd) for we were* Pales's *care,*
The milder Pales *was the Shepherds guard,*
And while She ſtood, no harm they knew nor fear'd.
For richer Fruits ne're bleſt Arcadia's *ground,*
Ne're did her Hills with fairer Flocks abound.

Nor

Nor any Land with ſuch glad Harveſts ſmile,
As when her Beams impregnated the Soil,
And doubled it's increaſe. Thus all Divine,
Thô Pan *ſometimes withdrew, did* Pales *ſhine*
With equal Light on us below.----
Not like the fading circle of the Moon,
Which borrows Light (they tell us) from the Sun;
And that withdrawn, no longer can diſpence
To Earth and Seas the pow'rfull influence.
But, like a well fixt ſtar, She did appear
With Native Luſtre in a Nobler Sphere;
A Star, whoſe riſing ſav'd a ſinking ſtate,
And by foreſeeing did reverſe our Fate.
Hail then Auſpicious Light!
But oh! my Song's unequal, and a Shepherd's Verſe
Cannot a ſubject ſo ſublime rehearſe.
Thyr. *Bleſt be the moving accents of thy Tongue,*
Which has our Pales *ſo Divinely ſung;*
Thy Song alone could to Perfection raiſe
The humble tenour of the rural lays;
Thy Song alone could reach the Noble height,
And recommend a Name ſo truly Great.

William Shippen *Trin. Coll.*

To the KING.

F*Orgive, Great Monarch, if th' officious Muſe*
Preſumes Her Balm into Your wounds t' infuſe;

For oft b' experience it is found, She brings
A Sovereign Cure and Healing in Her Wings.
'Tis juſt for You She ſhould Her Art employ,
From whom She do's Her Honours and Her Eaſe enjoy.
'Tis true, the Loſs is Great, that You ſuſtain,
So Great, that it would ſink a meaner Man.
A Queen, whom ev'ry Vertue did Endow,
And ev'ry Grace to make Her worthy You.
Imperial Beauty thrô Her frame did ſhine,
And when She walkt She was confeſt Divine.
But oh! What Noble Greatneſs did adorn
Her Soul, and ſhew Her fit for Empire born!
Mixt with a ſweetneſs, ſcarce by Heav'n refin'd
As if She was peculiarly deſign'd
For Your ſoft hours, and to unbend Your Mind.
For ſuch a Loſs, 'tis juſt, that You ſhould Mourn,
And pay Your Pious Tribute to Her Urn.
But ſee! ---Unbounded Grief do's overflow,
And like a Deluge drown the Land below.
Soon as th' amazing News abroad was ſpread,
Th' Indulgent Mother of our Church is dead,
Each face the marks of deepeſt ſorrow wore,
And All the Univerſal Loſs deplore.
So when of old our Great Eliſa *fell,*
Who can the Horrour and Amazement tell?
A General Mourning o're the Land was ſpread,
And England's *Genius ſunk His drooping Head.*
But thô we cannot bear the Mighty Woe,
But ſink, oppreſt by ſuch a Fatal blow;
You, to whom Heav'n has given a Greater Soul,
Enabl'd all Your Paſſions to controul;

You

You, whom no Dangers e're could diſcompoſe,
And only could be mov'd for ſuch a Loſs;
Shake off this ſoftneſs, ſtop Your flowing Tears,
And lo! the Heroe, once we knew, appears,
Rouz'd from the Lethargy of Mighty Woe;
And turns His doubled Fury on the Foe.

William Stainforth A. M. *of Queens College.*

To the KING.

PArdon, Dread Sir, *the Poet's pious care,*
His private Sorrow for the Royal Fair.
'Tis juſt, th' indulgent Muſe have pow'r to grieve;
Since dead are all the Charms that made Her live.
But oh! what Heav'nly power of Verſe can tell
How mourn'd by all the Brittiſh *Genius fell!*
The ſeat of Empire made the Fatal place,
Where ſolemn Mourning ſits on ev'ry Face:
Where Majeſty is ſeen to droop and nod,
And pity ſoftens and diſarms the God.
What vaſt Extremes in Godlike Cæſar *move!*
What mixture of Divinity, and Love!
The Conqu'rour's fury, and the heart of War,
Joyn'd with the Lover's tears, and Softneſs of the Fair.
So when the dreadfull wreck of Nature came,
And in one Royal vault lay all the beauteous Frame,
Heav'n lookt with pity on the drowned Ball,
And wept to ſee the noble Structure fall.

The two divided Worlds compoſe their ſtrife,
Unite, and are Confederate in Grief.
What laſting Calm might ſuch a Life beſtow,
Whoſe very Death bids peace to all below!
The Gallique *pow'rs, thô Foes by Nature ſworn,*
Suſpend their Hatred, and conſent to mourn.
From diſtant Shores rowls up a ſwelling Tide
Of Tears, and ſighs on ev'ry Billow ride:
Their ſorrow flows in tributary Streams,
And all the liquid Plain is one continued Thames.
An univerſall Grief for Mary's *Fall,*
Shews your Command, and ſtiles You Lord of all.
A Sea of tears (thô Tears are ſtill in vain)
Extends the bounds of your own Pow'r, The Main.
Then Cæſar, *ceaſe to mourn th' Immortal Dead,*
The Vertuous Conſort of your Royal Bed.
She lives, She lives, a Saint in ev'ry breaſt,
By ev'ry Heart a Heav'nly pow'r confeſt:
The ſtroke of Fate proclaims the Goddeſs more;
For What we once Obey'd, we now Adore.
Heav'ns grant Imperial Heads a Deathleſs State;
The Suns of Engliſh *Empire never ſet.*
The glorious Light may diſappear, but You
Are left the God to guide the World below.
So when from Troy *the bleeding Queen of Love,*
Fled to the Manſions of the Bleſt above,
Th' Immortal Warriour ſtay'd behind, to ſway
The heat of Fight, and Tumult of the Day.

Richard Jones *of* Trinity *College.*

Now

NOW to our Grief we find, there is no Joy
On Earth, but what's embas'd with ſome Alloy.
How gay ſoe're it's ſmiling Front appear,
Grief ſtill brings up the melancholy Rear.
Our Fortune's checquer'd here with Black and White,
And like our Time conſiſts of Day and Night.
'Twas but juſt now kind Heav'n on us did ſmile,
And with thick Bleſſings crown our Happy Iſle.
Glad Albion *lifted up her eager Eye,*
And with cloſe Triumph, and with ſilent Joy,
Saw her bright Streamers, Formidably gay,
Themſelves along the Gallick *Coaſts diſplay,*
And force beyond the fam'd Herculean *Bounds their way.*
She ſaw, then bowing thrice her Lofty Head,
To her Dear Lord Great Neptune *thus She ſaid,*
" *'Tis not in vain, I ſee, that I have Charms,*
" *And lie encircled in thy Watry Arms.*
" *On all Occaſions Thou thy Love doſt ſhow,*
" *And in with every Tide thy Favours flow:*
" *But now thy Love ſheds an unuſual Light,*
" *Then thy old Evening Gueſt himſelf more bright;*
" *For that I am not only ſafe at Home,*
" *But do through all thy moiſt Dominions rome*
" *Victorious, and ſecure where're I come,*
" *Is in a more eſpecial manner due,*
" Dread Lord, *to your Aſſiſtance, and to You.*
This and much more glad Albion *ſpoke*----

But

But little did She then foreſee our Woe,
Or think (thô Neptune *She ſo well did know)*
Our Joy of Courſe muſt Ebb as well as Flow.
It Ebbs already: See! the Shore lies bare,
And Griefs as nume'rous as the Sand appear.
In vain do we beyond the Straights *advance,*
And clip the Canvaſs Wings of tow'ring France,
If Death muſt play the Pirate here at Home,
And Mary *her Invidious Prize become.*
This do's our ripening Triumphs all deſtroy,
And puts a Nè plus ultra *to our Joy.*
But ſee Heav'n's care! leſt we ſhou'd be o'recome
By this ſevere, and ſudden Shock at home;
Leſt the Hot Tryal ſhou'd not be endur'd,
To Sorrow we before-hand are inur'd;
Gently, and by Degrees (ah! ſad Relief)
We're ſet to this extravagant pitch of Grief.
Great Tillotſon *the Fates do firſt remove,*
The Churches Glory, and the Nations Love;
Whoſe Worthy Name in Fames bright Cata'logue plac't,
As long as his late Charge, our Church, ſhall laſt,
'Gainſt which nor Force, nor Art ſhall e're prevail,
Nor the curſt Gates themſelves of envious Hell.
Such was his Worth, and ſuch his Character!
But the Aſcent's too ſteep from Him to Her,
Nor can we ſuch a Bold Tranſition bear.
His Death did Albion *with Sorrow warm;*
But when ſhe thinks of Mary's *every Charm*
And matchleſs Vertue (for She can't forbear
Such thoughts, thô they encreaſe her mournfull Care)

She

She nothing then but Paroxyſms knows;
She's fir'd, ſhe's heated till ſhe Ductile grows,
And melting down, augments the Sea which round
(her flows.

So Cyane, *unhappy Nymph of Old,*
As we 're by Sulmo's *gentle Poet told,*
Fair Cyane *who, like Fair* Albion, *ſtood*
On ev'ry ſide ſurrounded with the Floud,
Was quite diſſolv'd with Sorrow, and became
A ſtrange Addition to the wond'ring Stream.
The wond'ring Stream thus height'ned roll'd along
Deep as the Poet's Senſe, and flowing as his Song.
But ſhou'd our Grief, if poſſible, riſe high'r,
We ne're can weep ſo much as We admire.
For, O, what charms did Royal Mary *grace!*
How Awfull, yet how Lovely was Her Face!
How dread Her Eye! How Maſculine Her Air!
And yet ten thouſand Cupids *revell'd there.*
Never was fairer Inſtance ſeen, where Love
And Majeſty in the ſame Sphere did move.
Yet this was but the Cabinet deſign'd
For that Ineſtimable Pearl, Her Mind:
Her Mind which did Her more adorn, and ſhone
Brighter than any Jewel in Her Crown.
And here Her Fortitude, but moſt of all
Her Piety do's for our wonder call.
How Zealous was She for the Churche's Right!
The Churche's ſafety was Her whole Delight.
Religion did all Her Thoughts employ,
And was not more Her Duty, than Her Joy.
Nor did Her Vertues thinly ſet appear;
A Galaxy of Vertues glitter'd here,

Which,

Which, joyning all their Glories, did diſplay
A Candour fairer than the Milky Way.
And cou'd not all this Excellence, and more
Which can't be told, retard the Fatal Hour?
No, rather 'twas the cauſe it came ſo ſoon:
Age is a Stranger to Perfection.
Irreparable Loſs! Unhappy We!
What a Black Scene is here of Miſery!
Nor do we only Mourn the Queens deceaſe;
Great WILLIAM'S *Sorrow too do's our's increaſe.*
For, with ſuch violent Grief, if we're oppreſt,
What Storms muſt rage in Her Dear Conſort's breaſt?
Methinks I hear the angry billows roar,
And with Loud Fury beat the trembling ſhore.
Never, Dread Sir, *was Tryal more ſevere:*
'Tis the Tenth Wave----yet Fac't, and never fear.
You at your Birth a Heroe was deſign'd:
To Hardſhips You inur'd Your tender Mind,
And have through all Degrees of Valour gone:
Stand but this Shock Unmov'd, & the Great Work *is done.*

John Woodford A. B. *Fellow of* Peterhouſe.

F I N I S.